

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 400,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

May 6, 1939

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3^d



Meal with a male is new marriage test

HAS HE MENU MERIT?

By DIANA KAYE

There's a lot of common sense in picking your boy friend by the meal he orders. Men on the menu is a new way of putting him on the spot.

For a boy friend to make the grade he must have menu merit.

A MEAL with a male is a sure way of finding out if he'll be good as a steady diet. It's not the look in his eye, but the pie on his plate, that reveals his true character.

So watch him at dinner, watch what he chooses, and make your own deductions.

You'll soon find that the best way to understand a man's heart is through his stomach.

Here are a few sample menus with an analysis of the man who orders them

NO. 1 MENU:

Bean Soup
Mixed Omelette
Banana Fritters

He did it himself, bless him. Bless you, too, you've got to eat it. He invented the soup, but he couldn't spirit away the taste. Everything's in the omelette but the gas ring, and he made the fritters because he didn't like to waste all that good frying fat.

The fat will be in the fire if you criticise his cooking; but he's always open to new suggestions. He'll try anything once, so don't make too sure of him the first time.

If you're not careful, you'll find yourself nothing but an ingredient in his marriage recipe, so be sure to show him that it takes two cooks to make turtle-dove soup.



DINNER FOR TWO provides an entertaining experiment in character reading. You can tell what sort of a man he is from the menu he orders.

NO. 2 MENU:

Bird's Nest Soup
Chop Suey and Noodles
Rice Pudding
China Tea

He's a gastronomic globe-trotter. Breathlessly you hurry from borsch to ravioli, from Wienerschnitzel to whale blubber. He wouldn't eat rice pudding at home, but if a Chinese puts it before him in Lime-house Causeway with chopsticks it's a food of the gods.

If you want to be the spice of his

life, don't let custom stifle your infinite variety. Be sure to flavor your favors; only if you're capricious will he think you delicious.

He's the salt of the earth if you like it highly seasoned, light-hearted, stimulating. If you don't—well, beware of indigestion.

NO. 3 MENU:

Boiled Fish
Steamed Chicken and Spinach
Fruit Jelly

Poor soul. He hasn't got indigestion, but he's careful, just in case. You can lead him to a fried potato, but you cannot make him eat; and the only way to curry favor with him is to drink your barley water like a good little girl.

Delicacies like him shouldn't be taken in a gulp. He likes you because you appeal to his tender sensibilities, so don't rub him on the raw. He may be a food faddist; but he's a woman faddist as well, and if he's chosen you, you must be a dainty.

There may be no pep in life with him; but there won't be dyspepsia either. A little more beef tea with your barley water and you'll have a substantial chance of happiness.

NO. 4 MENU:

Grilled Steak (or Chops)
Chip Potatoes
Roll and Cheese
Beer

Meals with him always frizzle down to the above menu, and he greets every steak like an old friend—he doesn't make many new ones. He has three hot meals a day, and the only heatwave concession is to nibble the watercress off his chop.

If you marry him, he won't look at another woman any more than he'd look at vol-au-vent. He won't look at you, either; but why worry? You're his mate, and you'll never be his poison.

If you like regularity, dependability, durability (and don't mind a touch of gout) he's your best bet for a winner in the marriage stakes.

NO. 5 MENU:

Caviare
Salmon Mayonnaise
Venison Pasty
Strawberries and Cream
Coffee and Napoleon Brandy

If it's expensive it's good in his

Beware of this one!

Beware of the man who lets his girl companion order dinner. He might escape the menu merit test this way, but his actions speak louder than words. If you marry him he will not only leave you the dinner to order, but will pass all responsibility on to you in bigger matters and save the opportunity of criticism for himself.

The man who consults with you on the menu will be a good marriage partner—he'll share the worry as well as the praise.

motto, so mind you're expensive. He hasn't much taste, and only luxury pleases his palate. If he had to pay five pounds for a plate of oysters he'd never eat anything else.

Here's something you can get your teeth into. Balance his diet, and when he knows that vitamins are just as valuable in cheddar as in camembert he'll be ripe for marrying.

He'll always give you what he thinks is the cream of everything; but don't be surprised if you find yourself a little lovesick at the end of his courting.

NO MENU

No menu here. Someone once told him to eat what's put before him, and now it's a habit. Your lightest souffle or yesterday's baked beans all receive the same welcome; but at least he doesn't notice your burnt offerings.

He's easy to please anyway—and once you've persuaded him that you're his daily dish, you'll never be out of season.

He'll swallow anything you say or do, and if he doesn't admire your best efforts, at least he doesn't criticise your bad. If you're hungry for romance, however, he isn't your cup of tea.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Labor Conference Delegate COLONEL E. F. HARRISON

has been appointed employers' delegate to the International Labor Conference at Geneva on June 8. His nomination was submitted to the Commonwealth Government by the Associated Chambers of Manufactures and the Central Council of Employers, of which he is president.

Colonel Harrison was the Government representative to a similar Conference in 1936.



King's Gold Medal POLICEWOMAN JESSIE J. CLEARY

of Melbourne, has been awarded the King's Gold Medal for her essay on "Juvenile Crime—Its Cause and Treatment." She is the first policewoman in the Empire to win the coveted medal.

Miss Cleary is a member of the comparatively new branch of the police force which specialises in prevention rather than detection of juvenile crime.



Architectural Scholarship MR. ALAN LOVE

of Melbourne, has won the Robert and Ag Haddon Architectural Travelling Scholarship awarded by the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects. The award entitles the winner to architectural study overseas. As well as the scholarship, Mr. Love won the R.V.I.A. silver medal for design and planning.

After studying at the Melbourne Technical College, he obtained the Diploma of Architectural Design at the Melbourne University.

A World Cruise for Honeymoon!



ERASMIC FACE POWDER began this romance!

LIFE will be one long honeymoon for this lovely girl—adored wife of a distinguished and wealthy man. Her flower-like complexion is the key to his heart... and she possesses a beauty secret which she knows will keep her skin adorably, youthfully fascinating for ever. She always uses Erasmic—the exciting, glamour-giving face powder that makes any skin smooth and petal-soft.

Superfine ERASMIC... containing every beautifying powder ingredient known

For years some of the world's cleverest cosmeticians have worked unceasingly on Erasmic, adding, improving, until to-day this fragrant, filmy powder contains every beauty-giving property yet discovered.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



Erasmic Vanishing Cream—lightest, smoothest foundation cream, 1/- a tube.
Erasmic Cold Cream—the perfect nightly skin care, 1/- a tube.

How the Duchess of Kent will furnish her Canberra home



All white color scheme for Yarralumla



ABOVE: Historic Yarralumla, which will be the Canberra home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

IN CIRCLE: The Duchess and Prince Edward in the grounds at Coppins—her favorite country residence.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT COPPINS—their official residence at Canberra will remind them in many ways of this lovely old English home.

Will design nursery for her children

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special Representative in London

The Duchess of Kent is busy selecting furniture for Yarralumla, her new home at Canberra, when the Duke becomes our Governor-General.

There will be many changes and additions in the furnishing of the historic old Canberra home when the lovely Marina sets up house there.

Carpets and hangings will come from famous English houses but the new furniture will be made in Australia to English design. The Duchess above all desires to retain the Australianism and early colonial beauty of Yarralumla.

FORTNUM AND MASON, the fashionable Piccadilly store, are planning the furnishings.

Although details are at present being kept a close secret I learned that their furniture will be based on an all-white scheme of modern but not ultra-modern design.

Carpets and fabrics will be the newest designs in English manufacture, but every piece of furniture and all other furnishings will be made in Australia from designs submitted by Fortnum and Mason, and approved by the Duchess.

Some of the furniture will be reproductions of the favorite pieces at present in their Belgrave Square home.

In deciding on an all-white scheme the Duchess is following her well-known preference.

The decor in her bedroom in the Belgrave Square house is built around a four-poster bed hung with

white muslin curtains and canopy, both softly gathered.

The bed is covered with a white quilted velvet bedspread.

White and silver wood-paneled walls and white quilted satin curtains in the windows are reflected in white-framed mirrors placed in alcoves, which contain a white, modern dressing-table and white chairs. White sheepskin rugs are spread on the floor.

Dominant note

THE dead-white color scheme will, however, be somewhat modified because of the brightness of the Australian sunshine, but white will be the dominant note of the new Government House furnishing.

The Duke and Duchess are taking a number of personal and household effects with them, including beautiful china, and tea, coffee and cocktail services of silver, also many of their wedding presents.

Among the household treasures the Duchess will bring to Australia will probably be the two portraits

FAMILY PORTRAITS

THE first impression gathered by the Duke and Duchess of Kent when they step across the threshold of Yarralumla will be how English is the atmosphere of this lovely house built to an English design in a district which is like a piece of England itself.

The magnificent portraits in the entrance hall of the late King George V and Queen Mary will add for them a further touch of Home.

of herself and her husband, painted by Philip de Laszlo. They were their wedding presents to each other.

The Duchess has been assisted in planning her new home by photographs of the rooms at Yarralumla and duplicate plans of the alterations and additions being made to the house.

She will furnish the new children's quarters herself. The additions include a nursery and special bedrooms for the little Prince and Princess, and a kitchenette for the preparation of their meals.

The Duchess has influenced fashions in home decoration as well as in clothes.

When she and the Duke became the tenants of No. 3 Belgrave Square this once aristocratic quarter of London became fashionable again. The faded fronts of the dignified old Regency houses were repainted, and values soared as new tenants from diplomatic and Court circles moved in.

The Duchess was among the group of London hostesses who combined antique and modern furnishings successfully.

Continued on Page 25

DO PEOPLE ADMIRE YOUR LOVELY LEGS?

BANISH THICK, UGLY FAT LEGS—DEVELOP SLIM TAPERING CALVES AND DAINY ANKLES

NOTHING mars a woman's appearance more than thick, ugly, fat legs, bulging knees, thick, ungainly ankles—they spoil the attractiveness of a fashionable figure. Just look at your own reflection in the mirror and see for yourself if your charm, your appearance, and your figure generally would not be greatly improved if your legs were moulded to that slim, shapely size that is so attractive in women. Yet this alluring charm can be gained easily and quickly this wonderful new way.

TEST THIS METHOD—NOW!

NOW you can test this wonderful method in your own home, in your own bedroom. After only a few days you will notice your knees getting rounded and neater, your calves becoming slim and tapering, your ankles no longer thick and mannish, but dainty and attractive—ugly fat will disappear, and you will gain the youthful, slim-legged appearance that fashion demands to-day.

HURRY FOR TRIAL TREATMENT

For a limited time only you can test this proved treatment for 30 days. **FREE OF COST**, if it doesn't banish those thick, unshapely legs and give you that dainty appearance so fascinating in women. I want you to prove, as hundreds of other women have proved, that you, too, can develop beautiful legs this unique way.

FREE OFFER COUPON!

Madame Powell (Dept. W9),
107 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "Something" I enclose 3d. stamp for postage.
Name
Address

Convincing Proof

"My calves have improved considerably, and my ankles are at last slim and shapely, thanks to your course. Also, my knees seem to be a better shape. It makes me quite happy to know that my ankles are quite dainty once again, and you can be assured I shall recommend your course to all my friends in need of it."—Mrs. O.N., N.S.W.

Sent Free!

If you send me the coupon at left now I will send you something that will absolutely amaze you at no cost or obligation to yourself, but please hurry.

MADAME POWELL,
(Dept. W9), 107 Pitt St.,
Sydney.

£1000 recipe contest . . . weekly awards on cookery page.

Saw Italians march on Albania...

Australian girl's European tour

An Australian girl, who was in Italy on the night of the Albanian coup, here gives a close-up of the dramatic scenes.

She tells of Mussolini's baby soldiers raiding the station refreshment rooms for milk drinks and chocolates... Newsboys selling war extras in Venice—currency juggling with tourists' money—and tension, tension everywhere.



THOUSANDS of Italian girl workers are being sent to Germany to work in the fields and in factories.



MUSSOLINI'S baby wolves. Boys not much older than these are being mobilised in the 15-17-year-old class.



HIGH ON A HILLTOP this picturesque old Swiss fort is equipped with modern anti-aircraft guns.

By JANET CHAPMAN, a former member of The Australian Women's Weekly staff, on a tour of Europe.

Step Out And Say GOOD-BYE TO FOOT TROUBLE

By Nightly Using

Zam-Buk

LOOK how she is swinging along... light of step... and with happy, care-free feet. And there's not the slightest reason why you shouldn't be the same. A nightly rub-over with Zam-Buk will give you healthy feet, free from aching, soreness and chilblains, during these winter months.

First, bathe your feet in warm water, and after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed, chilblains are healed and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Start now with Zam-Buk for healthy feet all Winter.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists and stores

Rub In ZAM-BUG Every Night



"Glorious feet and a glorious walk is the result of bathing them and rubbing Zam-Buk on the soles and between the toes before setting off. No more aching or tiredness, now, thanks to Zam-Buk." —Mrs. M. Freeman.

"For softening corns and hard growths and for relieving the constant pain, Zam-Buk was wonderful. This fine preparation gave me a pair of sound, comfortable feet." —Mrs. S. Easter.

I GOT a vivid impression of Italy and Italians during the Albanian coup.

We had no idea the situation was so bad when we arrived in Naples, and only began to sense something in Rome.

You know it is impossible to get any information in Italy. English papers are sold freely in the street—but they are two days late.

You can't ask any Italians the news, they simply won't tell you. They smile rather superciliously and say, "There is no news, madam."

We felt rather uncomfortable. Italian hotels were packed with German tourists, and in most we were practically the only British tourists.

We went on to Venice feeling a bit jittery. It was on the Thursday afternoon we realised something was really afoot.

Paper boys in St. Mark's Square were selling out almost as soon as they came onto the streets, and the headlines were getting larger and larger.

At night, when the real news came through, we saw a group of men reading type-written sheets posted on a shop window.

The air was incredibly silent. There wasn't the slightest sign of excitement or celebration.

We came back to the hotel and asked the manager what it was. He said, looking at us really contemptuously—"It is just that Italy has occupied Albania. There has been no fuss—Nobody minds."

This war threat made us nervous.

Mobilisation fear

YOU can imagine how frightened we all were, knowing that the border would be closed and trains commandeered if Italy mobilised, and we were due to leave at midnight for the Swiss frontier.

The Italian Government tourist agent who had promised the day before to meet us on the station and fix our tickets, etc., didn't turn up.

Then the train was 20 minutes late, and while we were waiting for it a complete train-load of young Italian soldiers pulled in the other side of the platform—a couple of hundred young boys—uniformed and armed—no more than 15 to 17 years of age. It was rather pathetic to see them.

As soon as the train stopped many of them jumped off and rushed the chocolate sellers and soft drink men.

The officers yelled out, but they were too busy fighting to buy things to listen, and finally they came up and shepherded the boys back into the train—like a lot of children.

Italian women don't make a fuss when the men are called up and they say they are so used to it now it is not worth bothering.

On the train we were well watched. A soldier paced up and down

past our compartment every now and then.

We put a window up and an Italian banged it down immediately.

Italy is a wonderful country, though, and once you travel there you are forced to admire Mussolini's achievement. Obviously it is his aim to infuse the people with the spirit of the early Romans.

All over Italy, written on the white-washed walls of farm buildings, on fences, gates, roofs, you see great lettering, phrases from the speeches of Mussolini, and signed with a facsimile of his signature.

Currency is the bugbear of travel in Italy. We were sold Italian tourist lire before we left Australia—a special system on higher exchange rates in our favor, whereby the tourist may take into Italy large sums of money in cheque form which can be cashed at agencies, and you can take in thousands of lire this way.

Currency confusion

IF you want to take in ordinary lire you are not allowed to take in more than 300.

The Italians promise to credit to your London bank account any surplus tourist lire you may have when you leave.

Well, it doesn't work out that way. When we went to have our surplus credited they refused to do so, and they refused to exchange Italian lire for English currency—but they offered to sell us Swiss money. We brought a small amount, still unspent, into Switzerland.

Swiss people laughed and refused to take it—even refused it as a tip. At the hotel they said, "Yes, they would buy it"—but at rates which lost for us 7/- in the £.

During my travels I was on the lookout for the synthetic fabric we hear so much about people wearing in Europe.

The only interesting thing I saw was a middle-aged woman in a train.

It was very cold, and she had a thick coat and a skirt on. Her stockings were thick—of a silk-and-wool or fibre mixture.

When she crossed her legs I discovered the stockings only came to the knees and finished in elastic bands. I wondered if it was an economy measure!

The Swiss refer to "Great Britain"—you never hear them say "England."

Of course, they are worried not that it may be their turn next—but the ones we have spoken to all say, "Let them come—we can fight them."

They speak rather melodramatically—"A million men ready to die—and a million women, too!"

Our guide was telling us that all the bridges are mined and the German frontier well strengthened.

Their snow soldiers wear white uniforms and stay up in the mountains with anti-aircraft batteries. He also told us that the nine-mile St. Gothard tunnel can be flooded in a very short while without actually damaging the tunnel.

TRIAL FLIRTATION

A Complete
Short Story

by

ANNE
HALL

TWO letters were perched precariously on top of a U-shaped hump in the rose-colored quilt. Aunt Carrie could bear it no longer. "Lydia, my dear, aren't you the least bit curious about these?"

The hump straightened itself out reluctantly and finally sat erect. Lydia Markham, in tousled loveliness, grinned understandingly at the eager, sparrow-like woman twittering before her.

"No, darling, I'm not. But you are, so I won't keep you waiting another second." Lydia stretched lazily. "You know darn well they are both from Freddie, Carrie. In the first one, he probably says 'Went to movie last night. Enjoyed it.' In the second one: 'Have reconsidered. Did not enjoy movie. Why wake me up for that?'"

"Now, Lydia, Frederick Sarain is a clean, decent young man."

"Maybe, but he isn't exactly my idea of romance."

Aunt Carrie shrugged impatiently. "Well, really, Lydia—"

"I know, darling. You think twenty-seven too old to be choosy, and I suppose it is." She managed a yawn with astonishing grace. "I'll probably end up by marrying Freddie, slide rule and all."

"Well, Miss Flip," said Aunt Carrie, with deliberate calm, "your letters are not from Frederick."

"What?" shrieked Lydia and snatched them up excitedly.

Both letters were on excellent paper. One she recognised as being from May Fleming. Another May Fleming house-party! People all as exciting as Freddie. Well, she could be very busy on that date. May's letter was brief.

House-party starts in a fortnight. Lasts until I have nervous breakdown. John Duncan to be here. Been abroad eight years. Starving to meet real girl. You're my selection. Don't fail me. Wire arrival—May.

May was a romantic pain, and Lydia was a little weary of her unceasing efforts to find a husband for every friend of hers over twenty-five.

THE second letter was longer and astonishing.

My dear Miss Markham. Sorry . . . but I simply do not like girls May Fleming picks out for me. On the other hand I do like girls I pick out—or up—myself. Bluntly, a subtle and interesting flirtation is right up my street. We are slated for the matrimony's house-party in two weeks. I have planned a trial, not marriage, but flirtation. A table in the far right-hand corner of Lathrop's Restaurant will be reserved for you at one to-day. I shall be at the table under the clock. You will know me by the mud in my eye, my grey suit, brand-new, and the well-known boutonniere. Wire acceptance.—John Duncan.

Lydia drew a long breath, the first since she began the letter, and dropped back on her pillows in amazement. Well! Her brown eyes were shining.

"Of course, Lydia, if you aren't going to tell me about the letters, I shall go on about my duties . . ."

"Forgive me, Carrie. Read them and advise me. I shan't pay any attention to you, but I should love to hear you explode."

The explosion was all she had



"My dear young lady," he said, "you wouldn't expect me to be so stupid as to sit alone . . ."

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

expected, including such phrases as "colossal nerve" and "consummate conceit." Lydia laughingly agreed. He was a modest little fellow. "Wire acceptance!" indeed! She would wire him at once.

"Mr. John Duncan, Hotel Drayton. Sorry. Terribly busy until house-party. Lydia Markham."

At ten-thirty a wire: "Excuse not original. Will expect you. John Duncan." This message was accompanied by violets.

At eleven her answer: "You needn't. Aunt Carrie thinks you are crazy. Lydia Markham."

Eleven-fifty: "What do you think? Will wait at Lathrop's until you come. J.D."

"Mr. John Duncan, Hotel Drayton. The same. Sincerely hope permanent quarters satisfactory. L.M." A box of snapdragons was delivered to her at twelve-forty, with a card: "On reflection, violets not your flower. Waiting. J.D."

Aunt Carrie by this time was seething with excitement and indignation. The man was certainly romantic; but he was also impertinent, and Lydia was very wise not to go.

"But, darling, I am going! You don't think I'd miss it?"

"But, Lydia, he sounds so . . . so bold!"

"Yes, and he'll probably turn out to be middle-aged and stodgy. Come on, darling, what shall I wear? I want to be completely a knockout."

Black is best . . . or does it make me look too old?"

"The older you look, the safer you will be, is my opinion."

"Then I shall wear green. Find my hat, Carrie. I do want to be nearly on time."

At one-twenty Lydia, having accomplished the complete knockout effect with a hunter's green suit and a tiny green suede hat, entered the main doorway of Lathrop's Restaurant. She gave a brief glance around the large room and then questioned the head-waiter. "Is the table in the far right-hand corner occupied?"

"NO, madame, but it is reserved. Your name, please?"

"Oh . . . ah . . . it doesn't matter. Give me a table near the clock. Not too near . . . but near."

So! The table in the far corner was reserved. Lydia found herself tingling with a sense of fun and adventure. There he was, just two tables away; his grey suit obviously new, his boutonniere, and incident-

ally an excellent profile. Best of all, he was watching the front door with apparent interest. This gave her an excellent chance to study him.

Good chin, long face, brown crinkly hair. He had a well-shaped head and wore his ears close to it. So far, splendid. His mouth would no doubt show the same crazy sense of fun that had been evident in the morning's correspondence. He seemed a little above normal height.

This was really priceless! She must think of some way to attract his attention. She was going to try some subtle and interesting flirting on her own. Maybe if she ordered double whisky, in a loud voice, he

might look at her. It would obviously take something extraordinary to make him give up his faithful watch over the front door and the far corner. She studied the cocktail list intently. There must be something she could do . . . some way . . .

She lowered her card to look at him again and found to her amazement that he was calmly sitting at the table with her, smiling apologetically.

"I beg your pardon, but is this place reserved? I felt a draught over there . . ." Nice voice.

She would have to go on, now she had started this, but she felt as tongue-tied as a child. "Why . . . no . . . that is, it isn't reserved . . . but there are other tables. I—I am afraid you will find this one rather chilly, too. Perhaps the table in the far right-hand corner there would afford you the protection you need." Having found her tongue, she had difficulty in checking it.

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Heart-Broken Melody

Love and doubt create suspense in this instalment of our serial . . .

AFTER a fruitless and agonising infatuation for Paul, her employer, Honor is crippled by an accident when stealing a glance at him on the aeroplane. Because of the accident of cause and effect she realises her madness in coveting Paul, who has a wife and two sons. Because of Paul she had broken her earlier engagement to Hugh, but later she realises she did not really love either man.

During convalescence, penniless and crippled, she assists her uncle in the country, and while there starts writing, which effort, after a long struggle, brings her success. Knocked down by a horse, her hip twists back into place, and she learns to walk again. With her sister Adeline, now married, she visits her publishers in New York and meets Birge Parsons, the publisher's son and junior partner. He is a widower. Honor confesses to her folly over Paul, and Birge is deeply affected.

Honor and Adeline then depart on a motor drive into New England, and at one hotel she meets Paul. He tells her he is divorced at last and has his children himself. His ex-wife has gone in for queer cults and is satisfied. Paul's old spell works on Honor again. He tells her it is not only fascination now that attracts him to her, but something more, and they discuss marriage, but she is puzzled by its complexity. Later she discusses this with Birge, in New York.

Characters outstanding in this story:

HONOR BROWNELL, fiancée of HUGH BRAINTREE.

ADELIN, Honor's sister.

TOM, brother to Honor and Adeline.

AUNT LUCIE, their guardian.

PAUL CARTWRIGHT, junior member of the firm, of which

JUDGE COOPER is Paul's senior, and Honor's employer.

NOW READ ON

"Well—" Honor spoke on a youthful, bashful laugh. "That's the supposition," she conceded. "Nothing's settled. But—but there didn't seem to be much doubt with either of us. We talked for a long time, Sunday night, and we had a ride together Monday morning." The magic of it came back as she spoke, and she had to stop for a moment. "Then we had breakfast," she resumed, "and he promised to telephone to you to-morrow night—Thursday night. That was one reason—the real reason—why Adeline and I came down a day sooner. I'm all mixed up—happily mixed up, and I didn't want to miss him by any chance."

"I'll get him for dinner, of course," Birge said. "We'd planned to have the Grossetts—nice people from England—and one or two others, Friday. He'll fit in perfectly."

"I'm going into town Friday to lunch with him. I'm to meet him at one o'clock at the Ritz."

"I'll drive you in. I've got to see a man about the boat," Birge said. "You'll not go back west, then?"

"Well, probably not. But nothing's settled," Honor reiterated. "I'm just taking it all for granted. He did say that. I mustn't go back. But if it—our plans I mean—were immediate, I think Adeline would stay."

"For the wedding," Birge stated rather than asked, with an oblique look.

"It wouldn't be a wedding! Just ourselves going to some clergyman in some church. I wouldn't want—frills," Honor stammered, half laughing, her radiant fire-flushed face turned to his for a moment.

"You'd be married here, of course, here in this house," Birge said in his quiet, definite voice.



ILLUSTRATED BY VIRGIL

"Oh, I couldn't! We simply couldn't impose on you for all that time—if it was only two or three weeks!" Honor protested, very beautiful in her earnestness, with her blue eyes shining. "You've been so wonderful—you've done too much as it is."

"I won't be here, I'm taking the boat out for my regular autumn holiday," Birge said. "I may take her all the way to California by the Canal. We've never done that. It'll be only Dad and Mother, and they'd love it. He thinks you're grand. They're all alone in this big place: it would only be a question of a few flowers and a few sandwiches. At all events, don't decide against it yet."

He was pulling on his pipe, staring at the fire. Quite suddenly she knew that he was suffering; that it had been hard for him to speak so calmly. She knew that her silly surmises with Adeline had been only the truth, less than the truth. Her heart chilled and she felt her palms wet and her throat dry. He cared. Everything in her mind and soul seemed to be toppling over and tumbling about, and she saw the fair-headed, eye-glassed man opposite her with quite new eyes. It seemed strange to be Honor Brownell, led by so many dark hours, humiliations, by so much pain and loneliness to this. She reached about desperately for some casually easy remark, and in trying to take the conversation from herself to him fell upon the one phrase of all others she would most have wished to avoid.

"You're not thinking of—you're never—well, that's silly of me," Honor interrupted herself with an uncomfortable little laugh, "for I know you haven't remarried."

"No. I—" He hesitated, broke off in his turn. "No," he left it quietly. "You will," Honor said. "You're what? Thirty-something?"

"Thirty-four. My little girl would be seven," Birge said, speaking more to himself than to her. "It doesn't seem possible. But I was twenty-seven, I remember, the day she was born."

"Poor scrap!" Honor said, on the same musing note as his own. "Well, so it's perhaps to be New York for you?" Birge said, after a moment, in his pleasant, interested tone.

"Milwaukee, probably. But Paul keeps his membership in the San Francisco firm, and—well, he's everywhere," Honor answered, raising the heavy fringes of her thoughtful eyes. "You imagine that he likes you," she told herself.

"You should be painted in that dress, Jane Eyre."

"I love it. We saw it in a San Francisco window. Adeline and I, and it was simply a must," she said, smiling. "I shall wear it to rage and have it copied." ("He does like me," she thought. "Oh, dear. He wants to say something and he can't. And he's so nice. Oh dear.")

Birge cleared his throat. "I thought Sandy and Margaret were coming over to-night, and the crowd from Joe's," he said.

"Making talk," Honor thought. Aloud she said: "This is a strange

Strauss' waltzes seemed to fit the time and place and Honor lay back and let the hour envelop her like a spell.

That's the advantage of owning your own boat," Birge said, taking the pipe out of his mouth and glancing at her with a smile; "you can choose your harbor from the great round world. You've never been abroad?"

"Never."

"And this is your first visit to the East?"

"Until six weeks ago I hadn't travelled two hundred miles in any direction!"

He was not looking at her now.

"You're extraordinary," he said. And then, listening to a certain bustling and laughing uproar that came from the terrace: "Ah, here they are!"

A group came in, chilly and hilarious. The fire was built up, and card tables and games appeared like magic. Honor wondered if Birge was relieved by the interruption. She felt, oddly, that she

two men and a boy, but Honor thought her just right in every detail for a pleasure craft, shipshape and sober in coloring, riding the deep sea like a slim black gull. There was a snug little leather-lined cabin where they could sit about a square table, on deeply upholstered seats built under the port-holes, and there was enough deck space for the supper table under a flapping striped awning, with the ropes straining overhead and the canvas gently swelling, and the silken water running overalide.

It was a hot afternoon with a blazing sunset; the breath of the clean sea was deliciously cooling; the boat tipped, righted herself, dipped to the gentle airs again. Birge had a phonograph on board; Strauss' waltzes seemed to fit the time and place, and Honor lay back in a long chair and let the exquisite hour envelop her like a spell.

She was excited as she dreamed herself in her smartest best the next day, took her place beside Birge in the car for the run into town. It did not yet seem quite true, that it was indeed Paul to whom she was flying, that he was as eager as she—at last, at last!—to bring their affair to the incredibly happy ending.

The square entrance of the big hotel was lined with a flower abode and jewel-cases and furnished with big chairs. She had only time enough for a general impression of the gayness of it, men meeting women, eyes meeting eyes, schoolgirls close to their mothers' shoulders, messengers coming and going, when Paul came towards her, and her hand slipped into his, and they turned away across a great open space where music was playing and where many persons were waiting in scattered chairs, and found a balcony table with flowers and glass shining on it, and a big room humming with pleasant voices and sweet with pleasant odors surrounding it.

On the following day she and Adeline rested, and washed their hair, and segregated clothes between bags and trunks for a lay morning, and in the afternoon met Birge at four, and went with him for a little trial trip and supper on the yacht.

The Querida III was only sixty feet long and carried a crew of but

Please turn to Page 44

Complete Short Story

DAWN

Ways change; faces age; and disillusion comes with the years, but wishing goes on for ever.

IN the happy days when every picture told a story an artist was expected to conform to a certain standard of picturesqueness. It is true that in his paintings a genteel romanticism was generally demanded: on the other hand, if he cared or was able to grow a red beard, to wear unexpected clothes, and to be on such very good terms with a young woman that nobody could be quite certain whether she was his wife or his sweetheart, the most respectable person could not possibly raise any objection to that.

I am thinking particularly of Sir Earnest Tolmeyer Reginald, the President of the Royal Society of British Painters in Oils.

If you saw Sir Earnest walking slowly up what is left of Ennismore Gardens, wearing a silk scarf and a fur collar, and trailed by a floppy retriever, you would never have guessed that he was an artist, unless you knew him by sight.

Many people did know Sir Earnest by sight, for he was something of a local figure. For twenty years he had lived in Ennismore Gardens, and every morning for twenty years, unless a holiday on the Riviera or a visit to America prevented it, he had emerged from the front door of No. 143, thrust his hands into the pockets of his coat, walked down the four steps, left the door to be closed by a man when the dog had issued, and started up the incline towards the park.

The crossing sweeper stood upright from his leaves and gave him "Good morning." The policeman at the corner saluted, said: "Good morning, Sir Earnest," and stepped into the road with his arms out as a signal to traffic. Sir Earnest accepted these tributes with scarcely a word. He had one boy at Oxford and another at Harrow, and an extremely pretty daughter who was engaged to be married to the son of his old friend, Admiral Sir Claude Cordwallader, C.M.G., K.C.V.O., retired. All this because he had once painted a picture called "Dawn."

If you are over forty or have lived your life in the less fashionable ambits, you may know something of "Dawn." A young girl with no clothes on, ankle deep in a pool, looking up over her shoulder, almost as though startled, at the risen sun.

Dawn. If ever a picture told a story that one did, but not the story the artist intended. Her name was Winnie Spencer, and she was the daughter of a calm angular lady who "did" for young E.T.R. in Rosetti Studios, Battersea Park.

In those days young Reginald had

a shock of brown hair, a thin red beard, a brown tweed jacket with leather inserts, and long delicate hands that imparted a cold look at their possessor. His eyes also were very fierce, so that Mrs. Spencer gained the impression that he spent much time doing without nourishment in front of an empty grate, subsisting entirely on inner fires. This was the impression intended to be created, and it had the additional merit of being exactly true.

Now, Mrs. Spencer had much dignity in her tall, Cockney way, but she was mortal. She became ill one day—it was a bitterly cold February that year—and that was the reason why Earnest Reginald, asleep under a patchwork quilt at nine o'clock in the morning, was awakened by a curious shyness about the pulling of his curtains.

Mrs. Spencer always walked with measured tread into the room and pulled first one curtain and then the other. Earnest Reginald was so used to this that he slept on undisturbed. On that morning, however, the measured tread was missing, one of the curtains moved in a series of delicate jerks or twitches, the other, after a surprisingly long pause, scarcely moved at all.

E.T.R. thrust his beard over the bed, frowned terrifyingly, saw a frightened young girl gazing at him with just the same expression as that with which she greeted, later, the risen man.

"Who are you?" demanded Earnest Reginald, sitting up in bed. The girl swallowed twice in a gulping way.

"Is it Astarte who has come to visit me?" asked E.T.R., remembering to talk like a nineteenth-century artist—"Or Leda or the spirit of the dawn?"

The spirit of the dawn spoke, "Please, sir," she said, "mother's got gastric."

E.T.R. leaped out of bed. "Don't move," he said. "Stay like that!" He thrust his feet into red Turkish slippers, reached for a dreadful overcoat of the pattern favored by Sherlock Holmes, seized a palette and brush and went up and took her chin firmly so as to examine her face.

"Hm," said E.T.R. quietly. "Take off that dress and hat." He began stuffing pages from an encyclopedia in the fireplace.

"Don't gulp at me, girl!" he roared at her. "Five shillings for posing for me!"

"Seven and six," said Winifred Spencer.

E. T. Reginald was always a careful worker. Those were the days when the coming of the camera with its inevitably perfect likeness had not yet driven artists, in self-defence, up the tortuous paths of self-expressionism and the abstract idea.

When E.T.R. painted a picture of a beautiful lady floating, dead, down a stream full of water-lilies, it looked exactly like a beautiful dead lady floating down a stream full of water-lilies, only, if possible, more so.

In the painting of that famous picture "Dawn" he took his time. The curious thing was that when he had divested Winnie of her braided blue dress and her big black hat with the vast velvet bow, and her wrinkled black stockings, he was enraptured. She was young, she was innocent, she was budding with

Illustrated
by
FISCHER



"Don't gulp at me, girl!" he roared at her. "Five shillings for posing for me!"

beauty, she was simple, she was complex, she was rather cheeky, she might have been cleaner, and she adored him. In the basements of the King's Road, where artists made the air pungent for hours with their tobacco and observations for the price of one muddy cup of coffee, young Reginald drooped on the mantelpiece with a tremendous meerschaum falling across his chest and expatiated seriously upon her charms. He likened her to all the Greek goddesses he could think of. She would have been the inspiration of Rossetti; Hunt could have painted her, she was good enough for Watts. As for Alma Tadema

one delighted "Crikey!" and burst into tears.

"What's this? What's this? What's this?" he demanded. "Astarte in tears? The dawn of innocence reduced to weeping?"

"You're too good to me," she sobbed, flinging her arms round him, burying her face on his chest.

"My dear child!" he said in some astonishment.

She danced home after that, skipping along the wet Battersea pavements, and when she returned it was to be dutiful and pale, like a servant maid.

The artists of the King's Road were delighted with her and treated her gravely and with studiously good manners. In years to come Reginald had a vision of her as she was that day, white-faced and prim above the riot of her shawl, presiding over an enamelled teapot.

When the last of them had gone, she said: "Mother's dead."

He stared in astonishment and then grabbed her arm. "You mean—all the time you were here . . ."

He dropped her arm and straightened himself abruptly. He felt solemn. He suddenly realised how completely she had made herself his. He went to the window and began filling his meerschaum pipe as he watched the Battersea trees poke pollarded fingers out of the still, grey fog.

"You'd better move in here," he said.

By ANTHONY GIBBS

They insisted upon seeing her. With a queer pride he gave a party and coached her first.

"These men are artists and my friends," he said. "But I'm not just going to exhibit you. You're going to act as hostess."

"Coo," she exclaimed. "In these clothes?"

"Not those clothes. As each one of them comes you say: 'Oh, how do you do. So sweet of you to come. Let me see, would you rather have a chair or just sit on the floor? You'll find the beer over in that corner.' D'you think you can manage to do that?"

"What do you think, E.T.R.?" she asked.

He laughed the delighted, Homeric laugh of the manly artist. "Bo, ho!" roared E.T.R. "I'm sure of it. Go and look behind that screen."

She went, and found a Venetian shawl wrapped in brown paper, gave

So "Dawn" was exhibited at that year's exhibition of the Royal Society of British Painters in Oils, and immediately became the most successful picture ever painted. At the private view ladies with cherries on their hats and wasp waists and unclouded brows stood before it and were deeply moved.

In spite of the intensest opposition from the owners of newspapers and the makers of soap flakes, who desired to possess it, it was purchased by the Gallery for five hundred pounds, and given over to the processes of reproduction. A weekly newspaper which made a practice of giving away double-page supplements with its Christmas number gave away "Dawn," and gave it away in millions. In every one of the new artistic homes with copper tulips on its sideboards and heart-shaped holes in its chairs, "Dawn" was given the place of honor in the dining-room. In every up-to-date seaside resort, in the new suburbs of Streatham and Norbury and Tooting, "Dawn" came to typify not only the dawn of womanhood but the dawn of beauty. It swept England like a revelation. Gone were the mists of the Victorian era, the Gothic ghastliness, the coal-smoke and Conservatism, the tartan, the tablecloth, the presents from Margate. There was something about "Dawn" which personified the turn of the century, which brought new hopes to vast numbers of people, which seemed almost a vision of another world suddenly and deliciously attainable.

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Lyric of Life

ORNAMENT

*Under yellow lights, in the restaurant's heat,
Are slender palms in ornamental stands.*

*Mid endless sound of voices
murky smoke
Hovers and clings about with
death-like hands.*

*The warm, rich island nights
that they should know,
The hot suns and the heavy
tropic rain.*

*Have been replaced by artificial light,
And noisy gloom that mocks
them in their pain.*

—P. Duncan-Brown.



Illustrated by FISCHER

"What do you here, Mistress Lucy?" he cried angrily.
"Are you sworn to save me for a hanging?"

VIRGINIA VOYAGE

In which a captive held a captive without signatures or chains...

Complete Short Story
by
F. BRITTEN
AUSTIN

ALL was fascinating novelty to eighteen-year-old Mistress Lucy Danvers as she stood on the quarter-deck of the Sarah Gosnold, ready to drop down-river from her moorings in Deptford Reach, on that bright summer morning of the year 1654.

The ship itself was novel—a stout-timbered merchantman, with a comparatively low fore-castle and rising steeply from the waist amidships to the slanting quarter-deck backed by the yet higher poop. Novelty also was the dark Great Cabin under the quarter-deck, and the small cabins opening from it where they would live during the long voyage. They had come aboard but an hour ago, and bluff Captain Blades had welcomed her aunt and uncle like old acquaintances, vowing reassuringly that the young lady would find herself as comfortable as at home.

Now they stood again on deck and gazed down at the sailors carousing with their slattern women and singing the traditional farewell of "Loth to Depart." A little while since, two boats had come alongside, bringing

a little crowd of ragged wretches, men and women who, Captain Blades said, were convicted criminals bound as indentured servants to the Virginia plantations. Those unfortunates had quickly been driven below. The waist and fore-castle had resumed the aspect of a miniature fair, hucksters squabbling to sell trifles to the rollicking seamen.

Nevertheless, she could not forget those poor chained captives now out of sight.

"What will happen to them in Virginia, Uncle?" she asked, in girlish compassion.

Her uncle, an obvious Colonial for all his new broad-skirted coat and baggy breeches of the latest London cut, shrugged his shoulders.

"They will labor for five or seven years," he said, "and then have their liberty to set up for themselves. Do not distress yourself, Lucy. Many of the greatest fortunes in the Colony began in like fashion. Is that not so, Mr. Courtney?"

"True enough, Mr. Danvers," corroborated the jolly-faced old planter who, with his lady, stood near them. "I could name you a score of former indentures who now ship their four or five thousand pounds of tobacco a year."

A sour-visaged man in conspicuously sober black garb appeared from the Roundhouse under the poop,

where were the Captain's sleeping quarters and a cabin for specially important passengers. They had not yet made his acquaintance, but Mr. Courtney had spoken of him with distaste; a preacher on his way to war against papistry and bishops in Virginia.

The Colony could do well enough, thought Mr. Courtney, without these Roundhead ranters, puffed with pride that their Lord Protector now ruled in the place of the martyred king of whom it was not safe to speak. For his part, he could well believe that Cromwell had indeed made a compact with the Devil, as men said.

IT was wise to be polite with the new masters of England and the Colony. Mr. Danvers lifted his broad hat as the man approached. "Greetings, sir," he said. "I understand that we are fellow-voyagers. My name is Danvers, of Jamestown. This is my wife." He indicated her, resplendent in a vividly new full-skirted flowered silk. "And this is my niece—Mistress Lucy Danvers." Both ladies curtsied, also politely.

The preacher scowled at their new dresses.

"Do the vanities of the ungodly yet flourish in the New World?" he sneered. "My name among the elect

is Exhibit-the-Works-of-the-Lord Smith," he added, in the nasal intonation affected by his like. "A brand plucked from the burning, and now a laborer in the vineyard. Methinks I shall find many tares to uproot in Virginia. 'Tis yet a hotbed of malignants."

The young girl felt that his cold glance was yet more hostile as it lingered on her prettiness. "Are you a native of the colony, Mistress Lucy?"

She sketched a dutiful little curtsy. "Oh, no, sir. I voyage thither for the first time, with my aunt and uncle. 'Twill all be strange to me."

"Mistress Lucy is an orphan, Mr. Smith," interposed her aunt, volubly. "My husband and I made the voyage to England to fetch her back with us, not having any child of our own and we being now persons of some fortune. I tell her that she need have no fear that she will find us savages. On the plantations she will not lack for fine gallants with whom to dance a coranto—"

She checked herself abruptly. Dancing was a diversion not approved of by the new regime.

Mr. Exhibit-the-Works frowned. "An orphan, you say?" He looked insolently at her aristocratic daintiness. "I misdoubt that her father suffered for malignancy."

"My brother made his peace with

the Parliament, sir," corrected her uncle, with some sternness. "Three years ago he sailed for Virginia in the ship Good Hope, and was never more heard of."

"Doubtless was it one of the ships sunk by the arch-pirate Rupert," Mr. Exhibit-the-Works commented sourly. "The wrath of the Lord will yet overtake that godless villain and his malignant company."

At that moment there was a disturbance in the waist below. Another boat had come alongside, and from it a young man was, with considerable brutality, hoisted over the bulwark and hurled upon the deck.

The girl turned to see him—a tall handsome fellow, with long hair ringleted in cavalier fashion, wearing a laced scarlet coat, but with his hands and feet shackled, who sprang vigorously erect. He spoke angrily and haughtily.

"Strike off these fetters, you rascals!" he cried, with an indignation that awoke her instinctive sympathy. "I am no condemned felon, but a volunteer. Strike them off, I say. This is no way to treat a volunteer indenture!"

Captain Blades strode to the quarter-deck rail and bawled to the mate below.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

May 6, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

VELVET for EVENING

● SCHIAPARELLI'S superbly-fitting dinner gown, the yoke as-sparkle with silver and gold embroidery. Note the matching gloves. (Below).

● VIOLET picture frock from the romantic past—with mid-Victorianism in the dropped waistline, flowing skirt, and enormous sleeves gathered at the elbow. (Left).

● SLEEKLY-MOULDED blonde velvet dramatised with fuchsia ribbon at the hemline and for the neckstrap. For formal occasions long green suede gloves and regal fan. (Extreme left).

● LUXURIOUS gown of ruby velvet, with a swish of sable at the hemline. With it an inky-blue bolero that repeats the fur trim. (Below).



● DEMURE Edwardian bodice of black velvet, with a hussy skirt of shocking-pink, and matching velvet gloves. (Right).

● OPULENT ^{Prussian} Prussian-blue velvet shirred onto a slender and sophisticated top of bright green. (Left).

FURRED . . . or plain

Four classic examples
of the winter trend



● LEADING designers are stressing the importance of billowy fox. The prophetic black velvet suit at the top left has pockets and wide lapels outlined with swirls of silver fox.



● GONE COS-SACK yet? The lass at the top right captures all the glamor of old Russia in a dyed black mole-skin coat with blazing red sleeves.

By Worth.



● A FASHION-conscious Varsity student watches the polo in a free-swinging saunter coat of dove-grey boucle — its attractive bell sleeves horizontally tucked.



● ONE OF THOSE casually tailored little treasures, that looks so right with tweeds. Cherish the collar that can button high about your throat, and the deep pockets. (Right).



PARIS SNAPSHOTS



By Air Mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by
PETROV

1 THE INTRODUCTION of the Dauphin or Cadogan bow in hairdressing styles has directed the attention of Parisian hat creators to the French Revolution period. Hence this bonnet of golden-yellow felt with its square crown extending down to the nape of the neck. Rosette and ribbons are rich brown velvet.

2 BLACK TAFFETA, moire, and bengaline suits are the smart Parisienne's choice for afternoon wear, and to lighten what would otherwise be an all-black ensemble she has white lace revers covering the silk revers of her jacket, a white lace jabot at her throat, and sometimes a very narrow white lace frill edging the hem of her skirt.

3 SHORT GLOVES with elastic at the wrists and splits up the backs of the hands are appearing for day wear in black and brown kid, natural-colored doeskin, and brightly-tinted suede. Net mittens are popular for the evening, especially when decorated with bows of black velvet ribbon. Stitching, eyelet embroidery, and draped effects are also much used on afternoon gloves, three examples being sketched above. At the left is a tan doeskin glove with self appliques squarely stitched. Centre, in violet suede, shows a simple flower design of eyelet holes, and right a diamond of

wetted stitching holds the wrist drapery in a glove of yellow kid.

and made without any frame. The other is of black satin and looks just like a triple fold of ribbon held by an antique gold pin.

4 AFTER MANY SEASONS of stiff, geometrical shapes in handbags, it is interesting to find these softer shapes by IKA, of Paris. The larger bag is an exceptionally roomy one of brown-red calfskin closed with a lightning fastener

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SKIRTS are going TEMPERAMENTAL

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE.

MANY fashion leaders are wearing their skirts 17 inches off the ground. But don't worry, for there are ways of making short skirts look longer and infinitely more becoming.



Sketched by ROBB.

LEFT: A grey and white Sophie suit with a frilly white petticoat showing an inch below the hem of the skirt, and matched by another frill which curves down each side of the jacket. The skirt is made in six panels to give a longer look.

RIGHT: Navy-blue suit in wool twill, with pale blue waistcoat. The skirt is short and full, but the fullness comes from clumps of unpressed pleats which are stitched down to the hips, and spring out from there, not the waist (a much easier line to wear).

THE new short skirt style started in America. Not surprising, because American women can usually count on their well-shaped, greyhound legs as one of their best points.

But a lot of women find these just-over-the-knee-length skirts pretty trying. Some of you are probably saying to yourselves: "But I can't wear these short skirts." If so, this is what you must do:

Concentrate on getting all the lines of your suits and frocks vertical; panels, pleats, trimmings must run downwards; this will make your frock look longer than it actually is.

The Sophie style

THEN go in for petticoats, bound hems, anything which will add an extra inch or so without appearing to. This is a delightfully feminine style, first sponsored in Paris, and hailed by young fashionables in London and New York.

Wear dark-toned stockings,

matching your frock if possible.

Choose heels as high as you can comfortably take them. These will lift you and your skirt well off the ground without showing any more of your legs.

The two spring outfits sketched above illustrate these points.

The fashion trend goes back to the little girls of Victorian storybooks. The dirndl was essentially a rural style, now full skirts take on sophistication for the city streets.

Parisian designers are stressing the "Little Women" frocks. They are easy to wear and flattering, and after the slim silhouettes of the last few years every woman will welcome this return to femininity.

Mainbocher and Molyneux are showing lots of ruffles and adorable little bows on all their afternoon frocks—even suits take on a new glamor with full skirts and intricate details.



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Far too many widows have to go out looking for work—they can be seen any day waiting outside the doors of employment agencies—because they did not know that their husbands were not assured.

This is good advice to the young wife. See that your husband is a member of the A.M.P., and is assured for enough to give you and your children a chance should anything happen to him. Encourage him to build up several reservoirs of comfort. Should he like to retire, he will be able to draw on them when they will bring sunshine to both of you.

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"So many people have remarked on the improvement in my looks since I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," states Miss M.H., of Tumbalum, N.S.W. "For two years I was subject to fainting and dizzy spells. I did not feel like eating. I was new and felt listless all day."

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking four bottles of these pills I feel better in every way and my health has improved immensely. I have never been so well in all my life and can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone who is run-down and anaemic."

You may have lovely features and may dress well, but if you suffer from anaemia, pimples, bumpy skin, headaches and languor, your attractiveness and fitness are seriously impaired. See what a short course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do. These pills help to create rich red blood in abundant quantities, which will give delicious colour to your lips and cheeks, banish unsightly pimples, blemishes and boils, and strengthen your nerves and system throughout. At chemists and stores. 3/- bottle.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney

OUR PATTERN SERVICE



Special Concession Pattern



Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:
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Pattern Coupon, 6/5/39.

Four engaging ways to liven your frock. Sizes small, medium, and large.

No. 1.—1 yd., 36 ins. wide, and 8 buttons.

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WW2861.—Daytime mode. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

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 * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

An Editorial

MAY 6, 1939.

PARTNERS IN LEADERSHIP



IN the dramatic days in which we are living it is an inspiring thing to see the valiant part being played by women!

To-day throughout the democracies there is a partnership of leadership in which some very outstanding women—the wives of our leaders—are doing a magnificent job.

Leaders of the democracies are aware that the big tasks they are called to may be too big without the aid of women as their partners.

Fortunately the occasion has found the women, and to-day feminine leaders in their own right stand behind the big men of our times, giving them loyal support in their almost super-human tasks.

The old biblical injunction that it is not wise for man to live alone may read to-day: "or rule alone."

Queen Elizabeth as Consort to George VI helps her husband in the biggest job in the world—ruling the British Empire.

In another great democracy President Roosevelt owes much to the untiring energy of his wife, Eleanor Roosevelt.

Returning to our own country we have to remember that the late Prime Minister Lyons could not have left such a mark on the history of his country had he not Dame Enid by his side.

Our new Governor-General, the Duke of Kent, will have his charming Duchess to assist him in that most responsible post when he comes to Australia. The Duchess has already shown a definite flair for leadership in fashion, and she will shine equally as Vice-Reine.

This partnership is democracy's gift to women, a share in the glory, and also the responsibilities, of the highest positions in the land—a job in which our women leaders have done their sex eternal credit.

—THE EDITOR.



MEN IN GAS MASKS, the rumble of tanks, bombs from the air and the threats of Dictators greeted the girl who went to sleep in peace time and awakened to the threat of war.

RECENTLY the cables told of "Miss Rip Van Winkle," a girl who slept for two years. In the article below, Miss Florance discusses the strange new world into which the sleeper has awakened.

Miss Rip Van Winkle wakes up in "the crisis"

By MARJORIE FLORANCE

WHEN Miss Rip Van Winkle awoke after a comparatively short sleep of a couple of years (a mere bagatelle when one considers the record established by her famous ancestor) she found the conversation and habits of her friends changed out of all recognition.

On every side she heard talk of invasions and of a thing called *The Crisis*, always referred to in the past tense; of the European Situation, of wars and their rumors; of defence, Defence and DEFENCE.

Poor, sleepy, behind-the-times Miss Rip's first act was to buy up a year's back papers and study them in an effort to catch up.

After she had recovered from a severe bout of mental indigestion and eye-strain she began asking everyone with whom she came in contact what they thought of the news.

"What news?" asked the girl who sold her a pound of butter in the little round-the-corner shop. "Oh, the war news! Awful, isn't it? Frightening I call it."

Mrs. Jones, buying a jar of jam, asked Miss Rip if she had put her name down for ambulance driving or a gas class.

All in the war game

FEELING in need of light and bright company and conversation, Miss Rip rang up Jeanette, a glamorous girl, if ever there was one.

"Sorry, I can't meet you to-day," chirped Jeanette, who didn't seem a bit surprised at the call, "I'm just off to the club?"

"Tennis or golf?"

"Don't be silly—first aid. This is my third lecture. Awfully interesting. You'd better put your name down."

In a tram Miss Rip overheard two girls talking:

"My dear, what a divine dress!"

"Like it? I got it to go to the races with Tommy, but that's all off. Tommy's gone into camp."

"Has he? Hugh has joined the Air Force, and every time I ring Bob up he says he is going to drill ..."

Later on in the day, Miss Rip took tea with her friend Ellen, a widow. Ellen began to talk of the European situation immediately.

"It's all so horrible," she said. "Last night I couldn't sleep for thinking of all my friends who have sons of military age. Ann has two boys, Jean three, and Mrs. Smith has five. I only have Jack to send."

"But, Ellen, one would think there was a war on, to hear you talk. We are not at war."

"No, not yet, thank God ... but ..."

At the next table, two girl students were critical of the war drift. One said:

"All the muddling and bungling by those at the head of affairs makes my blood boil. If only we women were running things there wouldn't be any trouble ..."

Even contract, Miss Rip found, was no longer the absorbing business of jump bids, pseudo squeezes and slam zones. To-day it went something like this:

A. dealt and called, "One heart. Judy started her nursing to-day!"

B. "Allan has joined the Light Horse. He seems so young, but ... Oh! I'm so sorry, two spades."

C. "Do you know what I think?"

I think we jolly well have to fight and the sooner we start the better. Two no-trumps!"

Miss Rip Van Winkle started for her home, thinking furiously. On the way she met Prunella, the pacifist, accompanied by a Czechoslovakian refugee.

The refugee spoke in a low, tense voice:

"If something is not done soon to stop this persecution of defenceless people in Europe, there will be no more peace and no more freedom."

Miss Rip Van Winkle literally staggered home. Gone were her ideals; gone beyond recall her pleasant sense of security. As she opened her front door the voice of an announcer came stridently over the air advertising the latest thing in bombproof shelters.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP





"PLAYING TRAINS" with the brakes off

How to be happy though a railway traveller

The railways are going to improve their carriages, engines, and service. At least they say they are.

I'm very glad to hear it. I have travelled a great deal on the railways and I could think of a lot of improvements.

WINDOWS that open would be one of them. Sounds a bit startling, but the public would soon get used to it.

I would also make the fine cheaper for pushing the emergency button. At present, if I remember aright, the penalty is a fine of five pounds or imprisonment for life, or both. What's the use of having a push-button in the compartment if you're not allowed to push it?

Waterproof overalls should be

supplied to each passenger who wants to use the wash-basin while the train is in motion. Also real soap.

Luggage racks would be no longer death-traps, either; if I had my way I would make it impossible for a passenger to be stunned by his suitcase when the train was rounding a bend.

And the towels! I would remove that ugly brand.

How embarrassing it is to have a guest go into your bathroom at home

and find all the towels marked "Government Railways."

Of course, you can say that you have bought them at a sale of surplus Government stores, but hardly anyone believes that one now.

Trains running long journeys should have steel shutters on the windows. These could be automatically dropped as the passenger took his seat and would save all that business of being seen off.

There would be a special carriage for commercial travellers on my improved train. It would be a sort of quarantine carriage.

In this way ordinary passengers would not then have to listen to tales about the new barmaid at Oodnadatta, or how many reapers and binders somebody sold last month.

Armed patrols on the trains would be a welcome innovation. Their duty would be to eject or shoot on sight those people who come on to the train with enough luggage for an opera star, and breathe whisky all over you. You know the type!

"Ah, here we are! Room for a little one, eh? Come on, Emma. We can squeeze in here. Would you mind moving over, old chap? My wife always likes to sit near the window. Gets faint, you know. Thanks. Oh, was that your foot? Sorry. This your bag? I'll just shift it over here and then I can put mine here. Now, Johnny, don't wipe your sticky fingers on the gentleman's overcoat. I've told you about that before."

After a bit of this you could send for the armed patrol and say: "I want this man shot immediately and the woman and child put on the coal tender. Just pitch their luggage out the window."

"Certainly, sir."

That's what I call real service.

Not complaining, but—

IT'S difficult to say what could be done to improve the railway refreshment rooms.

Grilled leather and cold tea served by somnambulant waitresses, if you can find a seat, is not the height of luxury.

The easiest way to improve these institutions would be to burn the lot down and let contracts out to hamburger and frankfurter carts. One can usually get served at a frankfurt cart.

And another thing. All trains should carry an extra tin of water.

"What are we stopped for NOW?" inquires the exasperated passenger.

"We're taking on water," says another passenger who has his head stuck out the window.

"Why didn't they take enough water when we started?"

"How the blazes do I know! Does anybody on earth know how this service is run? Ah! We've finished taking on water. Soon be off now."

Then after another ten minutes someone says through clenched teeth, "Now what's the hold-up?"

"Dunno. I think the driver is waiting for the guard to come back

from the pub with the race results. Yes. Here he comes now."

That sort of thing should not be allowed to occur. It would be a simple matter to have the race results broadcast from each railway station on the train's arrival.

I don't wish to complain unduly, but what I want to know is why do you get one blanket on your sleeping berth in mid-winter and four blankets at the height of summer?

And where on earth do they get the water they put in the water-bottles? Considering the number of water-bottles carried on each train, it must be from some pretty extensive swamp.

These so-called corridor trains are another snare. If you're walking along the corridor and come face to face with somebody coming in the

opposite direction, you've either got to climb out a window to let him pass or lie on your face and let him walk over you.

As I said before, I'm not complaining, but there is room for improvement.

Look at the ticket offices in country towns! You go to the station five minutes before your train is due and find the ticket window inoperably and immutably shut. Thirty seconds before the train arrives, the window opens and the man behind it finds he has no change.

Railways? Phooey! I'd rather travel in a barouche any day, and I don't even know what a barouche is.

Have you her Fashionable FIGURE

HOW much easier it is to dress well if you have a youthful figure; and so much cheaper, too! Don't envy others, but retain a fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, improve your health and daily eliminate all food residue. Don't forget, you can spend large amounts on your clothes and never look really smart unless you have that fashionable graceful line.

So, if you want to help retain your youthful figure and good health, start to take your Bile Beans regularly each night.



"At a party the other day I was the only one in the company not a member of a Gym Club. And yes I was told I had the most perfect figure among them. My friends, too, could hardly credit that I was once overweight, but by showing them photographs I was able to prove that Bile Beans had definitely rid me of quite a lot of excess fat." — Miss M. K. Wall-Bullock.

"I think Bile Beans are excellent; and taking them nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is healthy, my complexion bluish-free, my eyes bright, and I get up on a morning feeling rejuvenated." — Mrs. F. N. Britton.

BILE BEANS

1/3 & 3/- EVERYWHERE



"Granny says she has proved that Horrockses Sheets outlast all others"

I never knew that choosing the right sheets could be so easy until Granny told me that the most important thing about sheets was the name on the selvage. "Look for the name 'Horrockses,'" said Granny. "That's the advice your great, great-grandmother gave me when I was married, and I've proved that she was right. You'll find that Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases will outlast all others... you'll find they still have the same good old-fashioned wearing qualities for which they were famous in my great-grandmother's day."

QUALITY + COMFORT + ECONOMY
are assured when you insist on

Horrockses

REGD.

SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

H29.18



Sewing, embroidery and crochet cottons that are a joy to use, owing to their resistance and their supple, silky finish. Lasting satisfaction is ensured by reason of their uniform strength undimmed brilliance and unequalled dyes.

high quality
fast colours

can be procured from all art needlework stores.

D.M.C.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Two years ago J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, was in bed with Asthma. Had lost 40 pounds weight, suffered coughing, choking and stranding every night—couldn't sleep expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and he has had none since—in OYER TWO YEARS. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 4 days or money back on return of empty package.

Mendaco
Fends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever

BACKACHE

There's something very serious
about that Constant Pain!



You have
been
warned of
**KIDNEY
TROUBLE**

Did you wake again this morning with a bad back? Are you struggling through the day, every twist or turn of the body causing dreadful pains? Are you feeling easily exhausted and experiencing cruel down-dragging weakness? It is time you knew that you are the victim of kidney trouble which only a definite, specific kidney medicine can end. That medicine we assert is De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

When kidneys are not doing their work, pains appear in all parts of the body. Backache is the first sign that all is not well with the kidneys. Rheumatism, joint pains and lumbago are other symptoms which quickly develop if the first signs are ignored. Restless nights, bad taste in the mouth, bagginess under the eyes and urinary irregularities all tell you your kidneys are weak and sluggish.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills cleanse, heal and strengthen your kidneys, enabling them once again to rid your body of the harmful impurities and poisons that have been causing your pain.

Start with De Witt's Pills to-day. Take them to-night before you go to bed. Within 24 hours you will know that your kidneys are being cleansed. Soon your kidneys are restored to health and medicine is no longer required. Your pain goes for good. You feel and look years younger.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

"CLAP him under hatches, Mr. Cuttance—and then clear these women from the ship! Make ready to cast off!"

The young man struggled violently but vainly in the grasp of three or four sailors who hustled him to a hatch and threw him headlong. The women on deck laughed drunkenly as he disappeared.

Mistress Lucy turned to the captain. "Who is that young man, Captain?" she asked, involuntarily and absurdly trembling. "Why is he treated thus? He hath the air of a gentleman."

"Gentleman or no, young lady," replied the captain gruffly, "he's a rascally highwayman who escaped the gallows by volunteering to be indentured. I was but waiting for him to be put aboard—Clear those women off, Mr. Cuttance!"

The mate's whistle shrilled and he roared orders which sent the women bustling overside to the boats which awaited them.

A highwayman! They had been three days at sea, and she—a breeze-blown, quickly sunburned Mistress Lucy—had become used to the motion after the first day.

Now, all sails spread from the square spritsail on the bowsprit to the lateen on the mizzen, the gallants on the fore and main (Captain Blades had explained all the names to her), they ran easily down channel dipping and rolling slightly to the little waves.

Below in the waist, the indentured, released from their fetters so soon as they were at sea, sat around listlessly or gossiped with the sailors at their tasks. The cabin-passengers sat on the quarter-deck, on cushions or on coils of rope. Lucy's uncle and Mr. Courtney had tried to teach her glee, the three handed card game which Mr. Exhibit-the-Works frowned at, but they had finally agreed with her that she was but foolish at it.

She preferred to watch the waves. Also she could not help wondering what had happened to the prisoner in the scarlet coat. Save once, she had not seen him mingling with the other indentured.

Virginia Voyage

Continued from Page 8

She looked round to see Mr. Cuttance, the mate, mounting the ladder to the quarter-deck. He approached the captain.

"The volunteer-indenture desires speech with you, sir," he said.

The captain nodded. "Bring him up, Mr. Cuttance."

She heard the words with a stab of sudden interest. The volunteer-indenture. It must be he!

In a few moments the mate returned with the young man in the laced scarlet coat, now somewhat soiled and torn. Certainly he was good to look upon.

"I wish to protest, Captain," he said, in a pleasant, firm voice, "against the injury done me in placing me among condemned convicts. I have stood no trial. I voluntarily agreed to indenture myself. Therefore, I demand to voyage as an ordinary passenger, paying for my passage as I have money enough to do."

The captain turned to the others on the quarter-deck. "What say you, gentlemen?" he asked. "Shall I admit this young blade to your company?"

Mr. Danvers spoke up from the coil of rope where he sat. "Why not, Captain? He hath the looks of a gentleman, and in Virginia we are not so many that we examine too closely into the wherefore of a man's coming among us. Suffice it that he is mannerly as this young man seems to be. What say you, Mr. Courtney?"

"'Tis well with me," he said shortly. "We need a third hand for a game of glee."

Mr. Exhibit-the-Works, however, stepped forward. "I do protest, Captain," he said sourly, "at bringing an evil-liver among these ladies—and in particular into the company of this innocent lamb of the Lord. Convicted or not, he is a highwayman by common report—and I warrant one of the ungodly malignant in addition."

Mr. Danvers frowned. "Look ye, Mr. Smith," he said, severely, "in Virginia we know not the term malignant. And those who would bring it thither are not too well regarded. I speak for my women-folk as Mr. Courtney does for his, and our vote is to admit him."

The young man bowed. "I thank you, sirs—and you ladies. My name is Thomas Wade, at your service." He turned to the captain. "What is the passage-money, Captain?"

"Nine golden pounds, Mr. Wade, all found in victuals—though if we call at an Irish port, as 'tis likely we will, none will say ye nay if so be ye lay in some beer and wine and sweetmeats for your share, as is customary."

The young man took a purse from his pocket and counted out nine pieces of gold.

"Done, Captain," he said. "Never fear that I shall not lay in my fair share if I have occasion. With your leave I will now order my small baggage to be brought up from the somewhat comfortable quarters I have been occupying."

The captain pocketed the gold. "Mr. Cuttance," he said to the mate, "give Mr. Wade the empty room off the steerage."

The young man made another bow to the company. "Your servant, ladies—Your servant, gentlemen!" With which he went coolly off. Mistress Lucy laughed nervously.

"I never thought to eat meals with a bold, bad highwayman!" Her aunt reproved her. "How know you he is a highwayman, Lucy? Meseems he is a very proper gentleman, and well-spoken."

It was six days since they had left Waterford, where Mr. Wade had laid in his share of cabin luxuries and such store of goods as Mr. Danvers advised him would be more useful than golden coins in Virginia.

Now they were well out in the Atlantic, tacking against a head wind, climbing great waves and plunging heavily white spray and green water dashed aboard. Mistress Lucy stood high up on the poop, clutching a mizzen-stay, her hair blown loose, singing to herself in the exhilaration of the see-saw motion.

A voice laughed suddenly in her ear. "You have no fear of the sea, Mistress Lucy? Most maids would be at their prayers in such weather."

She glanced round, startled. It was, unexpectedly, Mr. Wade. Although they all ate together in the Great Cabin, it was the first time she had been alone with him.

"Nay, sir," she said. "The Lord hath us all in His hand, equally whether we be at sea or ashore, but here is His power most manifest." They were in the lee of the mizzen-lateen and could talk easily, despite the wind.

"Were I a man, surely would I be a sailor roaming the oceans like Prince Rupert and the gallant gentlemen with him."

He looked at her sharply. "Ay, Mistress Lucy," he said, "many great deeds have been done upon the waters—and many terrible ones also. Prince Rupert hath some to answer for, though 'tis true that his crews were little better than pirates and could not be restrained."

"Doth Prince Rupert still sail the seas?" she asked. "A cousin of mine sailed off with him five years ago. Never have we had news of him."

He shook his long curls. "With the sole ship that remained to him, Prince Rupert sought refuge in a French port last year, and landed his company. 'Tis said the Prince is again in Holland, with King Charles the Second."

"What befell the brave gentlemen that were with him?"

"But few were left, Mistress Lucy," he said, and they are now for the most part wandering in France and making what shift they may to live. 'Twould go hard with them—indeed a hanging matter—should they fall into the hands of the Protector."

She thought of her poor cousin. "But surely Cromwell hath passed an Act of Oblivion—"

"There is no oblivion for piracy," the young man smiled at her. "And Cromwell calls them pirates, despite that they had a commission from the King. In truth, the London and Bristol merchants suffered much, and may well be vengeful."

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They were interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Exhibit-the-Works.

"Mistress Lucy," said the zealot, harshly, "though thy aunt is sick and unable to watch over thee, forget not that the Lord observes thee in thy most secret conversation."

She retorted, with some tartness, "The Lord observes you also, Mr. Smith, in your impertinence. 'Tis news to me that He hath appointed you to watch over me."

Mr. Smith grabbed at the stay, and steadied himself in the dizzy lurching of the ship.

"The Lord hath appointed His elect to gather in His yet unredeemed lambs, Mistress Lucy, and to watch that they fall not into the snare of the ungodly." He glanced balefully at the laced red coat.

"Remember the word of the Lord, Mistress Lucy—woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity. He turned directly to the young man, and a snarling menace came into his tone. "Though the wicked hide, yet shall the eye of the Lord discover them, and the tares be singled out from the good wheat and cast into the fire." He checked abruptly in a sudden steep drop of the deck—and made a dash for the side.

She could not forbear to laugh. Then they heard her uncle's shout from below, summoning Mr. Wade to a game of glee.

Interminably they wallowed across the immense ocean where they saw never a sail. The voyage was already in its third week. She had lost count of days. But, save for the sourly unsmiling Mr. Smith, they were merry in the ponderous-beamed Great Cabin. Mr. Wade was the best company in the world.

Also, when Captain Blades called all hands to practise defence against the ever-possible pirate lurking over the horizon, the enigmatic volunteer-indenture had revealed a quite remarkable aptitude.

Given command of the guns ranged three a side in the waist, he handled them with such confidence and mastery that the captain had eluded him on the back, and asked him whether he would not change his mind about settling in Virginia but take service with him after redeeming himself, when he would make him one of his officers, "and be darned to any landlubber who tried to interfere with him!"

Mr. Wade had laughed and thanked him for his courtesy, but said his resolution was fixed.

Little Mistress Lucy had rarely had a word alone with him, and then but briefly. He treated her always with aloof deference. It mattered not. In perhaps two weeks more, they would all part and go their ways, she with her aunt and uncle, the Courtneys to their plantation, Mr. Wade—to whatever destiny awaited him.

Please turn to Page 18

Women look to Hollywood for Beauty Advice

Hollywood—city of glamour... where the world's most beautiful women are gathered together! Isn't it the very place to look for beauty guidance? Of course it is! Thousands of women all over the world seek the glamorous film stars' advice on their beauty problems. Mostly they want to know how the stars keep their complexions so fresh and lovely. Haven't you wondered too, sometime or other? Well, it's no secret. The film stars will tell you themselves that their complexion care is a remarkably simple one that you can follow easily.



Here's Loretta Young—beautiful, talented star of 20th Century-Fox's "Suez"—and here's what she advises for radiant complexion loveliness.

"A screen star simply must have a lovely skin if she is to hold the admiration she has won. To keep my skin youthfully fresh, I—like so many other screen stars—use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It does leave your skin like velvet. Did you know that 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars entrust their gorgeous complexions to Lux Toilet Soap's simple care? A practical tip from them like this on beauty care is worth following up. Why don't you try Lux Toilet Soap and follow the star's way to loveliness!"

Make a test yourself

It's a good idea to make a practical test for yourself. Take a cake of Lux Toilet Soap and test it against the one you are using now or any other. Notice the unmistakably smoother, creamier feel of the supercreamed lather compared with ordinary lather. That's the actual cream you can feel—the precious skin cream which is blended into every pure white tablet of Lux Toilet Soap. Notice too, how much more richly and plentifully Lux Toilet Soap lathers on the instant it comes in contact with the water. Whether your skin is dry or oily, Lux Toilet Soap is sure to keep it clear and fresh and beautifully soft and supple. You see, the supercreaming of Lux Toilet Soap protects the vital natural oils of your skin. You'll have no more worries about your complexion if you use this lovely soap faithfully at least twice a day.

A LEXER PRODUCT 6.333.30

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce box of Orizel Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

PREVENTS RUST



3-IN-ONE Oil protects all metal parts against rust and tarnish.

CLEANS AND LUBRICATES

3-IN-ONE OIL
(Trade-Mark)

SOME NEW LAUGHS



"This new hat doesn't suit my hair at all."
"Which are you going to change?"



TENANT: You know the favorite didn't win on Saturday.
LANDLORD: I am not interested in the favorite.
TENANT: You should be. Your rent was on it.

"Most jokes were
old and mellow
when we were
seventeen.
When we are old
and mellow,
they'll still be
evergreen."



"Why do golf clubs have different names when you do the same thing with all of them?"



DETECTIVE: Got away has he? Did you guard all the exits?
POLICEMAN: Yes, but I think he must have slipped through one of the entrances.

STOP WEARING GLASSES



How would you like to be free of glasses for the remainder of your life for the cost of approximately one pair of glasses?

At last, by EYE CULTURE, it has been discovered that most people wearing glasses today NEED NOT. It has also been proved definitely by EYE CULTURE that those who fear that they will need glasses are FEARING NEEDLESSLY.

It has been found that Glasses do not cure any eye weakness or defect—they merely relieve a condition, which, instead of getting better, gradually becomes worse. This is evidenced by the fact that, as time goes on, those WEARING GLASSES MUST FREQUENTLY CHANGE THEM AND GET STRONGER LENSES.

EYE CULTURE is Nature's own method of ridding those who are affected by eye troubles, enabling glasses to be dispensed with. It is based upon a most exacting scientific knowledge of the whole human system, as it is related to the eyes. By EYE CULTURE congestion and strain are eliminated, the eye muscles strengthened, and the eyes gradually restored to their normal condition. EYE CULTURE is a positively safe and harmless system for young and old alike. A short time daily with EYE CULTURE can render glasses absolutely unnecessary, relief being experienced within an amazingly short time, followed by

Are your eyes causing you anxiety or worry from EYE-STRAIN, EYE HEADACHES, ASTIGMATISM, LONG SIGHT, WEAK SIGHT, SQUINT, OLD AGE SIGHT, EYES THAT CANNOT STAND GLARE, ETC.?

a definite improvement in the condition. EYE CULTURE is more than merely eye exercises.

These reports tell how quickly and effectively eye sufferers get relief with EYE CULTURE.

"I am very glad to inform you that from the very first week I commenced your EYE CULTURE treatment I had no further trouble with my eyes, besides feeling one hundred per cent better in my general health. I have no difficulty in following the instructions as clearly set out in the course, and have done and will do my best to interest others in this excellent and inexpensive treatment, and shall not hesitate to recommend others to you."—Mrs. J. Mullan, N.S.W.

"I carried out fully the instructions given in your Course of EYE CULTURE, and I found that I was able to immediately put aside my glasses which I used when reading, and I found that the strained feeling in my eyes which often bothered me just for good—on I must say your course of EYE CULTURE is all you claim it to be."—Mrs. L. Kincaid, Queensland.

For particulars, call or send stamped addressed envelope for free booklet to

EYE CULTURE

No. 1 St. James Building,
107 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.
Phone for an appointment MAXIM.
Advice is FREE.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

LAWYER: Here's my bill. Please pay £20 down and £5 a month thereafter for twelve months.
Client: It sounds like buying a car.
Lawyer: Correct. I am!

"WHY do you carry that rabbit's paw in your pocket?"
"For luck. Every time my wife puts her hand in my pocket she thinks it's a mouse."

MARY: George wanted to kiss me last night.
Jane: What cheek!
Mary: Both.

AUNTIE: And what will you do, dear, when you grow up to be a great big girl?
Little Minnie: Reduce.

MOTHER had taken her little girl to the hairdresser's and the child had listened thoughtfully to the customers' conversations.
"I want to have 'er hair bobbed," said her mother.
"Yes," said the barber, "what sort of bob would you like, madam?"
"Mummy," pleaded the little girl, "could I have a bob each way?"

"GRACIOUS, it's five years since I've seen you. You look much older, too."
"Really, my dear? I doubt if I would have recognised you either but for your coat."

To save
precious seconds
in the morning

give
NUGGET
a TURN



A TWIST OF THE
KEY OPENS
THE TIN...

"Nugget" will clean your shoes in record time. It's the greatest polish that ever glorified a shoe.

There is a "Nugget" shade for every shoe made.

So ingenious a young man would surely fashion his fate to something worthy. Her compassion for him was unnecessary. Soon she would never see him again.

She looked up, startled, to see him beside her. "Ha, Mistress Lucy!" he said awkwardly. "Always at your reading?" Usually he was quick enough of speech, but now he checked, as if embarrassed how to continue. "I fear you will find a dearth of books in Virginia. 'Tis yet a barbarous community, I hear, where naught is thought of but tobacco."

She put down her book. "And how will you endure it, Mr. Wade? Surely life on a plantation is not suitable to a person of your condition, particularly if—"

"If I am to be sold as a servant and labor in the field, you would say?" His face was serious. "Yet should I live honest, as I have long

craved to do." He had really been a highwayman, then! He smiled. "Distress not yourself too much for me, Mistress Lucy. I have enough to buy myself my freedom, and to set up as a planter with land of my own."

"I am glad," she murmured. If her heart would not thump so!

He hesitated again. Then he spoke gravely, stiltedly even. "'Tis right that I should tell you, Mistress Lucy, that I have been a sad evildoer, as many have been constrained to be in these troublous times. But I hope to make amends by my future living. I confess that I had not that resolution when I was embarked on this ship. I thought merely to escape to a wild free life when I arrived in Virginia. I was brought to that resolution by encounter with you. 'Twas because

Virginia Voyage

Continued from Page 16

I saw you looking down from the quarter-deck that I bade the mate lead me to the captain, and paid my passage-money that I might sit at the Great Cabin table with you."

She could not find a word to answer.

"MISTRESS LUCY," he continued, "I dare to hope that when I am a free man and master of my plantation, you will honor me by becoming mistress of all I have. I say this now, for in Virginia you will have many to solicit you, and I would make my claim before any—I love you, as I think never man loved woman." He hesitated. "Could you love me, Mistress Lucy?" Then he

smiled. "Nay, 'tis an idle question—your face betrays you. Yet would I have you say 'Yes.' Will you not say it, Mistress Lucy?"

She looked up to him. The word seemed to utter itself for her.

He spoke fervently. "Thank you, Mistress Lucy. Never shall you regret it."

She heard her aunt's voice calling sharply from the quarter-deck. "Lucy!—Come hither!"

Obediently, she went to the ladder and descended. Mr. Wade following her. The captain stood with her aunt and uncle, and Mr. Smith with him. The zealot flourished a document.

"Captain!" There was exulting triumph in his voice. "In the name of the Law, and by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Lord Protector in this warrant, I charge

UNFAITHFUL

The past is o'er—so let it die—
A new day has begun
Yet doth my heart in anguish sigh
'Tis easier said than done!

Although the future days I live
Bring happiness or pain,
It matters not—they cannot give
The past hours back again.

The happy hours that used to be,
I count them all apart;
They're all that you have left to me
To ease my broken heart!

—Mavis Lower.

you to arrest that man—not Mr. Thomas Wade, but the malignant pirate, Sir Grenville Holles! I go to Virginia, by order of the Lord Protector, to discover what associates of the arch-malignant Rupert may there be lurking—and the Lord hath marvelously delivered the first thereof into my hands! I charge you, Captain, clap that man in irons—he hath cheated the gallows too long!"

The young man stood silent and motionless. The captain looked startled and displeased. "Avaunt there, Mr. Smith!" he said, angrily. "I'll not run my ship into dangerous waters without a clear chart! What evidence have you that Mr. Wade is one of Prince Rupert's men?"

Mr. Exhibit-the-Works grinned evilly. "The Lord doth wondrously assist the work of His anointed, Captain. The power of the Lord came upon me this day and moved me to enter the cabin of this malignant, and even to search his baggage. By his own hand is he convicted. The Evil One whom he served did lay a snare for him, and prompt him to keep a diurnal of the Devil's work he did with the arch-malignant Rupert!"

He snatched a small book from his pocket, and waved it in the young man's face.

"Here, thou ungodly pirate, is what shall bring thee to the gallows when we land! Canst thou deny that thou wert of the company of the arch-malignant Rupert in the Swallow?"

THE young man shrugged his shoulders. He seemed strangely calm. Little Mistress Lucy was silently praying that he could disown that book.

"The book is mine," he said. "I own it."

"Ha!" cried the zealot. "Thus shall the ungodly and the malignant ever perish, snared in their own wickedness! Here written down are the names of all the ships thou didst assist in plundering and sinking!" He swung round, exultantly. "Among them is the name of a ship that surely doth interest you, Mistress Lucy! The Good Hope, of which your uncle spoke as that in which your father was embarked—sunk before they could reach her for boarding!"

The Good Hope! Poor Mistress Lucy felt that a sword had gone suddenly through her heart. "The Good Hope!"

"Enough!" said the young man. "I do admit it. And, Mistress Lucy, if someone dear to you were on board the Good Hope, I pray you to forget any words that passed between us this day." The zealot was triumphant. "Captain!" he shouted. "You hear that this malignant doth admit the charge! I order you to obey the warrant of the Lord Protector! Hold this man in irons until he can be brought to a court of justice and the gallows!"

The captain shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "I am sorry, Mr. Wade. 'Tis none of my wishing." He went to the quarter-deck-rail. "Mr. Cuttance! Come aft with a couple of men!"

For all save one of the passengers in the Great Cabin, those were dreary days that followed. They could not forget the prisoner fettered in the dark hold. Mr. Smith gloated over his capture. The malignant—saying that "he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb"—had defiantly avowed that he had been a highwayman in England. It seemed that, having landed in France from the Swallow with Prince Rupert, he had made his way to England and there continued the war privately against the enemy, plundering only those who were by common report of the Parliamentary Party.



EVERY new day should find you fresh and radiantly alive. Your night's sleep should have made good the wear and tear of yesterday . . . tired lines smoothed away . . . new energy stored up.

Make sure of this restorative, health-giving sleep by drinking a cup of delicious "Ovaltine" every night. Scientific experiments have definitely proved that "Ovaltine" stands in a class by itself for quickly bringing the right kind of sleep.

"Ovaltine" supplies, in unequalled abundance, all the vital food elements that build up radiant vitality and perfect health of body, brain and nerves. "Ovaltine" stands without a rival and there is nothing like it.

"Ovaltine" does not contain any Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate or a large percentage of Cocoa.

Start the "Ovaltine" habit to-night, and while you sleep the rich nourishment of "Ovaltine" will help forward Nature's work . . . repairing, restoring, revitalising . . . so that you waken in the morning looking and feeling your best.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of packing and postage. See address below.

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Please turn to Page 20

Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of Page 3.



HAPPY MEALTIMES

IN the national drive for physical fitness, much emphasis is laid upon nutrition and correctly-balanced meals.

But to derive the greatest good from these meals they must be eaten in an atmosphere of peace and harmony.

If there is wrangling between members of the family at mealtime you might as well throw the vitamins and minerals down the sink for all the good they will do them.

Anger is bad for the health, and we should try to make our meals pleasant.

If meals are eaten in a pleasant atmosphere they give the maximum benefit, and in addition the social graces of the children are given an opportunity to develop naturally.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. Ray Randall, National Mutual Building, Queen St., Brisbane.

HELP OR INTRUDE?

"SHALL we intrude?" is a question that women often ask themselves.

Shall we intrude into our friend's sorrow? Will she care about it, and appreciate our well-meant sympathy?

When a new neighbor is settling in next door, shall we call to her and offer a cup of tea?

Perhaps she will think we should be minding our own business.

Shall we offer a little practical help to some woman whom we know to be in real need?

Sometimes, when we have acted spontaneously and done these things, we have felt rebuffed. Sometimes we have found that it has been worth while.

It is in consideration of these worthwhile times that we must find courage to act spontaneously.

L. Smith, P.E.I., Sarina, Nth. Qld.

WILL EU-thymol daily?

Nature gives no special dispensation! There are no favoured few or guarantees of immunity, except those we make for ourselves.

Every hour of every day is a struggle between the forces of good health and disease.

Ledged in the mouth, concealed in food particles, lurking in tiny crevices—deadly dental decay germs infect the gums, eat into the teeth and undermine health.

Euthymol destroys dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact. Science knows no greater safeguard than a mouth properly Euthymolized daily—every morning and every evening. Enjoy the advantage of a happy mouth with clean, healthy teeth.

Obtainable at chemists
and stores everywhere.
1/3 per tube.

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

A FARRER DAVIS PRODUCT

Do office girls work happily together?

ALLEGEDLY that they have real sympathy for each other, M. Clarke (15/4/39) believes women are far better to work with than men.

On psychological grounds, I would suggest that a mixed staff would pull better together than any group of women. All the world knows just how "catty" women can be to each other, but men will show a courtesy and willingness to co-operate that women rarely disclose in business.

Where there is a mixed staff there is always an appeal to one's better nature. Where a group is exclusively male or female, hostility is open and unashamed.

Mrs. L. Parsons, 22 Tyne St., Gilberton, Adelaide.

Prefers men

IN my business life I have found men far better to work for than women.

To me it seems the tendency today is towards selfishness.

However, I know there are all kinds in every community, and it is good to hear of someone who has been associated with a kind, sympathetic business woman.

Mrs. M. Scott, P.O. Yarram, Gippsland, Vic.

Better Companion

UNDOUBTEDLY, M. Clarke, a woman is a better and more sympathetic office companion than a man.

I have found that women are cheerful, sympathetic and reassuring during embarrassing or worrying moments.

Men are inclined to be aloof and cold in feminine company. They have none of the deeper understanding and regard which make women the more pleasant business associates.

W. Patey, 24 Wellman St., Box 1111 E.H. Vic.

Mutual interests

MALE office employees do lack thoughtfulness for others and have an "inferiority complex" regarding their abilities.

Provided a great amount of time is not lost, it is pleasant to discuss items of personal interest with your office neighbor and help to lighten the burden of the day, or assist her to get through the work.

I've often known office girls work back to allow others to get off.

Miss O. Ward, c/o O'Sullivan's, East St., Narrandera, N.S.W.

Much "cattiness"

IF women are so considerate and understanding, why do we hear so many girls say they would rather work with a man as an employer?

Not I'm afraid jealousy and cattiness enter too much into the question for women to work in the perfect harmony to which M. Clarke refers.

Miss J. O'Dwyer, 112 Swanson St., Erskineville, N.S.W.

More loyalty

CERTAINLY I agree with you, M. Clarke, that women in business are far kinder and more understanding than are men.

I have found that boys in an



Are tyrants in office.

office are very apt to inordinate themselves with the employers at the expense of the girls, and certainly are quicker to bear tales. In the majority of cases girls and women are more loyal to one another.

Miss M. Meller, 8 Reid St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

Modern parents' attitude to children

I AGREE, Miss Little (15/4/39), that much unhappiness is caused through lack of understanding between parents and children.

One hears much about difficult children, but I suggest there are too many "problem" parents. The trouble is that too many parents unwittingly and in the name of love want to monopolise their children's lives.

Time marches on, and youth develops a new outlook, but many parents merely mark time—and expect the family to do the same.

Miss F. Liddicott, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

Mutual confidence

MISS J. LITTLE'S criticism of the parents of to-day surprises me. From observation among my friends and their families I know that the average mother is a "pal" to her sons and daughters, and there is confidence between them.

In the past generation there certainly was much less understanding between parent and child, but in this generation, when women take a leading part in home and social life, mothers are more able to enter into the joys and disappointments of their children.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E.H. Vic.

Fear for welfare

THERE has always been an outcry against parents for lack of understanding, but it is only as we grow older that we realise how wise

Is mascot craze being overdone?

IS not the "mascot" craze becoming rather overdone?

Recently I saw a photograph of a dozen nursing trainees, about to appear before the examining board for their final examinations, and every one of them was carrying a mascot in the shape of some grotesque animal caricature, such as a pig, dog, koala, rabbit, bear, or kitten.

Does it augur well for the seriousness and proficiency of their work in their chosen profession that they should be, apparently, putting their faith in so-called "good luck" emblems rather than in the study and preparation they should have made to pass their qualifying tests?

Miss A. Sharman, 1 Irlbarra Rd., Canterbury E7, Vic.

our parents really are and how eager they are to help us.

When we, too, become parents, we are drawn to them with a far closer bond than ever before, and we then understand how we hurt them by fighting against those small and necessary restrictions to our liberty.

Parents do understand, but it is fear for the welfare of the young moderns that makes them often perhaps a little too strict.

Mrs. F. Pearson, 318 Latrobe Tce., Chilwell, South Geelong, Vic.

Prefer friends

LACK of understanding between parents and their children usually arises because of the disinclination to talk over youthful problems.

Boys and girls to-day would much rather talk to their friends than to their parents, as they are afraid that outspoken youth may shock the older generation.

Also, it makes them feel self-conscious when their parents make an obvious effort to join in discussions in which they have little real interest.

We who are young know that our parents cannot see life through our eyes.

F. M. Bassett, Swift Ave., Dulwich, Adelaide.

Has radio raised standard of music?

MRS. J. ARCHIBALD (15/4/39) regrets that fewer children are being given a musical education.

She evidently has no youthful memories of sitting at the piano on a sunny afternoon when one longed to be out of doors, or practising on



Paraded before visitors.

a chilly morning with stiff chilblainy fingers.

Now that only gifted, and willing, children are "taught music," the standard of performance is much higher.

The wireless brings the world's best into the home, which greatly assists the study of serious musical students, and is of cultural benefit to those who appreciate but do not perform.

E. A. Paterson, 23 McKenzie St., Seaford, Vic.

No mediocrity

MRS. ARCHIBALD asks how many young people to-day are given the opportunity of a musical education, and, like many other people, is ready to place all the blame on the parents.

This is often unjust. I forced one of my daughters to study music, but as the first opportunity she dropped the subject entirely.

Children argue that now we can hear experts "over the air" the mediocre performance of the family musician is not worth the drudgery it entails.

Whether right or wrong, don't blame mother.

Mrs. John Richards, Wren Wren, Girraween Grove, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

Money wasted

UNLESS a child has marked ability I consider it waste of time and money to have him (or her) taught music.

I took pianoforte lessons for three years as a child, but I've forgotten all I ever learned. The same can probably be said of hundreds of other people.

I think parents are wise to put their money into a wireless set instead of music lessons as the radio can be enjoyed by the entire family.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Imagined "culture"

BEFORE the advent of wireless most parents provided their children with a musical education.

I am daring enough to suggest that a "musical education" has ruined many a child's interest in music. If a child has music in his make-up he will find a natural outlet. All the education in the world won't help him.

Unfortunately, there are parents who imagine that children will become "cultured" if they go through forced exercises in musical theory.

Mrs. E. Kellie, 18 Caulfield Ave., Hollywood, Adelaide.

Unwilling pupils

NOW that people are less inclined to insist on musical training for their children we no longer inflicted with the child performer who is told by a fond parent to "play for the visitors."

Classes of musical appreciation in schools are most helpful to children, but no child should be forced to spend hours learning to play an instrument which is costly to buy and which will be discarded as soon as the child is old enough to realise his lack of talent.

L. B. O'Neill, Olive St., Launceston, Tas.

Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers make this rule for themselves by ballot.

SCHOOL CURRICULUM

IT irritates me when I see so many suggestions for placing extra subjects in the school curriculum. Additional subjects urged recently included elocution, sex hygiene, and first aid.

New subjects mean, of course, that other subjects must be omitted or the school day lengthened.

If they are well grounded in the "three R's" pupils can learn other subjects whenever they wish. Good textbooks are cheap and abundant.

Mrs. A. G. Blackburn, Caracorum, 25 Amarine Ave., Ashgrove, Brisbane.

UNWELCOME GUESTS

I DO hate the way some visitors "drop in."

Beautifully dressed, they catch me unawares in my oldest clothes on the day I am washing the curtains and windows or airing the bedding.

There is nothing suitable in the house for lunch, so I hurry up to the shops and buy something that looks "home-made."

What a difference if I knew they were coming!

With the house shining and the larder full, I would feel poised and very glad to see any friend.

Can it be that some women are too selfishly indolent to write a note a few days ahead announcing their proposed visit?

Mrs. M. Bash, 43 Ross St., Forest Lodge, Sydney.

HEATED ARGUMENTS

IT seems almost impossible to-day to discuss international affairs without becoming involved in a heated argument.

If we find it so difficult to remain tolerant of the "other fellow's opinion" during a friendly debate we cannot wonder that to-day nations still go to war.

It is this one-sidedness of opinion that is responsible for so much unrest to-day. An occasional debate is stimulating and if argued dispassionately can lead to greater understanding, but if bitterness and prejudice are allowed to overrule this purpose we can only expect more harm than good to result.

E. Pratt, 50a Abbott St., Cammeray, North Sydney.

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ECONOMY NOTE

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A.B.F. PEANS LIMITED

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Special Treatment for FAIR HAIR!



STA-BLOND SHAMPOOS

WHITE: And let me tell you, old boy, I'm master in my own home.
Green: My wife is away, too!

TAKEN at last, but his identity not discovered, he had been admitted to voluntary transportation without standing his trial. The zealot was fierce against the aristocratic gentlemen in the Parliament Party who, according to them, had got off many malignant Cavaliers in that way, "snatching them from the Lord's vengeance."

Poor little Lucy Danvers listened, feeling that her already broken heart would burst. Her uncle had no rancor. The sinking of the Good Hope, he said, was but one of the evil chances of war. Nevertheless, the prisoner would surely be hanged. She tried to tell herself that it was but justice. He was the slayer of her father!

On one of those days, coming from her cabin where she had been weeping, she ran into Mr. Smith in the dark narrow passageway between the Great Cabin and the steerage.

"You hold yourself much retired

these days, Mistress Lucy," he said, unctuously. "My heart is heavy for you. Nightly do I wrestle in prayer for you."

"I need not your prayers, Mr. Smith."

"The mercy of the Lord is infinite, Mistress Lucy."

"There seems to be but little mercy for your prisoner!"

"There might be mercy even for the malignant, Mistress Lucy," he said, with a leer. "If one of the elect should intercede for him."

"In that case, I regret that I am not one of the elect." She endeavored to pass him.

He barred the way. "Let me be the instrument of bringing you to Grace," he said, suddenly bold. "Your salvation may be that of the malignant's also." His arm went round her waist.

Virginia Voyage

Continued from Page 18

She smacked his face, and fled back through the Great Cabin into her own.

They were approaching the American coast, were only two or three days from sight of land. Since early morning they had all been on deck, anxiously regarding the strange sail which had come up in the night and had been steadily gaining on them since dawn.

At last, the captain put down his spyglass. "Tis a pirate, gentlemen," he said to her uncle and Mr. Courtney. "This day we shall fight for our lives!" He roared down to the waist. "Boatswain, drum to quarters!"

The deck was instantly in commotion with men running to their posts. As a woman, Lucy was but in the way. The thought jumped into her mind that in man's attire she might be of some use. She ran down to the cabin which had been that of the prisoner. Quickly she donned breeches and a shirt, and tied a kerchief about her head. Yes, she looked a very passable boy.

When she returned to the deck they were rigging the close-fights, strips of canvas strung along the bulwarks and transversely across the low fore-castle, lest the ship should be boarded at the head. The pirate had taken position to windward. Her uncle was on the poop, with half a dozen men armed with matchlocks. At the guns, six in the waist and two on the quarter-deck, their crews stood ready, with tubs of water hung with smouldering matches, and powder and shot placed handy.

Mr. Smith was with the captain on the quarter-deck, in the midst of a fervent prayer for deliverance.

The mate came up to the captain. "All the company are at their posts, sir," he reported. "Save only Mr. Wade, who sends me besee you to allow him command at the guns which were to be his charge. After the fight, he says, he will cheerfully go back to his confinement."

"Blood and wounds!" cried the captain. "Why did you not release him with the swearers and brawlers?"

"Mr. Smith did forbid me, sir," said the mate, "saying that he was the Lord Protector's prisoner, and that none but he or he who bore his warrant might release him."

"And that I do maintain, Captain!" Mr. Smith broke in, vehemently. "Would you have that malignant join his fellow-pirates? He is the Lord Protector's prisoner, and mine!"

The captain swore a great oath. "The Lord Protector may command on land! But on this ship, in the hour of battle, 'tis I who command! Mr. Cuttance, release your prisoner, and send him to the charge appointed to him. And you, Mr. Smith, begone to your duty!"

LUCY DANVERS dodged into the waist, among the throng of indentured who would carry powder and shot to the guns. No one would notice an extra boy there. On the way she picked up a pistol from the arms-chest, and thrust it into her girdle.

Above, on the quarter-deck, the captain was roaring out orders. "Yare at the helm, there!—Star-board a point! Steady!—Mr. Cuttance, take in all but the main and fore topmasts!—Get your men down quickly! Be ready with your murderers if he lays us aboard by the

head!—Cheerily, men! 'Tis better to die sword in hand than be eaten by sharks!—Poop, there! Take shelter against his first broadside, and then be nimble to pick off his gunners as they load.—Mr. Wade! Fight those guns as you used to fight the guns of the Swallow! Sweep his deck! Then hull him between wind and water!"

The ex-prisoner was already verifying the loading and laying of each gun. "Ay, ay, Captain!" he cried, smiling. "He won't be the first I have sent to the bottom! Put a quarter-deck piece to bear on the fore-castle, Captain, and load with langrel!"

HE saw to it that each of his own guns was likewise loaded with langrel, small pieces of iron, on top of the ball. He ordered also that the breeching-ropes should be slackened so that the gun should run in with the recoil, and the men would not need to straddle them outboard to reload.

Mistress Lucy, unnoticed in her boy's disguise, thrilled at his masterful voice.

The pirate also had stripped to fighting sails. A black flag was flying from his main-mast. He surged formidably close. There was a strange silence, prolonged interminably, almost unendurably. Over the close-fight, she could see the pirate's masts and sails, nearer and nearer.

Mr. Wade's voice rang out. "Fire at the word!" The ship rolled in the swell. "Now, as his deck comes down! Altogether, lads—fire!" There was a deafening explosion, a thick cloud of smoke, while the ship heeled violently. Instantly the pirate also thundered in a scream of cannon-balls, a mighty crash and splintering.

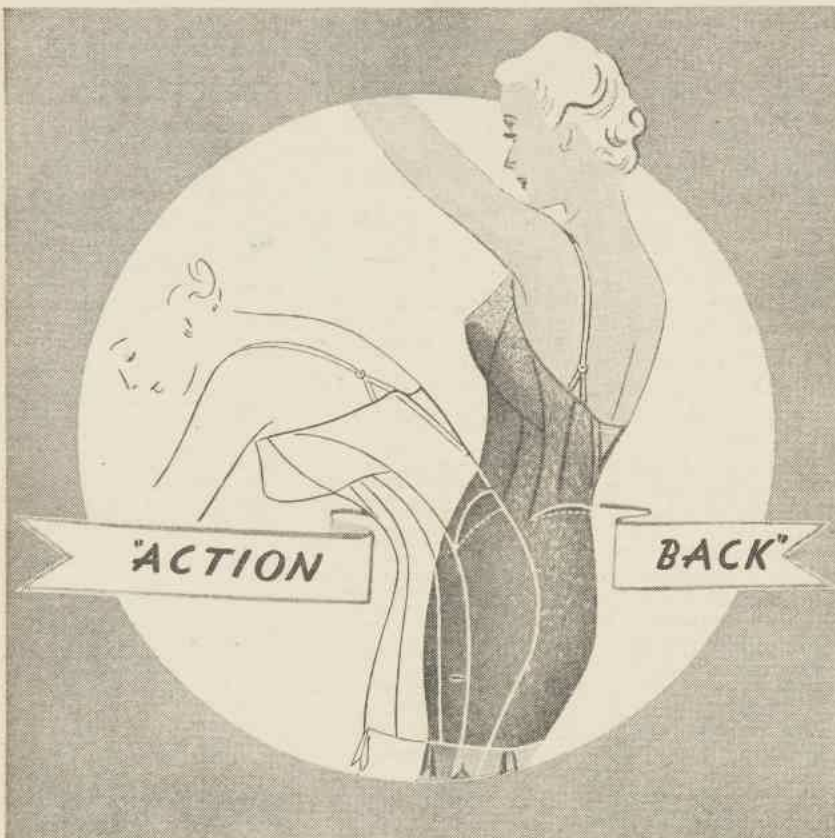
She heard Mr. Wade's voice clear above the shrieks and cries. "Yare, men! Give him a second before he can reload! Sponge! Cartridge! Forget not your waddings! Ram home the ball! Heave on the tackles! Run out!—Fire!" Again the ear-smashing explosion, the cloud of smoke. In that smoke she came too close to him. He seized her roughly by the shoulder. "What do ye here, boy!—Begone to your duty! Powder and shot!"

He had not recognised her! Joyously, she ran down the ladder to where Mr. Smith was passing out cartridges from the magazine, snatched a pair of canvas bags, hurried up to the deck, ran down again, jostling other carriers. The deck was a smoke-wheel of violent discharges, of wild cries, in which the reports of the muskets were hardly to be noticed. Always, however, she could hear that coolly authoritative voice as she brought her bags of powder, or dashed back for more.

Suddenly, as with her arms full she was mounting the ladder, there was a shock and a great outcry. "All hands! All hands to repel boarders!"

Through the rift in the smoke, she could see that the pirate had laid them aboard at the bows. On the fore-castle, the short-range murderers discharged noisily. A swarm of hideously fierce men came leaping from the pirate's rigging. Mr. Cuttance commanded all the fore-part. She heard his shout. "Stand your ground, men! Stand your ground!" But his small company was already being outnumbered.

Please turn to Page 22



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Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

JUSTIFIABLE THIEVING

FATHER'S bobby was growing vegetables. He was very proud of his excellent carrots, and when he noticed that they were disappearing in small quantities he kept a watch and discovered that the thief was his own dog.

Fido made no attempt to eat them, but followed by my father, trotted off to the stable where there was an old horse of whom Fido was very fond. He had often seen father pull the carrots for the horse, and he took them in and dropped them at the animal's feet.

When the horse ate them, Fido seemed so pleased that father encouraged him to continue his "thieving."

19/6 to Mrs. K. Halley, Black Hill Rd., Kyneton, Vic.

PET CAUSES FRIGHT

WHILE travelling down from Alice Springs I was minding a "Mountain Devil" lizard, a harmless little fellow, but rather fearsome to look at.

I was fondling the pet when we changed trains at Quorn and a number of other passengers boarded the train for Adelaide.

A well-dressed woman sat down next to me, and was regarding me curiously when she saw the "Mountain Devil."

With a scream she rushed to the other end of the carriage, much to the amusement of the other passengers.

2/6 to Mrs. C. K. Hamilton, c/o Mrs. Smith, Alexander Rd., Ulverstone, Tas.

FELINE INTUITION?

FOR a fortnight a bushfire threatened us, and our pet cat, with a new family, took up residence in a hollow log.

Two days before a change of wind brought the fire towards us the cat moved her kittens to a tall hollow stump.

As the fire advanced I moved cat and kittens on to cleared ground, but she immediately carried her babies back to the stump.

Busy saving our home, we forgot the little family, but later found them safe. The fire had swept over everything except that stump, even the cleared ground where, in my human ignorance, I had placed the animals.

2/6 to G. Archer, Wongarra, via Lorne, Vic.

THE ELEVATED PIANO

INVITED to the country to sing at a local concert, I put up at what was classed as the best hotel in the little town.

There was a quaint old piano there, and while trying over my song for the concert I noticed one of the maids listening.

When I asked her if the piano in the Town Hall was higher than the one at the hotel, she beamed at me and replied: "Oh, yes! It's standing on glasses."

2/6 to Mrs. Edith Hill, Eton Private Hotel, Wharf St., Brisbane.

NOT AN EARTHQUAKE

WITH my mother I was seated sewing in the sitting-room of our weatherboard cottage when suddenly one of the walls began to shake and shiver.

Imagining all sorts of possibilities we clung to each other until we summoned up courage to creep to the window and look out.

Imagine how foolish we felt when we saw an old cow contentedly rubbing her side against the wall.

2/6 to Mrs. K. Marshall, Arthur St., Moore Park, N.S.W.

ENTERPRISING FROG

A FRIEND of mine put the jug, which she left outside for the morning milk, in a basin of water to protect it from the ants, which were particularly troublesome. In the morning she found a frog in the water.

Next night she was late in putting the water in the basin, and there was the same frog, perched on the end of the basin, apparently waiting for her to fill it.

2/6 to Johanna Hogg, Albion Hotel, Alameda, N.S.W.

Dog's warning

WHILE exploring in a heavily-timbered area in Arnhem Land my party was compelled to camp at a very uninviting spot.

At 10 o'clock at night our dog started barking savagely, and when we investigated we saw figures moving 20 yards away.

They were blacks who had come upon us very quietly, and were obviously intent on mischief. We discharged our rifles in their direction, and, following blood-curdling yells, there were sounds as of cattle rushing through the undergrowth.

A watch was kept till daylight, when we discovered that our horses had been driven off. They were recovered 12 miles away, still in hobbles.

But for our dog's warning we would have probably been killed.

2/6 to C. C. Boulter, Innisfail, N. Qld.

Iron-jaw "corpse"

TRAVELLING in the Leeton-Griffith train, I saw what appeared to be the body of a young man hanging from a wattle tree in a paddock.

On arrival at the station I rushed up to a constable on duty and hastily described what I had seen. Some other passengers who had witnessed the "gruesome" scene joined us as we hurried back along the railway track.

On nearing the spot we could see the "body" suspended from a branch by a leather strap, and to our horror it still seemed to be wriggling.

One of our party screamed as the "body" suddenly dropped to the ground and then—a young man rose to his feet.

He was a performer with a touring company and was, he explained, practising hanging by his teeth for an iron-jaw act.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Homer, Pearl St., Surry Hills, Sydney.

At quarry's edge

WHILE living in the Adelaide foothills I took my two little sisters for a walk into the hills—off the beaten tracks.

Suddenly there was a frightful rumbling that struck terror into our hearts. The hills seemed to shake, and I thought at first that it was an earthquake.

Dragging my sisters to a huge hollow gum tree nearby, I huddled them and myself into it. Hardly had I done so when there was an even sharper explosion, and when I heard cracking reports against the trunk of our protecting tree I realised that we had wandered perilously close to a quarry during blasting.

The stout gum undoubtedly saved us from serious injury for we would have been right in the path of the flying metal which struck the tree and ricocheted off with terrific force.

2/6 to Gwen Suresby, Short St., Wayville, S.A.

Nurse's escape

EXPERIENCE is the best teacher! Being a nurse, I was assisting at an operation when I had to move a battery which was supplying the headlight worn by the doctor.

Unfortunately for me, the frame of the battery was "alive," and as I caught hold of it I was thrown to the floor.

My arms felt as if they were being pulled out, but apart from suffering a little from shock and having my hand burnt I was none the worse for my experience.

Since then I have been extremely careful of electrical appliances.

2/6 to Mrs. V. E. Lovegrove, Emu Bay Rd., Deloraine, Tas.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

Pet saves woman from savage cow



"SHE butted me severely with her head."

IT is not often that a well-behaved cow "goes bad," but when she does she generally gets really bad.

When farming at Papatoetoe, Auckland, New Zealand, we had, in a herd of 45, a pet Jersey and a large Holstein, two of the quietest cows imaginable.

Consequently when I saw the Holstein while on my way to milk the Jersey, it did not worry me. A few seconds later, however, the Holstein noticed my dog and, lowering her head and bellowing loudly, charged.

The dog ran to me for protection, and the cow, changing her course, headed straight for me.

Down I went! Fortunately, she had been deborned, but she butted me severely with her head and tore at my clothes with her hoofs.

I grabbed at her mouth with my hands and yelled to the Jersey, which would come at my call. When the Jersey responded, the Holstein

left me to charge her, and I crawled through the fence a few yards away.

Had it not been for my pet cow answering my S.O.S., I would undoubtedly have been seriously injured. As it was I received a large lump on my forehead and was badly bruised, while my blouse was torn to ribbons. When I reached the house I collapsed.

After that, every time I went to the cow byre, the Holstein would endeavor to attack me, so my husband sold her to a cattle dealer.

He fattened her for beef, and when he went to the paddock to take her away she saw his dog and charged it. So fierce was the attack that the dealer had to beat the infuriated Holstein away from his dog and home.

"The worst cow I've ever seen," the dealer subsequently told my husband. Yet, before her first attack on me, she had been one of the most docile in the herd.

11/1/- to Mrs. F. Milton, Walcott St., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

In grip of kangaroo

EVER been held in the grip of a giant kangaroo? Well, I have, and it made me realise what fear was.

We were spotlight-shooting near Naracoorte (South Australia) when an old man 'roo appeared in a clearing on the right. The kangaroo was facing away from me, and when the car was stopped I shot him and he fell. Still holding my .32 calibre rifle, I jumped from the car and crawled through the fence.

The 'roo staggered to his feet and bounded in a shaky manner towards the scrub. I followed, stopping every few chains to take a shot.

Eventually the 'roo backed against an old stringy-bark tree and I was only three feet from him when he leaned forward and got me in a grip, one forearm along each side of my face from chin to ear.

I dropped the gun and tried to tear his clutching arms away, but I was out of breath from running, and I knew he was trying to manoeuvre me into position so that he could slash me with his long hind claws.

Just as I was losing consciousness he fell dead.

2/6 to H. Honey, Marlborough Rd., Westbourne Park, Adelaide.

Hurled into sea

WHILE holidaying at American River, Kangaroo Island, four of my friends had a lucky escape from drowning.

They were seated on the truck used for the purpose of bringing goods from the steamer to the shore, when another friend and myself decided to give them a ride to the end of the jetty. We got the truck going, and soon found to our horror that we could not stop it.

The truck, racing down the jetty at full speed, struck the end of the wharf, which is built up about a foot high. The girls were thrown straight into the sea, wide of the truck, which somersaulted over the edge.

Fortunately a pleasure boat was handy, and picked them up. A pleasure yacht was usually moored at the end of the jetty, but only that morning it had been moved to let the steamer come to the jetty. If the yacht had been there all would have been killed.

2/6 to W. E. Medien, Fort Round, West Hindmarsh, S.A.

WHENEVER THERE'S AN ACCIDENT

54. "I have always found that 'Vaseline' Jelly, applied to skin blemishes, quickly relieves inflammation." 5/- to Miss Wood of Strathallen Avenue.



52. "A little 'Vaseline' Jelly heated and rubbed well into a sprain brings wonderful relief." 5/- to Miss Finch of Sunnyside Station.



56. "Before putting on a mustard plaster, I always smear the skin with 'Vaseline' Jelly. It prevents blistering." 5/- to Mrs. Johnson of Fuller Street.



53. "'Vaseline' Jelly is soothing on a gravel rash. It heals quickly and prevents the bandage from sticking." 5/- to Miss McNamara of Inlet Road.



55. "When my son comes home from athletic training, he always uses 'Vaseline' Jelly to counteract the stiffness." 5/- to Mrs. Haig of Raleigh Street.



57. "I have found that 'Vaseline' Jelly is excellent for croup. I am never without it." 5/- to Mrs. Dawson of Hilltop Avenue.

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Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trademark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet uses. Do not accept substitutes.



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and You'll Eat Like a Horse

Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when you hurry nervously through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pain after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestants are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Virginia Voyage

Continued from Page 20

MR. WADE roared out from the waist. "Back to the waist everybody! Quarter-deck gun—be ready to fire! Shoot steady, musketeers!" The men came tumbling down the ladders, followed by the first of the pirates on the fore-castle. The quarter-deck gun crashed its howling langrel into the ferocious swarm, but still they came, rushing hideously upon the men packed by the silent guns.

The cavalier waved his sword and laughed in a strange battle-ecstasy. "Have at them, men! Have at them! Follow me! St. George for England! Have at them!"

Lucy also followed as they ran forward, close behind him, her pistol ready, in that hand-to-hand confusion. Another battle-cry rose

above the din. "Smite and spare not! Smite the Amalekites! The power of the Lord is with us! Smite and kill! Smite and kill!" It was Mr. Smith, laying about him murderously with a great trooper's sword. That was the way Cromwell's Ironsides had fought. "Smite the Amalekites! Smite the Amalekites!"

She could not have told how long that stifling-hot, swaying pandemonium had lasted. The pirates seemed to be undiminished. Suddenly, Mr. Wade gave a great shout, "Their ship hath sunk! We blew in their timbers! Their ship hath sunk! Charge, lads, charge! Drive them over the side!"

In fact, the masts and sails of the



Glitter
On
Black

BINNIE BARNES, Paramount player, looks very attractive in this black velvet hostess gown. The cute little jacket is lavishly embroidered with beads, sequins, and gold lame.

BODY-ODOUR ? You don't suggest that I....?

But..

no one is exempt from the danger of "B.O.". Though you take lots of baths you can't be sure of protection—unless you use Lifebuoy. The reason is this: Lifebuoy contains a special purifying health ingredient. This special ingredient makes sure that skin pores are not only clean, but purified... deodorised. No trace of "B.O." remains after a bath with Lifebuoy's penetrating lather. You can be absolutely certain of personal freshness.

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Lifebuoy's penetrative lather removes all clogging impurities from the pores—and its soothing mildness gives your skin a clear healthy glow. No matter what type of skin you have—dry, oily, or medium—Lifebuoy treats it kindly. Lifebuoy's mildness has been proved by thousands of exhaustive tests made by an eminent skin specialist. He says that Lifebuoy is actually milder than many toilet soaps recommended for babies and women.

For double protection, make a daily habit of a Lifebuoy bath or shower. And remember—its own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.



A LEVER PRODUCT

LIFEBUOY'S MILD LATHER KEEPS MY SKIN LOVELY... AND PROTECTS ME FROM 'B.O.'

LIFEBUOY SOAP

2,482,15

PREVENTS
"B.O." (BODY
ODOUR)

pirate no longer loomed up above the fore-castle. They all ran forward upon the suddenly dismayed pirates, chased them up the short ladders to the fore-castle.

The cavalier sprang up after them, she closely following. "Have at them, lads! Drive them over the side! St. George for England!" The zealot was among the foremost, "Smite! Smite! Smite the Amalekites!"

Some of the pirates sprang into the wreckage-strewn sea, but others stood and fought despairfully in the narrow space. Lucy saw a gigantic desperado spring upon Mr. Smith and, eluding his great sword, wrestle with him hand to hand, bearing him towards the side. "Malignant! Malignant!" cried the overborne preacher.

"A RESCUE! A rescue!" The cavalier spun round. It was too late. With a wild cry the pirate flung himself over the side, bearing his victim with him.

She saw another pirate raise his sword to strike down the momentarily unguarded cavalier. Quick as thought she pressed her pistol against the man's body and fired. The ruffian fell. Mr. Wade swung round to her, recognised her. "What do you here, Mistress Lucy?" he cried angrily. "Are you sworn to save me for a hanging?" With a quick grasp he flung her from the fore-castle to the waist, out of the fight.

Bruised and breathless, and hurt with that ingratitude where was no tone of love, she lay listening to the cries and clash of steel on the fore-castle. Presently those cries ceased.

Mr. Wade came down from the fore-castle and went aft towards the quarter-deck, where stood her uncle and Mr. Courtney with the captain, all three blackened with powder-smoke. Lucy followed discreetly. Surely they would not send him back to his prison in the hold!

"Well, Captain," he said as he stood on the quarter-deck, "the

affair is over, and I thank you for allowing me to share in it. Now I yield myself again as your prisoner."

The captain frowned. "Where is he that holdeth the Lord Protector's warrant?"

"In truth, Captain," answered the cavalier, "he went overboard in the hug of a pirate. I tried to save him, but—" he shrugged.

"Then," said the captain, "there is no warrant. I doubt not that these gentlemen will make oath with me that none of us hath ever perused that warrant, nor yet heard of one against Mr. Wade. Under God, Mr. Wade—or Sir Grenville Holles, if that be your name, but 'twould be well to hide it—'tis to you that we greatly owe our lives."

The cavalier turned to the girl just behind him. She felt suddenly awkward in her breeches and shirt.

"And 'tis to this foolish maid that I owe mine. Mistress Lucy, may I say again what I said some days since?"

She drew away from him. "You forget, sir, that you are my father's slayer."

She had managed to say that with dignified determination. Soon now they would land, and she would never see him again.

He shook his head. "Nay, Mistress Lucy. 'Tis true that I was on board the Swallow—but I took no part in your father's death. On the day that the Good Hope was sunk and for many days before and after, I was sick of a fever in my cabin. I could prove it, had I the book that Mr. Smith deprived me of. 'Twas all writ there, as he knew. Why, Mistress Lucy—" She had fainted, but in his arms.

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Growing older gracefully

For those all-important couple of years on the threshold of the teens... woollies to make this a significant Autumn for Miss Eight-to-Twelve... to flatter the dawn of femininity, yet give her the carefree sturdiness you want in clothes when you're still just a bit of a skylarking tom-boy.

Twin set in blue or kasha, 28, 30, 32, 34. 8/8 jumper 10/6. Match cardigan 10/6

Skirt in pleated cloth. Amber, kasha, pink, blue. 28-32, 8/11. 24-35, 9/11

Junior Misses Salon, Second Floor.

Coatee in brushed wool, Peter Pan collar. Rust, brown, green. 32 and 34. 9/6

Skirt in red-skin brown, wool jersey knife-pleats. 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 in. 10/6



NEW HAIR-DO in a matter of seconds... it's easy with extra pin curls of mohair. Clustered on tiny combs to hold securely in place. Three different types, ea. 2/- or 2/6

Hair Accessories, Ground Floor



EVENING BAG to glitter after dark. In silver sequins and pearl, and hosts of other styles, spacious enough to carry all your feminine necessities. Priced at 9/6

Handbags, Ground Floor



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A Breton Sailor that can be worn while town-strolling, shopping or afternoon tea-ing. Made in glossy felt; black, navy, brown or wine. 16/11 worth of fashion-right styling, yet it costs you just a mere **10/11**

Millinery, Third Floor

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As sketched above: plain net bedspread in pale green, pink, blue, cream. Scalloped side frills, centre motif, oval-shaped pillow. With undercover, at £4/15/-.



Knit it!

And bring a sparkle to the eyes of a lucky young lady

Ladybug buttons walk up the front of this cosy cardigan jumper for a little girl. It's easy to make from one of Farmer's exclusive patterns (free with your wool) and takes only 7 ozs. of Azalea wool at 8d. a skein... total cost being **4/8**

Knitting Wool, Ground Floor

Boudoir booties in felt, blue, green, rose, red, blk. 1/4, 2/7, 7/4

Exclusive felt in blue, black, rose or brown. Sizes, 2 to 7. 4/11



For Mother

On her day... Sunday, May 14th

Life goes on, and the faces of the folk you have known pass through your mind in a blur of half-memory. But there's one face you will never forget... one person who will never change for you. On her day, you owe her tribute... slippers, perhaps, from the "Cosy Corner"... warm as her love, her devotion...

"Cosy Corner" Slippers, Third Floor



DOWN QUILTS REDUCED. Richly coloured taffeta filled with purified feathers. Double bed size, usual 45/-, now 35/11.

Holiday spoil by?

There are two frequent causes of spoiled holidays. One is weather, of course. But the other... well, the other is what people seldom talk about.

But an acquaintance of mine made no secret of it when I met him recently. "Yes," he said, "I had fine weather, fine surroundings—and a fine bout of constipation to spoil it all."

His story is a common one. He suffers a good deal from constipation but manages to drag along by purging. With the change of air and diet of holiday time, however, not even purging could help.

He was astonished to hear that constipation is usually a peculiar form of starvation. Our modern food, it appears, is notoriously lacking in Vitamin B. As a result, the starved intestinal muscles get flabby. And now you see why purgatives are so harmful.

I restored Vitamin B to my own diet by taking a tablespoonful of Bemax in milk every morning. And now constipation never troubles me. Neither do colds. I understand it's because Bemax increases vitality and resistance to all infection.

I warmly recommend this flaky tonic food for everybody—especially growing children.

Gladly sent free—a little book, "Vitamins and Health." Send a postcard to B. Max (Dept. F 9), P.O. Box 3679 S.S., Sydney.

Bemax—From Chemists and Stores, 3/6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

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Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

I

In a twinkling Earnest Reginald found that the letters E.T.R. in the corner of a picture spelled the password to success. He, too, made his personification and worshipped at the shrine. He carried her off with his five hundred pounds to a hill-top village in Provence where he put her on sunny parapets against unimaginable distances and painted her. The French say there is always one who kisses and the other who presents the cheek. He allowed her to be very much in love.

Now Mr. Earnest Reginald, the famous artist, was not the only Reginald. There was a Mr. Frank Reginald, a solicitor of Gray's Inn Square, and a Mrs. Reginald of Parkside, Wimbledon. One of them was Earnest's father and the other his mother. The Reginalds were nice people. In company with a young lady in grey and a staggering assortment of large trunks they one day arrived at Victoria Station in two four-wheeled cabs and entered a first-class carriage to Dover. At Dover they embarked for France. Twenty-four hours later an open carriage drawn by a horse with a lady's straw hat between its ears tolled and creaked up the dusty hillside.

They plodded on, and after a mile or two they came upon the figure of a girl, with a colored handkerchief about her head.

"Pardon me, madam," said Mr. Reginald, "but could you direct me to the 'Mas des Oranges'?"

"About half a mile up on the right," said the girl. "You'll see the foot of the steps."

"Thank you," said Mr. Reginald.

Dawn stood with her legs akimbo in the dry dust, and then walked after them. Dawn Reginald was twenty-two. Winifred Spencer had been dead five years.

For half a mile she followed them and then stopped behind a little stone hovel to watch the carriage heave beneath the weight of Mr. Reginald as he dismounted and turned to lend a hand to the two ladies. They looked about them and went up the steps and she heard

Dawn

Continued from Page 7

the old bell clang. When they had gone in she started forward swiftly. She went into cold stone shadows, crept across the hall to where the voices beckoned her with a kind of foreboding.

"I tell you, Earnest, they want to make you an associate," the tall gentleman was saying in rather an impassioned voice, and then paused and said much more affectionately: "Who is this girl, Earnest?"

The voice of Earnest Tollmeyer Reginald answered inaudibly, perhaps with the faintest suggestion of defiance, and then there was a pause, during which the men coughed.

Then the girl said quietly, but with astonishing distinctness, "I'm willing to take you, E.T."

"But, Jane," cried Earnest Tollmeyer Reginald.

"You've got to make your decision," said his father. "You've either got to—"

and his voice sank persuasively so that Dawn could not hear.

Dawn did not need to hear.

The moment had come which she had been half-expecting for five years. Twelve o'clock for Cinderella. She went out and sat on the warm steps and lit a cigarette and smoked it sitting very still.

Presently the door behind her opened. She did not move. She heard a moment of hesitation, and then they stepped past her down the steps, Mrs. Reginald lifting her skirt, Mr. Reginald vaguely lifting his hat.

A

As the girl passed, Dawn looked up suddenly, cigarette in mouth, expressionlessly, rather rudely perhaps, almost with an air of challenge.

The girl stopped on the step and looked gravely down. She had very quiet eyes and though her face did not change there was first recognition in them, then interest, then something remarkably like friendship.

Dawn looked away quickly and blew out smoke.

"Come along, Jane," said Mrs. Reginald petulantly from the carriage. The girl's grey-shod feet hesitated by Dawn's elbow as if the girl were about to speak, then quickly went down the steps.

Dawn watched her enter the carriage. Mr. Reginald took the uncomfortable seat with his back to the driver, and the whole equipage slithered down the road. Dawn threw her cigarette away with sudden fury, went into the house in a blind way, seized a cloth bag, thrust a Venetian shawl in it and a few things he had given her, and walked the twelve miles down into Mentone.

Mr. Earnest Tollmeyer Reginald was tremendously upset. He realised, of course, that the girl was right and had taken the only course open to her. He had his decision to make and it was immensely to Dawn's credit that she had made it possible for him to decide wisely. But he wished, sometimes, that she had not been quite so precipitate. Without his having done anything, it seemed at times that he had been put in the wrong.

So he travelled rather miserably to England and bought a seventy-three years' lease of a house in Ennismore Gardens, married his charming Jane Grey whom he had known since childhood, and became an Associate of the Royal Society of British Painters in Oils. He became president of that august body and five years later he became Sir Earnest Tollmeyer Reginald. In the meantime two sons and one daughter had been born to Lady Reginald, and all five of them were absolutely and completely happy.

Now rather a strange thing happened. Something very peculiar happened to art. On the sober walls of the R.S.B.P.O. the hanging committee, naturally, took no cognisance of this thing whatever. Nevertheless, there it was. In England and in France and in Germany certain young painters instituted the strange proceeding of painting, not what they saw, but what they wished they saw. There was a revolution in art.

The passing phases of art-criticism concern us here only in so far as they affect the personal fortunes of Earnest Reginald. Twenty years after he painted "Dawn" he went down to Christie's and bought it for two hundred and fifty pounds, and hung it up on the stairs.

His eldest boy, David, said: "Good Heavens, E.T.R., whatever made you stick up that frightful daub?"

His daughter said: "Help, E.T.R.! Are you going nudist?"

His younger son stared at it, and said: "Is that thing a woman?"

Lady Reginald took his arm and said: "It's extraordinarily like her."

"Hm," said E.T.R., and took his retriever for a walk.

Unfortunately the family attached an undue and malicious importance to the episode. It assumed, in the Reginald household, the status of a major occasion.

E.T.R. was very good-natured about this sort of thing. He liked to be ragged by his children. His wife was shocked sometimes, but he enjoyed it. He acquired the habit of glancing at the picture every time he went up or down the stairs, but he felt no cheap modern emotion at the sight of it.

He was a man who, once in his life, had been faced with a great decision, and had decided rightly. There were no regrets, not even over the painting of that picture. He had achieved distinction. He had earned a place. As he walked up Ennismore Gardens that morning he felt no regrets.

No regrets? That one short five years thirty-odd years ago beckoned to him sometimes with a disturbing call. If he had chosen otherwise, if he had never gone from the South of France without her... But he found it completely essential to forget all that. Besides, it was too late now. He was an old man. It was the picture he wished to remember, he told himself. Not the episode.

So it was that when a woman touched his arm:

"Yes?" he said. "Yes? What can I do for you, madam?"

"I'm Dawn," she said.

He was shocked. He turned to stare at her inferior finery, at her dyed hair, at her drawn face with its uncertain smile. He was profoundly shocked.

"Dear me!" he said. "You oughtn't to have spoken."

"Sorry, E.T.R.," she said. "I couldn't help it. Well, how are you?"

"Oh, thanks very much. I find

Smart New Coat



PAQUIN'S THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH coat of dull black faccloth highlighted with broad panels of shimmering seal. With it an intriguing forward-jutting felt hat.

this weather rather trying." He tried to speak with a chatty impersonality. "Successful, aren't you?"

"I've had my meed," he admitted. "I've had my meed." His eyes wandered to another part of the park, to the iron railings, to the distant Serpentine. There was no one who knew him, but he wished that the interview could be closed. Not abruptly, of course. He had no wish to hurt her. He was sympathetic. Too sympathetic. The thing was unfortunate.

Please turn to Page 26

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Rush for jewels keeps trade busy

Women wear beautiful gems bought as investment

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

Because diamonds and pearls and other jewels not only make beautiful presents, but are sound investments in a world of uncertainty, the biggest boom for years is being experienced by British and Continental jewellers.

Nothing of great value is as portable as jewellery. A whole factory, closed down overnight, can be translated into a single pearl and worn in its owner's shirt front!

IN the Place Vendôme and Rue de la Paix in Paris and in the jewellers' shops in Bond Street, London, famous firms are vying with each other in designing new and beautiful settings for glorious gems.

Jewellery has always been regarded as a safe investment. Money changed into a commodity that can be easily carried about and quickly sold is money well invested, even if it doesn't return dividends.

And even if their dress allowances are cut women are delighted at the pieces of jewellery that are being showered lavishly on them by abroad and far-seeing males.

This boom in gems has, of course, caused a revival of many precious stones that were considered out of date for smart women.

Rubies and pearls, particularly, are enjoying a wave of popularity.

The taste of the public is, of course, the important factor that determines the value of gems.

Stones make a stronger appeal in one country than another.

Thus in China jade has always been esteemed above all other stones, while in India the pearl is much coveted.

Extremely rare stones are to some extent outside the influence of

taste and fashion, for rarity alone is a standard by which value is judged.

Not long ago it was feared that some stones, especially pearls, rubies and sapphires, would become almost valueless because of the production of synthetic stones, but even the best imitations can be detected by an expert, so the value of the natural stone has remained unimpaired.

I talked with one of the merchant princes of Hatton Garden, London, where precious stones from all over the world are graded and sold to the big jewellers for cutting and setting into exquisite pieces of feminine adornment.

"Diamonds are still the most popular jewels," he said, "but pearls have come back to favor in the last few months."

Slump in market

THERE had been a slump in the market for several years, and prices had fallen to a low level.

To-day buyers of pearls are in most instances investors seeking security for their money. The gems offer a commodity which is rising in value while women are delighted with them as gifts.

A pearl necklace is never right out of fashion. Its popularity may wane a little, but as pearls are the most wearable of all the precious stones and absolutely right for every occasion they suffer very little from the whims of style.

The Queen and the Duchess of Kent nearly always wear magnificent pearl necklaces.

The old custom of giving children "add-a-pearl" necklaces as presents

is being revived. These start with a single pearl on a platinum chain given to a child as a christening or first birthday present. Each year one pearl is added until the twenty-first birthday.

Should it be necessary, the complete string, when its owner comes of age, will net a substantial amount for re-investing.

The finest pearls are the "rose" variety, which, as the name suggests, are a bluish pink. These come from the Persian Gulf. Next in beauty and rareness are black pearls from the Gulf of Panama. Black pearls are by far the most scarce, and it takes sometimes as long as fifty years to get a perfectly matched pair. The finest black pearls have a green sheen.

Three-quarters of the pearls on the market go to India.

One of the most famous necklaces in existence is owned by an Australian, the Rance of Pudukota, who was formerly Mollie Fink, of Melbourne.

Her pearls are almost priceless, perfectly matched, beautifully graded, milk-white and lustrous.

THE popularity of flowered jewellery has brought these bright-colored gems back, particularly in attractive rose designs in rubies with intricate leaf patterns in diamonds.

The beauty of a stone may lie chiefly in its color, as in the ruby or sapphire, or play of colors as in the opal, but it may also be due to its brilliancy or its "fire."

VIRGINIA JUDD, adjudged most beautiful model in America, wearing a million dollars' worth of jewellery at a New York fashion show.



Diamonds possess both brilliancy and fire, cannot be manufactured and are controlled, so that their value scarcely fluctuates. During the September crisis the sales of diamonds jumped to three times those of the previous June.

As the international situation calmed down towards the end of last year the diamond market slumped, and when the turn of the New Year brought fresh war scares worried business men turned again to diamond-buying.

Principals in this new wave of diamond-buying are Jewish refugees, captains of industry and Indian princes, and although America previously absorbed more than half the world's output England is now becoming an important buying centre.

During the last twelve months ten million pounds—or the equivalent of three battleships—was spent in London on diamonds.

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BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE certainly makes short work of these stubborn old hang-on coughs and colds, that no other cough remedy will budge, according to Mr. H. A. Allen. Mr. Allen says: "For years I suffered every winter with a terrible cough. I have had many sleepless nights and coughed until tears ran, and my stomach ached. I started again with the same old cough this year—but after a few doses of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE my cough was gone."

You can't go wrong on Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardy cold Canada. One or two doses ends a stubborn cough and even the toughest old hang-on coughs leave for good in a day or two. And it's only 2/3 at any chemist or store.

Lonely and Unlovely

TOO FAT AND HAS PIMPLEY FACE

Many a young girl has lost her attractiveness simply because she is over-weight, ungainly and has a pimply complexion which the discriminating young man of to-day positively dislikes.

The fat which destroys your figure is usually that unhealthy tissue which is put on through the absorption of waste digestive matter into the blood. Constipation is the root of that evil and it can be safely and harmlessly corrected by taking Pinkettes. These little pills contain safe laxative ingredients, that exercise a soft, soothing, laxative action on the bowels, stir the liver and so disperse unhealthy fat, biliousness, sick headache, bad breath, spots and pimples on the complexion. You will be delighted at the difference Pinkettes make to your appearance, health and temper. At chemists and stores 1/3 bottle.

How the Duchess of Kent will furnish her Canberra home

SHERATON and Chippendale furniture were combined with modern carpets and hangings, many of them reproductions of famous weaves of the Empire period.

When the Duke and Duchess sail for Australia three Royal residences will be vacant in England—145 Piccadilly, the residence of the King and Queen when they were Duke and Duchess of York; the Coppins, country home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent in Iwer, Buckinghamshire; and their Belgrave Square house.

Number 145 Piccadilly is to let. To lease it would cost nearly £4000 a year for thirty-seven years, with heavy additional costs in property taxes.

It contains twenty bedrooms, nine reception-rooms, twelve kitchens, a chef's sitting-room, a strongroom with a door so heavy that two men are required to open it, and heating installation which costs £25 a week to run.

No. 3 Belgrave Square is a tall, dignified Regency house of five stories. A wide, shallow flight of steps leads to the arched front doorway.

It is built round an inner courtyard in the centre of which there was formerly a well.

A lift, central heating and modern bathrooms were installed when the Duke and Duchess renovated the house.

In contrast to her all-white bedroom the Duchess' bathroom is of black marble, inlaid with gold and black glass, and was designed by the French artist, "Sert."

The Coppins is a roomy, old-fashioned English house, with wide low windows, with green shutters,

Continued from Page 3

under steep gables. It is built in 15 acres of gardens and woodlands.

Yarralumla, with its English garden and its gracious old world charm, will remind the Duke and Duchess of Coppins.

The Duke and Duchess are very fond of this home and made extensive changes in the gardens and the grounds.

English atmosphere

YARRALUMLA, the Governor-General's residence at Canberra, is like a "comfortable English country home," according to a member of the household staff. "And it is comfortable, too," she added.

Until it became the Vice-Regal residence 13 years ago, Yarralumla was one of the station homesteads of the Campbell family. Since then many alterations and additions have been made, but none of them has been so extensive as those being made now.

The sum of £23,500 is being spent to add a reception hall, State dining-room, administrative offices, nurseries, and improved household facilities.

There are a dozen bedrooms in the house, apart from the domestic staff quarters. It has not yet been decided which bedroom will be chosen for the Duchess.

Much of the furniture, carpets and hangings will be removed, but the Duchess has expressed great interest in some of the bedroom furniture and other chairs and tables which are made of Australian wood and will probably use these in her furnishing schemes.

No. 1 Just Out



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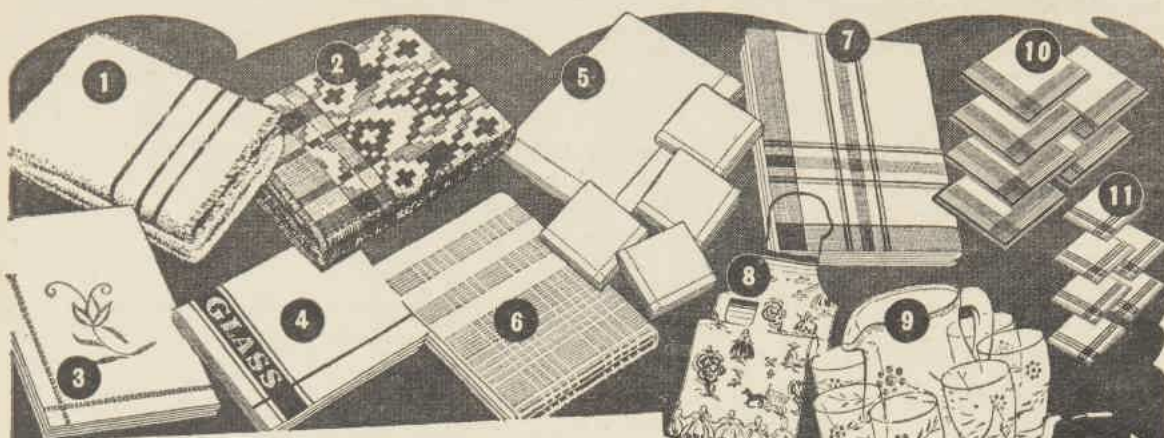
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- *GLASS COBLETS ONLY—Set of 3 to match Water Jug. Save 18 Sunlight wrapper-tops. Send 1/6 for freight and packing on Set of 3.
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* NOTE: All the gifts shown in this advertisement are available at the Lintas Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. For those who cannot call the majority of the gifts are post free, but to cover the cost of packing and freight of the heavier and more fragile gifts (marked *) remit the amount shown in stamps in addition to the required number of wrapper-tops.



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Dawn

Continued from Page 24

SHE was still talking. "I've read all about you, President of the Royal Society. Two boys and a girl, haven't you? One of them's at Harrow. The other one's at the Varsity."

"Well," he said, "and what have you been doing since I saw you last?"

Her eyes narrowed. "You don't really want to know?" she asked.

"This is terrible," muttered Sir Earnest, glancing in all directions in the hope of rescue.

"Funny thing was, you know," she went on in matter-of-fact tones, "I loved you all the time."

"Dawn!" he said. "For Heaven's sake! Dawn!"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Very unfortunate," muttered Sir Earnest. "Most unfortunate. I feel in some way responsible."

For a long time they both stared about the park. The dog, Sally, had lain herself down and prepared to sleep.

"I suppose you couldn't spare something, find me an occasional bite to eat. I wouldn't ask, only—"

"Stay there!" he told her. "Will you promise to remain in that exact spot?" He pointed to the ground beside her.

"For ever, E.T.R."

"For ten minutes," he cried. "Sally—come, girl!"

She watched him potter earnestly across the grass, clamber over the foot-high railings, leave the park.

He went down Ennismore Gardens, entered the front door with his key, stealthily. He crept up the stairs, fetched a chair from his dressing-room, mounted it, and lifted down the picture from the wall. He carried it into his studio and hastily covered it in brown paper.

He found her where he had left her.

"This," he said gruffly. "Sell it. It's worth some money."

She took off the wrapper and looked at it, at herself. He did not watch her. She gave something that might have been a snigger, or perhaps some kind of sob.

"No fear," she said, "I'm keeping this!" And she clutched it to her absurd satin.

"Don't be a fool!" he shouted roughly, stabbed the path with his stick. "Sell it!" Then his voice softened. "My dear," he said, "I'm awfully sorry—"

She made that same face again. "Oh, that's all right," she mumbled. "The world wags that way."

He nodded abruptly. "Well," he said, "if you'll excuse me now, I—er—have my two miles to put in. I—er—come along, old girl." And he walked away, followed by his little dog.

"Gone!" cried Rupert. "Swallowed up! The earth has opened and engulfed the undraped woman. The space on the wall!"

Lady Reginald looked in astonishment, and touched her husband's sleeve. "Why, Earnest," she murmured, "whatever—"

"I was tired of it," he said.

"What, 'Dawn'?" cried Marjorie. "Tired of 'Dawn'? Tired of the rose-tipped, sweet-scented innocence of the virgin day? Tired of all our yesterdays? Tired of all our tomorrows. It's old age!"

"It's a tragedy," said Rupert.

"It's a mystery," said Marjorie firmly. "Now then, E.T.R.!! What have you done with her?"

"Produce the daub!"

"Shut up, you fool! What is it, E.T.R.?"

"Don't say it! You've gone surreal!"

Sir Earnest Reginald smiled. He liked to be chivied, as he called it, by his children. He held up one finger, archly.

"I'll give you two thousand guesses!"

They fell on him with eager absurdity. He laughed. Lady Reginald smiled. She liked to see her husband happy.

He read, later, that the picture had been sold for seventeen guineas.

(Copyright.)

The Movie World

May 6, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 JAMES STEWART tells boss Charles Coburn he won't wed his daughter.



2 JIMMY, instead, has fallen in love and married Carole Lombard.



3 MARITAL HARMONY is first disturbed by Jimmy's mother, Lucile Watson, who dislikes Carole.



4 THE NEW WIFE also encounters trouble from truculent cook, Esther Dale, before a big party.



5 WHEN Jimmy and Carole bring their new baby home joy reigns.



6 DOCTOR, Harry Davenport, condoles with family, reunited by baby's illness.

Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

Generous Jolson

AL JOLSON has given away all his earnings from the film, "Rose of Washington Square"—a considerable sum—to several charitable institutions.

The former "Mammy" singer said that he didn't need the money, and had only accepted the part because he felt the acting urge upon him.

Greatest admirer

ERROL FLYNN's dog, Arno, accompanies Errol on to movie sets, into the studio cafe; in fact, he has never been far from his master's heels—until Flynn left him behind when he went on vacation a few weeks ago.

Arno refused to eat, and lay for hours under Flynn's bed, a picture of misery. Flynn's manager, desperate, wired the actor for instructions. A return wire said: "Send Arno here by plane immediately." The dog was packed off immediately, and everybody was happy.

Good news?

THE studios have discovered another "Dead End Kid." He is David Gorcey, brother of Leo Gorcey, the original "Spit," of the Sidney Kingsley drama and film. David is making his film bow as a featured player on his own, in support of Wallace Beery in "Sergeant Madden."

Tarzan at sea

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, "Tarzan" of the films, frequently sails the Pacific in his yacht, Guadalupe. His fifty-foot craft has been his home for most of the time since he parted from his wife, Lupe Vélez, for whom the yacht was named.

Rewarding admiration

AT a party the other day, a girl admired Joan Crawford's pretty blue hat. Without a moment's hesitation, Joan snatched the hat off her head, and insisted that the girl keep it.

Later on another girl admired her shoes. Apparently a habit by this time, Joan kicked the shoes off her feet and gave them away. At the end of the evening, Joan was still wearing her dress.

In Garbo's footsteps

BETTE DAVIS seems to have gone Garbo in a big way. She has rented Garbo's secluded old house in Brentwood, and is now affecting the same kind of hiking apparel as worn by Garbo when she used to stalk the hills.

Another movie trick

DURING the making of "Wuthering Heights," two tons of untoasted cornflakes—snow, to the movie cameras—were blown, sprinkled, and poured over members of the cast, in an effort to re-create the bleak English winter!

Drama in Domestic Key

CAROLE LOMBARD abandons comedy in the United Artists' release, "Made for Each Other," which co-stars her and James Stewart in a domestic drama built around the first three years of married life. Their story is one that might happen to any young couple in love, a blending of joy and sorrow. Petty family troubles—amusing to the outsider—are aggravated by a querulous mother-in-law. Jimmy's salary is cut, and Carole has to struggle to cover household expenses. There is the joy of the first baby's arrival. And, to dramatise this familiar pattern of living, there is an unexpectedly exciting climax to their story.

Among her souvenirs

MYRNA LOY always keeps some prop from her pictures as a lucky memento. Among them are the blonde wig she wore in her first picture, "What Price Beauty," Asta's leash from "After the Thin Man," Will Rogers' lariat from "The Great Ziegfeld," the shattered portrait she smashed on William Powell's head in "Double Wedding," and the thermometer from the burning plane from which Clark Gable rescued her in "Too Hot to Handle."

If it's Hosiery you're thinking of buying,
Here's a hint that's really worth trying.
You should always demand
Just the one well-known brand,
It's KAYSER. They're so glorifying!



Walk in the Wine Light this season—Wear BACCHUS. Kayser's very newest shade. Created as a perfect complement for Fashion's new and startling tonings... Vintage... Teal Blues... Greens... and Black. Ask to see BACCHUS. It's new... Vital... wickedly glamorous, and it's exclusive to KAYSER!

I insist on

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HOSIERY
GLOVES
LINGERIE

H. I. 9.

**America honored Geraldine
England discovered Maureen**

BUT....

Ireland takes the bow

**SOFT-VOICED GIRLS FROM DUBLIN
FACE BRIGHT FUTURE ON SCREEN**

WITHOUT any preliminary fanfare Ireland has given two new, young, soft-voiced starlets to the screen. And the international screen at that.

For Geraldine Fitzgerald is working in Hollywood, and Maureen O'Hara is acting in an English studio.

Nothing so dewily romantic has happened to Ireland since 1930, when singer John McCormack and director Frank Borzage saw Maureen O'Sullivan in a Dublin restaurant. They had gone over from America to make special scenes in "Song of My Heart." They returned to America with those scenes—and an astonished new actress, too. For Maureen, gambling all, had ac-

cepted their bolt-from-the-blue offer of the film's ingenue role.

Until six months ago, Maureen, alone and unchallenged, was the talking screen's solitary feminine star of Irish blood and birth. She comes from Boyle.

There are Irish-born masculine players, led by George Brent. There are plenty of brilliant character actors—Ireland specialises in them, from Barry Fitzgerald to Una O'Connor.

If you wanted to be really thorough and include the Irish-Americans on the screen, you would be lost for a week in the film directory. Every State in America can claim one such player—and does, with loud enthusiasm.

Patsy Kelly, Tommy Kelly, Nancy Kelly, Pat O'Brien, George O'Brien, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Dennis O'Keefe, and so on, and so on. That is why it is so easy to make pictures like "The Plough and the Stars," or "The Informer," in Hollywood, with the authentic flavor of Dublin an ocean's breadth from home.

But Irish ingenues—that is something else again. And that is why curiosity centres so strongly upon England's discovery, Maureen O'Hara, and America's rapidly climbing sensation, Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Geraldine has been stepping very quietly up that ladder of fame—so quietly, in fact, that Warner Bros. did not trouble about any glamorous stories in advance.

But the facts speak for themselves. This unknown girl from Ireland went to Hollywood and stepped straight into the role of second femi-

nine lead in "Dark Victory." When you consider that Bette Davis has the principal feminine role—you realise that this Fitzgerald lass must be good.

Next step—Geraldine was lent to Samuel Goldwyn to play an important part in "Wuthering Heights." But Warner Bros. cannily got her signature to a long-term contract first.

And her latest step—to the role of leading lady opposite Errol Flynn in his next picture, "The Sea Hawk." This is, of course, the Rafael Sabatini adventure tale which was such an enormous success when adapted for the silent screen. Remember Milton Sills in the original film, title role?

Soft-voiced Geraldine, of essentially feminine appeal, could not escape from being linked to "Gone With the Wind." But only indirectly. She is playing in "The Sea Hawk" because Olivia de Havilland, first assigned to her role, is over at David Selznick's studio playing Melanie—in "Gone With the Wind."

That dimpled smile of Geraldine's, a gleam of white teeth against a skin already golden-tanned by the Californian sun, reflects her confidence in her Hollywood future.

She is no stranger to acting, this lass from Dublin. Her apprenticeship was served in that city's Gate Theatre. She later appeared on the English screen. "Turn of the Tide" and "Mill on the Floss," from the George Eliot novel, were her outstanding films, both made within the last three years.

Then New York, and the Mercury Theatre; and now Hollywood—as Ireland's second feminine star.

Hollywood may also want Maureen O'Hara, Ireland's latest gift to the screen—but it will have to wait a long time.

For the eighteen-year-old Irish discovery is too important for England to lose. Unheralded, unknown to the public, she recently won the acting plum of the British year, as leading lady to Charles Laughton in "Jamaica Inn." This film is now on its way to the theatres.

Won beauty prize

ACTUALLY, her debut is less of a gamble than it sounds. For producer Erich Pommer has been coaching little Maureen for a year. She was "discovered" when she won a beauty competition prize of a film test, and a walking-on part in a British picture.

Maureen has been trained in acting technique, too, by Charles Laughton—a wonderful beginning for a copper-haired lass from Dublin. But, then, Maureen is a former pupil of the famous Abbey School of Acting.

And here is a coincidence for you—Maureen O'Hara and Geraldine Fitzgerald are astonishingly alike in appearance. The same smooth sweep of brow, the same long and heavily-lashed eyes, the same noses, and the same generous width of mouth, but where Geraldine's chin is oval Maureen's is childishly square.

If Maureen had kept her real name—PhizSimons—there would have been another point of similarity. But she is Miss O'Hara, by decision of Charles Laughton.

Keep your eye on these girls from Eire. For they are going as far in their film careers as has Maureen O'Sullivan, who taught the world how charming an Irish star may be.

● Irish Geraldine Fitzgerald makes two photographs for delighted studio cameras.



CRY, ACTOR, CRY

*For the sake of
your studio*

'MID THE TEARS
OF NEW DRAMAS
JUST ONE PLAYER
KEEPS DRY-EYED

By JOAN McLEOD
from Hollywood

TEARS are back in fashion on the screen—ranging all the way from the pearly drops on feminine cheeks to the glitter of emotion in the manly eye.

The present fondness for heavy drama has done it. In every studio some players are crying to order: others are relying upon the tricks of the make-up man. And one, a Britisher, if you please, is defying every trick of the tear-merchants.

This lone exponent of the dry-eyed school is David Niven, who has his first really poignant role in Samuel Goldwyn's "Wuthering Heights."

★ **T**HE company of "Wuthering Heights" recently sat around and twiddled its fingers for the best part of three days, while David Niven tried, and tried again, to face the camera and cry, during the dramatic death scene.

Director William Wyler tore his hair as the costs of the picture ticked steadily up.

Make-up men tried to drag tears from the unfortunate Mr. Niven by blowing menthol in his eyes. But even this tried-and-true method did not succeed. Mr. Niven remained calm.

Finally he confessed: "I'm terribly sorry—I know it's awful, but I've never cried in my life!"

So no doubt, when "Wuthering Heights" appears, Mr. Niven's emotion will be registered by photographing a buried head, and a pair of shaking shoulders.

The crew on "Each Dawn I Die," a drama over at Warner Bros., have been just as much embarrassed by this tears question—but for a different reason. When Jimmy Cagney last week acted a sincerely tragic scene for this new picture of his, it was the director, the players waiting off the set, and the crew who dissolved into tears! They have not been allowed to forget it since.

The brave and the fair who can cry to order are the delight of every director. Not all the fair have the courage of Margaret Sullivan, who weeps until her voice is husky, her nose slightly swollen, and her beauty blurred—but who does not care a hoot for the camera's critical eye. It was Maggie who first made crying so genuine on the screen that it hurt.

But then Maggie Sullivan, like Helen Hayes, is so sensitive that she can cry to order. I was having a light conversation with her on the set one day, when something was mentioned which was rather pathetic—and the eyes of La Sullivan brimmed over.

Bette Davis is good, too—although

Bette startled her friends by insisting on having a four-piece orchestra on the set of "The Sisters," so that she could keep up that tearful tension. Modern producers hate flesh-and-blood music on a set—it plays havoc with the sound and gets tangled up in the light cables. But Bette put her foot down, and had her way—an odd return to the fashion of the silent film days.

Other heart-shaking actresses like Joan Crawford have to be content with gramophone records, playing in their dressing-rooms. Joan has a whole heap of tragically provocative records, with waltzes well to the fore.

Two brands of crying are ready at a second's notice from Barbara Stanwyck and Loretta Young. Barbara specialises in the big hysterics; she has one in every picture. And

Loretta Young, in the petulant, small-girl type of wet eyelashes which melts the heart of the current film's millionaire.

Age has a lot to do with the weeping powers of a film actress. They found that out when they were filming "Yes, My Darling Daughter," the new Warner Bros. comedy.

★ **P**RISCILLA LANE and veteran Fay Bainter held a crying contest for one of the scenes. It was smartly proved that (a) young players are slower at turning on the tears and then can't stop so soon. (b) Middle-aged actresses can cry sooner, produce more tears, and stop more quickly.

Both Priscilla and Miss Bainter worked up to their crying by "thinking sad thoughts."

But it took Priscilla one minute and fifteen seconds by the script-

girl's stopwatch to have the tears rolling down her cheeks. It took Miss Bainter just twenty-two seconds! And she stopped weeping immediately after the scene was over. Ingenue Priscilla, on the other hand, could not dry her eyes for five minutes after the cameras had stopped turning.

When it comes to that manly glitter, Paul Muni takes the lead. He was the first man to present unabashed feeling on the talking screen—in that old but still remembered shatterer, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." He simply concentrated upon his part, eating, working and literally sleeping it, since he lives inside the studio in a special little bungalow for the duration of his films.

Spencer Tracy can break down with painful truth, too. Although Clark Gable needs the services of the "effects" man, he has always

a sneaking suspicion that the audience will not believe it. He did not want to do that heartbroken scene in "Test Pilot" when Tracy died in his arms.

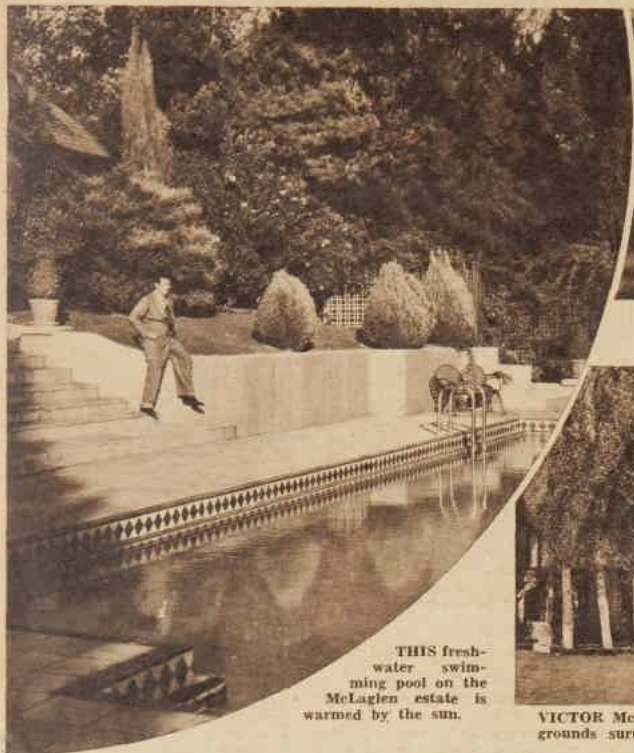
Mercifully, the "effects" man has more than one method up his sleeve for the unimpressionable player. Blowing menthol into the eyes is always successful, with that reservation for Mr. Niven. It has replaced the old-fashioned glycerine tears on the cheeks, which are too obviously artificial for modern cameras.

In desperation, the homely onion is called in. Or a gentle tap on the nose will do the trick. And, of course, to make a baby cry is the easiest thing of all. Pulling a face it disapproves of, or waving a welcome bottle just out of range, bring infant roars. Many directors often wish that their adult stars were six months old.



● Hollywood Tears. A make-up man blows menthol into Gloria Stuart's eyes before she goes into a crying scene.

Tough guy as family man



THIS fresh-water swimming pool on the McLaglen estate is warmed by the sun.



THE ACTOR is shown here in a typical moment at home, with his 17-year-old son, Andrew, and Sheila, his 15-year-old daughter.



MRS. McLAGLEN'S turn to be photographed with Andrew and Sheila in the comfortable sitting-room with its gay typically English chintzes.



VICTOR McLAGLEN passes in the well-kept grounds surrounding his spacious English-type house.

LIFE OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN ON HIS WEALTHY MODEL ESTATE KEEPS VICTOR McLAGLEN BUSY

By JIM TULLY, from Hollywood

AMONG the show places of Hollywood is Victor McLaglen's 10-acre estate at La Canada, California. Here, with his Scottish wife, and his two children, the screen's toughest guy lives the life to which he was born.

Lawns as green as those of old England sweep to the outdoors swimming pool. The tennis courts where 6-foot Andrew McLaglen takes match after match from his father are kept in perfect order.

Pedigree puppies romp in the stables. Kangaroos and honey-bears, carefully tended in a huge enclosure, delight visitors to the hospitable McLaglen home. Farther afield graze the prime stock—later to enter the special refrigerator as cured, smoked and fresh meat.

Inside the spacious half-timbered house, with its rooms full of flowers, chintzes, silver, is the atmosphere of home. Here McLaglen, proud and devoted family man, spends lazy evenings in the company of his family—especially his sturdy daughter, Sheila.

Life has turned full circle. McLaglen has come back to the gracious atmosphere in which he was born—the atmosphere of an English home.



FATHER and son after a hard-fought match on their tennis court. Andrew is a school's champion.

LAVENDER AND LOVELINESS...



WHEREVER FASHIONABLE SOCIETY RESORTS, you will find the most attractive women are devotees of the Yardley Toilettries.

They find the Yardley Lavender, with its lovely fresh fragrance, the one indispensable Perfume for Daytime Daintiness—and charming, too, for the less formal evening engagements. It invests them with an air of elegance and refinement at one with that unique loveliness—the English Complexion, which the Yardley Beauty Preparations create and preserve for countless fair clients everywhere.

If you will send to us for a free copy of the little book "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," it will tell you how the makers of Yardley English Lavender have perfected formulae to awaken this natural radiance.

Luxurious Face Creams and Lotions to refine and beautify the skin, exquisitely fine Face Powder, Lipsticks, Rouges and Eye Shadows, and, of course, the Yardley Lavender—the one indispensable item on the toilet table of every woman of taste; also, the Yardley Lavender Soap—"The Luxury Soap of the World"—and other bath luxuries, all with the perfect Yardley quality, await you at your nearest fine store.



Yardley English Lavender, from 10/6 in 2/6; Lavender Toilet Soap 1/6 a tablet; Lavender Face Powder 2/6; English Complexion Cream 5/6; Also Night Cream (Skin Food) 5/6; Foundation Cream 5/6; Liquefying Cleansing Cream 5/6; Rouge Cream 3/9; Lipstick 4/6; Yardley and Company (City) Limited, 34-52 Vine Street, Rotherham, Sydney. And at 33 Old Bond Street, London; New York, Paris, Toronto.

YARDLEY LAVENDER

Enlisted at fourteen

HE ran away from his own home—his father was an Anglican bishop—when he was fourteen. He arrived destitute in London. He enlisted in the army the next day—for twelve years. At eighteen, he persuaded his father to help get a release.

Then began that life of rolling adventure which has just now found a happy haven. Alert for new adventure, the lad McLaglen embarked for Canada. Celebrating his nineteenth birthday looking for food, in Winnipeg, he heard of a gentleman who offered any man £5 to wrestle fifteen minutes with him. McLaglen earned the money—and a job with the travelling wrestler.

His fame spread through the wilds of Canada: he became a "strong man" with a carnival company. Life was moving at a faster tempo. He joined the Canadian police: he entered the prize ring: he lasted six rounds with Jack Johnson. He left Canada on a tour of the world.

Came the war, and McLaglen became an officer. The war over, he entered the ring again. British Films offered him a pleasant living at a small salary. Then, gambling all he came to Hollywood to appear in "The Beloved Brute."

Hollywood has given McLaglen ups-and-downs, periods of wealth and periods of dire poverty. The turn of the tide came with "The Informer," in 1935. The success of that film made a great difference to McLaglen: it set him as a character-actor bar none. The ex-prize fighter has added a vivid page to the history of the cinema.



NIGHT AND DAY

NOW . . . Pond's new Lipstick, to make lips look thrilling always, in the bright daylight, or under the glare of electric lights. Pond's new Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich color by night or day. REALLY indelible. Smooth and dewy on your lips. Six smart new shades.

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SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO



Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; JUDY BAILEY, London.

ANOTHER one of Hollywood's much-publicised "happy marriages" ends with the announcement that Herbie Kay is seeking divorce from screen star Dorothy Lamour, on the grounds of desertion.

Kay is a well-known orchestra leader in Hollywood.

Their explanation for the break is that their careers have made home life impossible.

They have been married three years. Dorothy, on numerous occasions, has issued statements that she would never let her career interfere with her marriage.

ROSALIND RUSSELL is the latest star for the cast of "The Women," which already includes Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Ina Claire. Not since the memorable "Grand Hotel" have so many stars been assembled in one film.

Adrian is having a busy time designing gowns for Shearer and Crawford. He is at present in seclusion at Palm Springs planning their wardrobes.

NOVELIST Sinclair Lewis intends to produce his own films and act in them, as well as write for the screen.

He has formed a new company called Sinclair Lewis Productions Company, and in their first picture, Lewis' "Angela is 22," he will play an important part.

He has been appearing for the stage productions as Jessup, the hero of his play, "It Can't Happen Here."

THEATRE ROYAL

Nightly at 8. Matinee, Wed. & Sat. at 2.
Osar Strano's most delightful Operetta.

"A WALTZ DREAM"

With a magnificent supporting cast of 100 American stars, including Bernice Claire, Jack Arthur, Melton Mower, Maryv Dale.

2.30 and
8 p.m.

TIVOLI

Commencing MAY 4th, FRANK REIL Presents
WILL MAHONEY Lassoes Laughs in the
"Laugh Round Up"

With New International Stars Eric Hayen, Vernon & Draper, Frank Conville & Co., & Bunny Dale, Micky King, Johnny Klade, Bob Gerahy, George West, Lawrence Brooks, Three Blondes, Keith Connolly, Bruce Carroll, Kiss Booking, Dorrie Ricketts.
Piano: Pallage, Nicholson, Tivoli M635.

2.30 and
8 p.m.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

★★★ GUNGA DIN

(Week's Best Release.)

Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks, jun. (RKO-Radio.)

RATTLING entertainment from start to finish, "Gunga Din" is one of the really great films of the year.

Made by a studio which does not usually go in for action, its surging adventure has freshness, spirit, and rip-roaring humor.

There is a magnificent spectacle, too—handled with verve and extravagance that makes you tingle—but the story and the people are the thing.

Sergeants three, Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks, jun., are attached to a British regiment in India. Each has one supreme passion—Grant for buried treasure, Fairbanks for civil life and his fiancée, McLaglen for just pure fighting.

All the three are excellent—but Cary Grant rates permanent stardom. His fanatic, lovable and grimly humorous sergeant is the most vivid thing he has ever done—and the finest.

At the beginning of the film the three tumble upon a deserted village, are surrounded by white-robed figures, and have a hair-raising fight across the rooftops. The natives are revealed to be members of the Thuggee cult, dedicated to the goddess Kali and to mass-murder.

The cult must be stamped out. But the sergeants are dragged, one by one, into the sacred temple where the worshippers of Kali plot the downfall of British India.

Their humble helper is the Indian water-carrier, Gunga Din, hero of the Kipling ballad which has inspired this whole, grand picture—and superbly played, too, by Sam Jaffe.

Until I saw "Gunga Din" I thought it was impossible to make a really new film out of British army life in India. I was wrong. RKO has succeeded in doing so—and magnificently too.—Regent; showing.

★★★ MOTHER GOOSE IN HOLLYWOOD

Walt Disney cartoon.
THIS enchanting Walt Disney cartoon, although a short feature, deserves a special review to itself.

For in the most diverting and diabolically clever way it twists the familiar nursery rhymes into caricatures of the stars.

Katharine Hepburn appears as Little Bo-Peep; Wallace Beery is Little Boy Blue; Greta Garbo drapes herself over a see-saw as Marjorie Daw.

Old King Cole is Hugh Herbert—"Woo-Woo!" and all.

All the mannerisms—and the personalities of the players—are exploited with irresistible wit. And the round of applause the cartoon receives when it is all too soon over is most richly deserved.

Like all Walt Disney productions, "Mother Goose" has brilliant color and line. But if Katharine Hepburn, especially, ever lives down Little Bo-Peep I shall be much surprised.—Regent; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Pygmalion.** Lennie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 21st week.

★★ **Mr. Chedworth Steps Out.** Cecil Kellaway in lively entertainment shares credit with Australian production. Lyceum, 4th week.

★★ **Three Smart Girls Grow Up.** Deanna Durbin in bright musical entertainment for everybody. State, 2nd week.

★★ **Stolen Life.** Elisabeth Bergner, Michael Redgrave in unusual triangle drama. Prince Edward, 2nd week.

★★ **Topper Takes a Trip.** Constance Bennett in gay sequel to first Topper fantasy. Century, 2nd week.

★ **Prison Without Bars.** Corinne Luchaire in slow-moving reformatory drama. Mayfair, 2nd week.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.
★ One star—average entertainment
★★ Two stars—above average
★★★ Three stars—excellent

★ MR. MOTO ON DANGER ISLAND.

Peter Lorre. (Fox.)

THERE is a sameness about series films which no amount of new incidents or characters can overcome.

This is the latest of the Moto series, and shows the philosophical little Japanese detective on the trail of diamond smugglers, who are also responsible for three murders.

Locale is Puerto Rico, but the story is another variation on the Mr. Moto formula. From among an amazing number of suspects the detective easily selects the guilty party—who is, as usual, the most unlikely.

Walter Hymer slows up the action as an American wrestler who appoints himself guardian to Moto, always manages to get in the way, and does the wrong thing.

Moto, however, manages nobly to keep his air of tranquillity.

At one time strange, Asiatic-featured Peter Lorre in this role used to provide some vivid moments of excitement. Now, however, the accent is on philosophical discourse, which becomes tedious.—Century; showing.

★ THE JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD

Jed Prouty, Spring Byington. (20th Century-Fox.)

HOLLYWOOD receives the Jones Family when an American Legion Convention is on. And the Jones Family, with the exception of father, goes Hollywood.

One son falls in love with an actress; another tries to become a cameraman. Daughter has a love-affair with a swollenly conceited actor. And even grandmother wants to go out to parties all the time.

This latest episode in a popular

series is good, popular comedy entertainment—with the best performance given by Jed Prouty as much-neglected Mr. Jones.—Mayfair; showing.

UNMARRIED

Buck Jones, Helen Twelvetrees. (Paramount.)

ONE of the poorest films to be released for some weeks.

Episodically and creakily it tells a puerile story of the regeneration of a young woman of doubtful morals and a third-rate boxer.

Western hero Buck Jones tackles melodrama in the latter role. His portrayal of the dumb fighter is only too convincing. No expression flickers across his face even in the most intense scenes.

Helen Twelvetrees is emoting tearfully when she isn't engaged in sharp, shrewish backchat.

An exciting opening leads one to expect a film of a different order. A fight promoter is shot while robbing a safe and dies. Fighter Buck Jones finds him, sees the deeds to a house in the country, goes to investigate with his girl friend, Helen Twelvetrees. There they find an 11-year-old boy (Donald O'Connor), son of the promoter, who has been kept away from the contamination of the prize-ring.

The couple decide to stay with him for a few days. Their sojourn extends over years, long enough for Donald O'Connor to grow into burly Buster Crabbe.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

FRAGRANT AS THE ORANGE BLOSSOM



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With skin so flawless, its future beauty depends upon the loving care it now receives. Cherish your skin with FEMàLURE, an exquisitely perfumed lotion cream, specially made to reach and condition the under tissues that hold the secret of skin loveliness. It is a perfect powder base and should be used regularly after washing, housework or outdoor activities, because it replenishes the natural moisture that is constantly lost and thus keeps the skin soft—supple—exquisitely smooth.

At night, use its toilet partner FEMàLURE Liquid Cold Cream. It contains no wax, nothing in clog and enlarge pores and provides just that nightly care your skin requires.

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Finish with that flatterer of every type, Peaches and Cream powder. Feather-fine and softly caressing, it brings new loveliness to your face. 7/6

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H.R.S.

The Case of
MRS. ELSIE D

Case 3, May 1939, Age 45

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DIAGNOSIS: CHRONIC DIARRHOEA, FATIGUE, BACKACHE, NO ENERGY, GASTRIC DISTURBANCE, LIVER AFFECTION.

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NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold everywhere. 1/3 tin.

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LIQUID METAL POLISH

A Reckitt's Product - Made in Australia



What Women are Doing

Woman scientist's important post at museum

SORTING out and classifying about 10,000 fossils, the property of the Adelaide Museum, is the task that Miss Barbara Warhurst has undertaken in her position as general mineralogist and palaeontologist to the Museum.

Her appointment was made after she had gained her honors degree of Bachelor of Science last year. She is the first palaeontologist the museum has ever had, and, as the specimens have been accumulating since the museum began, her task is by no means a small one.

She spends her mornings in a fascinating large basement room in the museum surrounded by fossils of an infinite variety of shapes, and by rich-looking stones containing metals and compounds of many colors. Her afternoons are spent doing research work for a thesis she is writing on radiolaria for her Master of Science degree.

The thesis, when completed, will be published as part of a series of reports on the Antarctic. Copies will be used for reference at the British Museum and in many science libraries throughout the world.



MISS WARHURST, who is classifying 10,000 fossils at the Adelaide Museum.

—Dickinson-Monteath.

Australian author featured in drama month

TO Miss Dymphna Cusack, the Australian author, will come the honor of having her play, "Red Sky at Morning," produced as one of the leading attractions of the forthcoming Australian Drama Month.

Sponsored by the British Drama League, which has as its aim "the promoting of a right relation between drama and the life of the Miss D. Cusack community," a series of plays will be produced, including four written by women.

Miss Cusack's play will be the first, and will be presented by the Teachers' Federation Dramatic Society.

Appreciative of the work being done by the Little Theatre Movement, Miss Cusack considers that it offers opportunities for the presentation of plays which otherwise would not be produced. She points out that the professional stage is necessarily limited in its choice of plays for commercial reasons.

Miss Cusack, who is a Bachelor of Arts, is a High School teacher. Despite her school duties, she finds time for writing many plays and stories.

"Red Sky at Morning" had its first public performance some years ago, when it received excellent reviews. A period play, it is a story of New South Wales in 1812, and into an absorbing plot Miss Cusack has woven much witty comment, and also a biting indictment of some aspects of the early pioneer days.

In addition to her play writing, Miss Cusack has written a novel called "Jungfrau," and recently completed another in collaboration with Stella Miles Franklin.

In a condensed form, "Red Sky at Morning" was heard in a radio drama programme.



Woman doctor of music to give lectures abroad

DR RUBY DAVY, the notable South Australian musical personality, has been living in Melbourne for the past few years. So far as any available records show she is the only woman Doctor of Music in the British Empire to gain her degree by examination.

She left for England recently, and intends to be away for an indefinite period, during which she will give lecture recitals in England and America and will broadcast for the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Versatile and cultured, and possessing a comprehensive knowledge of musical history and biography, Dr. Davy has had remarkable success.

She was the first woman in South Australia to be awarded the diploma of Licentiate of Trinity College and to take composition as her principal subject for the diploma of Associate of Music at Adelaide University.

Often this gifted musician introduces her own lyrics into her lectures.

She took part in a number of broadcasts while she lived in Melbourne. One of her latest compositions is a musical and declamatory poem dedicated to Lady Huntingfield, wife of the former Governor of Victoria, which was presented at a farewell party in her honor at the Centenary Club.

Brilliant girl ice-skater from Canada

MISS BETH DILKE, the young Canadian ice-skater who is in Melbourne for an indefinite visit, began skating when she was seven years old.

She became a professional some time ago, and was in charge of a private club of fifty members, of which she is the youngest pupil was three and a half years old and her oldest a woman of sixty.

She received an invitation to come to Australia while she was at Flin Flin, in the outback of Canada.

On her way to Melbourne, Miss Dilke passed through Hollywood, and visited the Hollywood Ice Garden, where she saw Merle Oberon, Claudette Colbert, and the new little girl skating star, Irene Dore.

Miss Dilke, like all other professionals, studies the Sonja Henie pictures very closely.

Miss Dilke holds the gold and silver medals of the Canadian and United States Ice Skating Associations, and is one of the few girls to have played with the famous Edmonton Grads basketball team in Alberta (Canada) which has held an undefeated record for twenty-five years.



Miss Beth Dilke—Athol Smith.

Lectures on Chinese art and literature

VICTORIANS who remember Miss Rose Quong as the faultless Shakespearean elocutionist and exponent of the classic drama will be interested to hear that she proposes to visit Australia soon.

Since leaving Australia Miss Quong has met with remarkable success as discussor and lecturer on Chinese art and literature.

When she went abroad a successful stage and screen career seemed assured for her, but on arrival in England she found there was no room for a second Chinese film star, and apparently the British public did not appreciate the idea of a woman of Chinese nationality reciting Shakespeare.

Determined to attain success, Rose Quong set to work and studied Chinese poetry, art, and legends, and then, wearing exquisite Chinese costumes, launched herself as a lecturer on Chinese art and literature. Her success was immediate.

After a lecture tour of Great Britain last year, during which her audience often numbered 3000, she accepted an offer to lecture in the United States.

Young Egyptian sisters to live in Melbourne

TWO sisters, the Misses Helen and Dina Mitchnik, have arrived in Melbourne from Egypt. They are clever linguists, and Helen, the elder, speaks English, French, Italian, Arabic, Spanish and German.

Both girls have occupied posts in the International Labor Office of the League of Nations at Geneva as interpreters, and also at the Australian Government Commissioner's office at Cairo.

Helen Mitchnik has the distinction of being the first Egyptian inspector, and her work was to make inquiries into the conditions under which women and children were employed in Cairo.

These two interesting visitors to Australia have travelled widely in Europe, but they intend to live permanently in Australia, and will be joined by other members of their family.

"There goes another regular customer for Bisto," is what this grocer thinks. He's right, too, for once you use Bisto, you'll never make a soup or stew, a meat pie or pudding without it. Ask your grocer for Bisto to-day, he knows Bisto thickens, colours and seasons every meat dish and is the world's best gravy maker. Grocers are Bisto dealers; their rapidly increasing Bisto sales prove its growing popularity.



Betty's "racey" narratives

Sydney "Certainties" Go West
When I Go North

By BETTY GEE

BRISBANE, Saturday.

THE mistake that Sydney people make is in going to Brisbane race carnivals with a too firm conviction about their own horses.

Here am I in the northern capital on a sudden impulse to follow the sun from Sydney among animals I have never heard of before.

The books, too, pander to our childish beliefs and quote them as short-priced favorites. But these certainties lose, and we realise that the having of legs which can skip fast over the turf is not exclusive to Sydney.

The fact that Sydney's only winner was Spear Chief—and he originally came from Brisbane—suggests, indeed, that Brisbane's dominating horses have five legs to the four that every supposed certainty from Sydney brought up with him or her.

Tonight (Saturday) the Brisbane sports are very merry at our expense, and poking whole packets of borak at the quality of our Southern horses.

But when it comes to our jockeys, the barb is missing from their criticism because McCarten won two races, and my little adopted apprentice, Will Lappin, won one.

It was because I had made up my mind to stick to Lappin right through the meeting that I gained expenses first pop when he won the opening race for two-year-olds on Rebel King.

Cheers For Lappin

I had ten shillings each way on the 10 to, and he went to the front, and everybody said they would soon catch him, but they didn't, and the Tote paid £6/16/- for a win and £3 for a place. And with that much in my bag I wouldn't even fear Hitler if he was a book-maker.

I would have backed young Lappin's ride in the second race, Roovevelt, for the First Trial, but all the hard-headed men of the Queensland turf say that anything drawn wide at the six furlongs barrier is out of the race. And Roosevelt had No. 18.

Instead, I backed the favorite, Wallard, with Maurice McCarten up, and he would have won except for the fact that the Brisbane riders treated him like the ball in squash racks, and before he knew where he was his mount was second last. Then Wallard unwound a terrific finish but was too late, and finished fourth.

I think they ought to be more deferential to visitors, don't you?

One couldn't bet on the King's Flare, because bookies demanded 7 to 2 on Spear Chief, but I espied a bookie who laid me £5 to £1 about Spear Chief and Hamurrah and £4/10/- to £1 about Spear Chief and Waireka for the Stradbroke Double.

Of course, Spear Chief won easily by five lengths, and I was annoyed that I hadn't laid out £7 to £2 on Spear Chief outright, having won



"The boots says Rebel King for the Claret Stokes."

more than that on the first race. But like they say in bridge, I am invulnerable when it comes to the Stradbroke, because Hamurrah is 5/2 and Waireka 3 to 1.

But, as I say, in bridge, too, you can't win without the cards. Hamurrah was knocked back third last, and blocked twice in the run down the straight, and couldn't quite win.

And so my doubles flopped. What defence has a woman against such things?

Seven fiddy is a time that appeals to me. You are just getting to a good show with pleasurable anticipation about that time, so what would one do but back the horse of such a name in the St. Leger, especially with Maurice McCarten, Australia's prime classic jockey, in the saddle.

So I had £2 to £1, and although he seemed to larry long, and gave a horse called Mediator a huge start, he eventually won, as I expected he would.

Everybody said Korimako couldn't lose the last race, and I took £1/10/- to £1/10/- off handsome Barney Fay, the Adonis of the Brisbane betting ring, but I believe he bet everybody else only even money.

Wouldn't Gallop

But apparently he hadn't consulted the most important factor in the transaction. Korimako simply wouldn't gallop until it was all over, and then came too late to lose by a head.

Dickie says you can't trust race-horses of the female sex with big money. Look at Hamurrah, Waireka, and Korimako today. Perhaps he's right, but I hope there's no innuendo in it.

There will be racing again on Saturday at Ascot (Brisbane), and the boots at our hotel says that Lappin is staying up to ride Rebel King, and he'll win again in the Claret Stakes.

But I have very secret information that Mildura is an XX special for the Moreton Handicap, a £1500 race. Mr. E. J. Watt owns him, and he always wins the rich prizes of the turf.

Mediator is given me as the medium for squaring accounts in the Novice. The race made to order for him, his stable people declare!

SUGGESTS RETURN OF SCHOOL SPANKINGS

By Air Mail from New York

A THEORY that modern "psychological punishments" are far more harmful than the long out-moded hickory stick was advanced by Dr. Whit Brogan, Professor of Education at Northwestern University, Illinois, U.S.A.

"An old-fashioned spanking which closes the incident is far less harmful to the child than constant psychological hammering," he declared.

He advocated a sweeping revision of attitudes toward character education in the schools, suggesting that such psychological punishments as "nagging, ridicule and isolation of culprits" could well be abandoned.

"First," he said, "the schools should be places where children ask their own questions instead of answering those of the teachers."

"Second, the 'smart' child should not be rewarded while others are punished or ignored."

"At present our schools are based on this system of rewards, and children rapidly become clever at concealing their ignorance. Needed learning is lost."

Mothers! YOU WILL BE AMAZED AT THE EXCEPTIONAL VALUES in Girls & Maids Coats at GRACE BROS.

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Do. 1—Attractive style in Maids Tailored Top Coat, featuring new Revers and semi-pockets. Fitted back and fully silk lined. The newest shades of London Tan, Green and Saxe.
Sizes: 33in., 36in., 39in., 42in.
SPECIAL VALUE 25/11

25/11

Do. 2—Girls' Coat in novelty coating, cut on Princess lines, feather-stitched revers and double-breasted and inset pockets. Fully silk lined.
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EXCEPTIONAL VALUE 27/11

Do. 4—Definitely tailored in this smart coat in All Wool Novelty Coating, noted for its smart front treatment of imitation stitched pockets. Back well fitted and fully silk lined. Shades: Teal Blue, Winn, and Rus Brown.
SIZES:
24in. 27in. 30in. 33in. 36in. 39in.
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24.27.30 33.36.39
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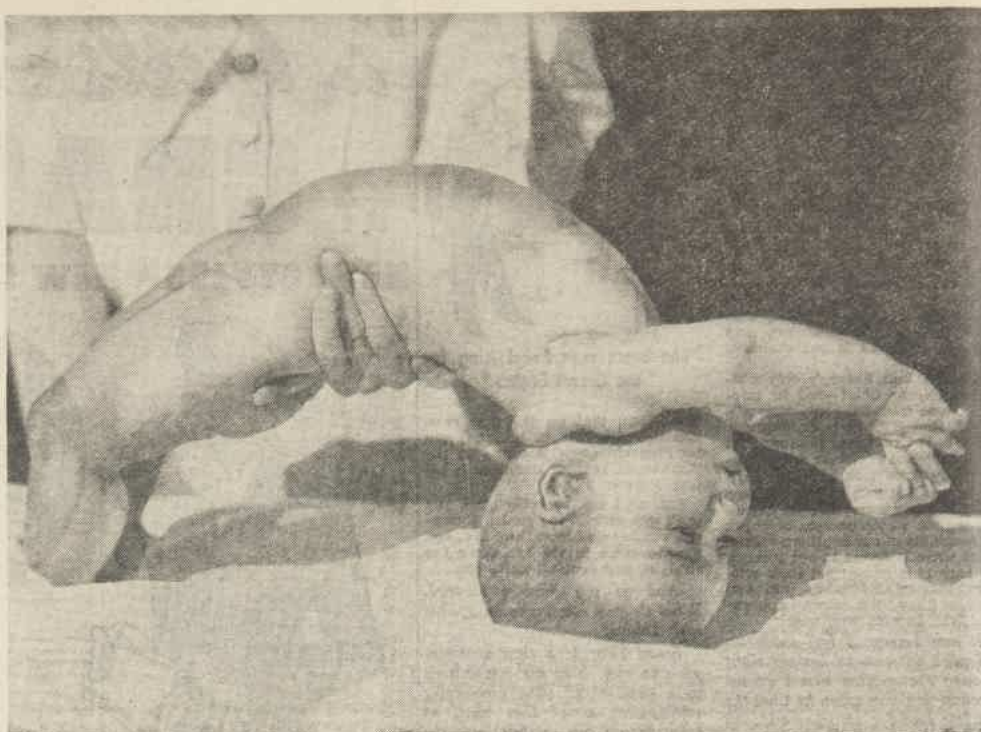
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SYDNEY

Build-up for baby

BABY must do its daily dozen if it wants to grow up into a big, strong he-man, or a beautiful glamor girl. Many Australian children's hospitals go in for these setting-up exercises. American hospitals support the idea. The four pictures at the bottom of this page show tiny inmates of the New York Foundling Hospital going through the same routine. Mothers can give babies the exercises at home.



STANDING on his head gives baby confidence . . . It is quite safe if you know how to hold him.



THIS WILL STRENGTHEN baby's back. Hold his feet down on the table and then gently lift with hand supporting the back. Babies need be given this exercise only a few times daily to firm the muscles.

IN AMERICA, TOO



CYCLING is designed to strengthen thigh and calf muscles . . . Slowly but gently the tiny legs are flexed over the abdomen, then straightened.



EXPERT HANDLING is needed. The nurse's left hand supports the ribs and breastbone. The upper part of nurse's arm takes the baby's weight.



HE DOES his own physical jerks when placed in this position. It counteracts his tendency to flex himself into position he occupied in pre-natal stage.



THIS ENCOURAGES baby to raise himself without using his arms. The arms are not jerked or "pumped," the back being flexed naturally.

THE MODERN YOUNG MAN IS FIT FROM THE CRADLE



FIRST STEP comes at the age of eight months. The child is taught to stand without assistance, supported by his arms. Free play is permitted the legs. The baby then learns to balance himself, lift his feet, and take steps.



ARM-BENDING is done by the matron. She moves his arms slowly over his head and back again . . . He loves it. Thinks it's a new game . . . And it does mean new games, too. It will give him a good strong set of shoulder muscles.



PLACE LEFT HAND on baby's knee and hold his toes with the right hand, slowly moving the legs up and down . . . Notice how he tries to grip the hand, exercising the foot and leg muscles.



FINISHED for the day . . . But his majesty remembers, and carries on the good work in the privacy of his cot . . . When he grows up he will thank his wise mother for giving him the right start in life. In the meantime it is very good fun.

WINDOWS SPARKLE 3 TIMES QUICKER



I SHAKE SOME
WINDOLENE ON TO A
SOFT CLOTH...

...I APPLY LIGHTLY TO
WINDOW—NO HARD
RUBBING NECESSARY



ALLOW A MOMENT TO DRY, THEN GIVE
A QUICK POLISH WITH DRY DUSTER

No water to splash, carpets—no hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes grease and fly marks—gives a lasting gloss. It's economical, too—a tin cleans over 200 square feet of glass! Try it on your windows and mirrors. Send today for a free sample tin of Windolene to Redcliffe (Over Sea) Ltd., Dept. A, Bourke Street, Redfern, N.S.W.

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY



WHOOPEE

IT'S TIME
FOR ME TO
TAKE MY...



CALIFIG
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
California Syrup of Figs

... And the melody lingers on

Song-writer says days of "hot" syncopation are numbered

The songs of to-day, "hot" and syncopated, will not live in memory as do the songs of years ago. And the songs of to-morrow will see a return to the melody of yesterday.

That, at least, is the opinion of Mr. Jack Lumsdaine, popular 2GB artist, who himself has published more than forty songs.

MR. LUMSDAINE has memorised hundreds of songs. He can play, note perfect, the complete scores of musical comedies. Over 2GB each week he plays and sings about twenty songs entirely from memory.

"It is rather extraordinary," he said, "but when a sing-song starts to-day, you nearly always find that the new songs we sang last year are passed by, while the songs of ten, fifteen and twenty years ago still hold their popularity."

"To my mind, it is all summed up in one word—Melody."

"The excitement of a dance floor often finds expression in the syncopation of to-day, but, unconsciously, I think we all appreciate melody in our music, and the sweeter the melody the longer the song will live as a pleasant memory."

"That is why I think that the songs of to-day—at least most of them—will not live. Already you can see some evidence of this."

"In all the recent musical pictures that I have seen, the strings are replacing the saxophones, and melody is coming into its own again."

"Take Deanna Durbin's latest picture, for instance."

"Her feature song is 'Because,' one of the loveliest ballads ever written. But it was written thirty years ago."

"And take the most popular bands of to-day—Louis Levy's Symphony combination, as an example. Listen to one of his recordings, and you will appreciate what I am trying to say."

MR. LUMSDAINE has been a popular artist since the day he ran away from Sydney Grammar School thirty years ago at the age of 15, to answer an advertisement for a baritone- pianist, with a touring musical variety show.

He established record seasons in the old Tivoli days in Melbourne and Adelaide. There are few theatres in Australia and New Zealand in which he has not appeared, and he numbers by the thousand the songs which he has played and sung.

"Of them all," he told The Australian Women's Weekly, "the sweetest were those which came out about fifteen years ago—songs like 'Whispering,' 'My Wonderful One,' 'Blue,' 'Tenderly,' and 'Jealousy.'"

"And there were, too, those beautiful waltzes of Irving Berlin's: 'What'll I do?' 'Always,' 'You Forgot to Remember,' and the rest of them."

"I think that we saw the high-water mark of modern song-writing in those beautiful melodies, which I personally treasure as among the loveliest popular songs I know."

"So many of our song-writers to-day have travelled so far along the road away from melody that they must soon come to the turn of the road and find again those melodies which make happy memories."

"Only a little while ago I heard a modern adaptation of that lovely waltz, 'Yearning,' but as I remarked over the air, it sounded to me more like 'Churning.'"

Two new sessions—Tuesday and Friday, at 9.45 p.m.—have been added this week to Mr. Lumsdaine's appearances at 2GB.

With his piano he is now at the microphone in eight sessions each week—on Mondays, at 6.30 p.m., and 9.30 p.m.; Tuesdays, 9.45 p.m.; Wednesdays, 6.30 p.m., and 9.30 p.m.; Fridays, 8.30 p.m., 9.45 p.m. and Saturdays, 9 p.m.

Like to Hold Hands at Pictures

By Air Mail from Our London Office

TWENTY thousand average English men and women frankly revealed recently their likes and dislikes about the pictures.

Answering a list of 18 personal questions, the 20,000 disclosed that when 100 average English people visit picture shows:

Sixty-eight of them like to hold hands.

Fifty-nine like a good cry.

Fifty-three like a happy ending.

Forty-four per cent. admitted they go to the pictures at least twice a week, thirty-eight per cent. once, 15 per cent. three times, and three per cent. four times.

Only six per cent. admitted that they took tips from the stars about love-making, but 29 per cent. admitted having "fallen in love" with their favorite male or female film star.

Fifty-four per cent. declared that they were very "finicky" when they watched films, and that they looked for errors and were annoyed if they didn't find them.

Finally, 48 per cent. admitted that they would like to be "in the films."



Mr. JACK LUMSDAINE.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, May 3.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her beauty talk with "Janette."

THURSDAY, May 4.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

FRIDAY, May 5.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: The Australian Women's Weekly Tea Party with Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, May 6.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

SUNDAY, May 7.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

MONDAY, May 8.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her fashion talk with Rene.

TUESDAY, May 9.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet
Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new healthy force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

INDIGESTION RELIEF Swift and Certain

Read This Good News

You can get instant relief from pain by taking one dose of DeWitt's Antacid Powder. Further doses will progressively conquer your indigestion by protecting your stomach from harmful acids and digesting part of your food. In a very short time DeWitt's Antacid Powder will build up a sound, healthy digestion. You eat what you like without the terrible dread of indigestion pains to follow.

So don't endure indigestion torment a day longer! Go to your chemist or stores and get a canister of DeWitt's Antacid Powder right away. Relief is certain, and is obtained directly after the first dose.

Four Steps

to complete freedom
from Indigestion—

1. DeWitt's Antacid Powder neutralises excess acid and instantly relieves pain and flatulence.
2. The colloidal kaolin in DeWitt's Antacid Powder protects delicate stomach walls from burning acids.
3. Another ingredient helps your stomach by actually digesting a portion of your food.
4. Finally, a course of DeWitt's Antacid Powder will regulate your system so that natural digestion is restored.

Proof that DeWitt's Antacid Powder
will end Your Indigestion

Unbearable Stomach Pains Ended.

Mr. V. E. Willis, of Askgrove, Queensland, writes:—"I suffered terribly with chronic indigestion for years. My trouble was vomiting, heartburn and unbearable stomach pains. I tried DeWitt's Antacid Powder and within a week I was quite well again and able to enjoy my food."

Six Years' Suffering Ended.

Mrs. Baker, of Bankstown, N.S.W., writes:—"For six years I had severe stomach pains. Different remedies I took gave only temporary relief. I took a sample of DeWitt's Antacid Powder, and obtained immediate relief. Now, after only two tins, I am in perfect health and able to eat anything."

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in sky-blue canister, 2/6.

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IS
"FREDDO" NIGHT

MacRobertson's Chocolate FREDDO has become Australia's public hero—and in his honor every Friday night is celebrated as FREDDO NIGHT! Everyone takes home two bags of MacRobertson's FREDDO Frogs.

One Bag for the Kiddies! How they love all of the dozen delicious FREDDO flavours.

One Bag for Cooking! The best way to buy Chocolate. More weight for your money, and Freddo Frogs are MacRobertson's famous quality chocolate—so deliciously "smooth".

12
DELICIOUS
FLAVOURS

MacRobertson's

"FREDDO"
CHOCOLATE FROGS



ONE OF MacRobertson's FAMOUS PRODUCTS

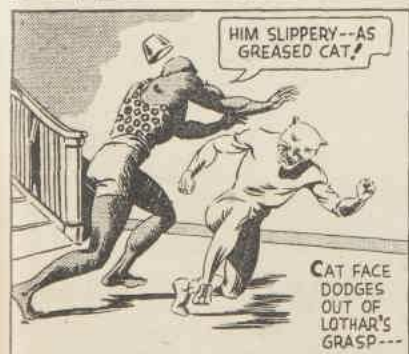
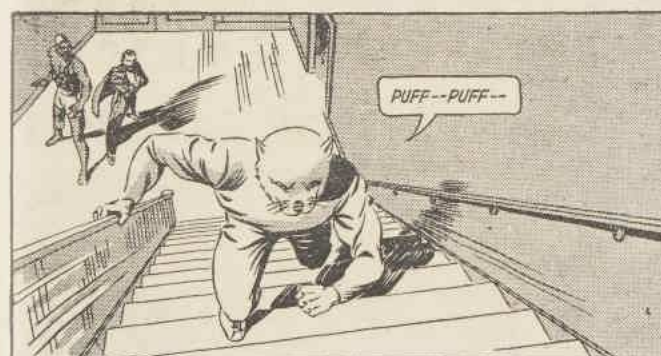
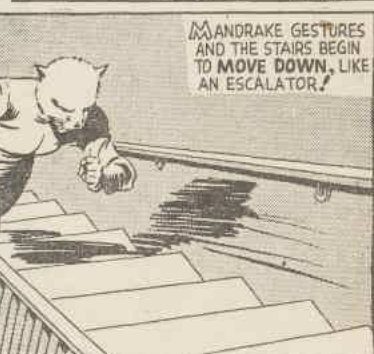
Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, is in the house of
ELLEN: Who thinks her house is haunted but is determined
 to stay there for a month so that she can collect a
 legacy. Ellen is protected by an enormous woman,
LILY BELL: Who tries to send Mandrake away, but when,

by a trick, he shows Lily in a mirror how pretty she
 is, he cleverly gains her goodwill. Ellen's fiancé,
DON: Has left the house, and after Mandrake frightens
 away the "ghost," he asks Ellen who would collect
 her fortune if she left the house. Just then they hear
 footsteps outside. **NOW READ ON:**

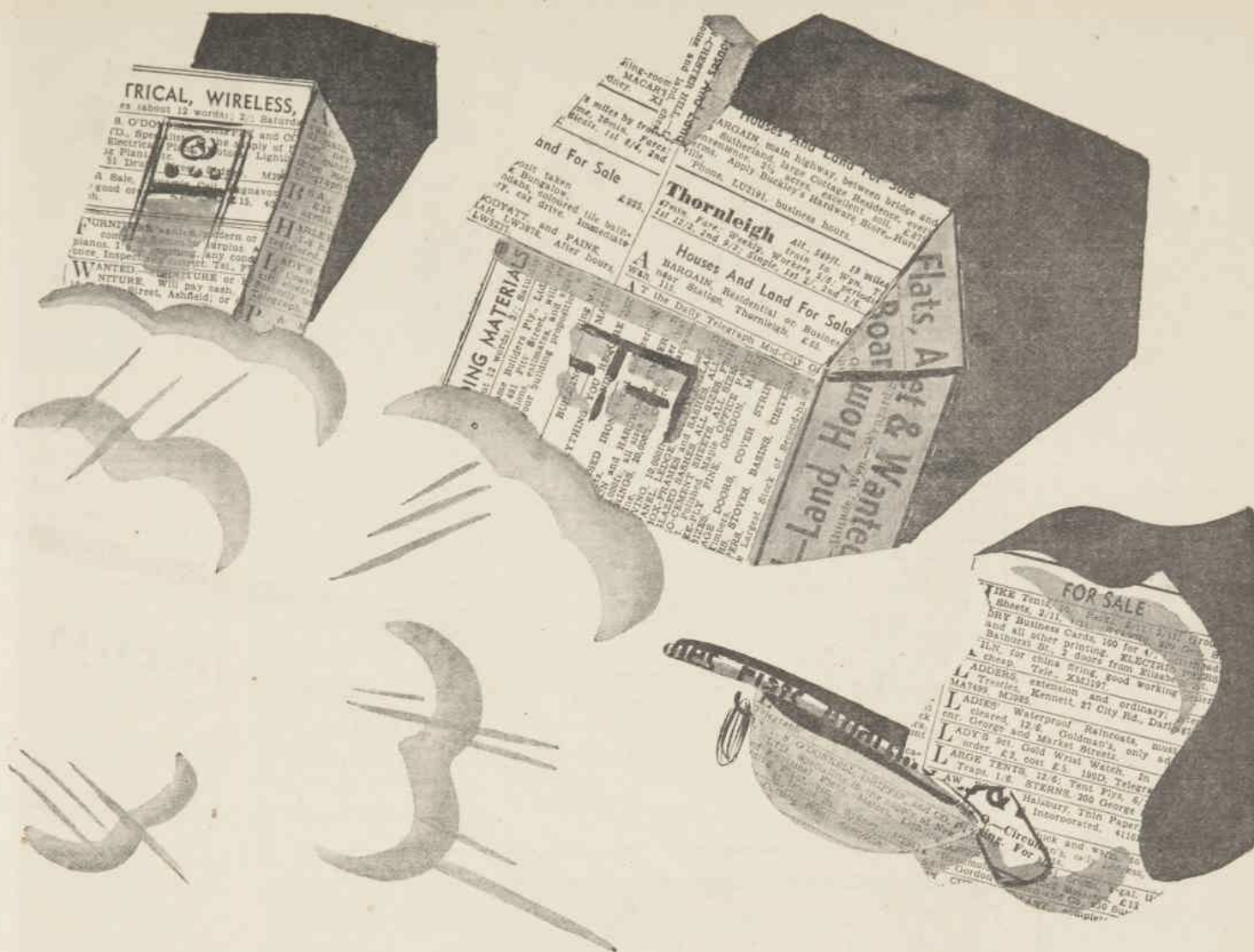


BARGAIN HUNTING

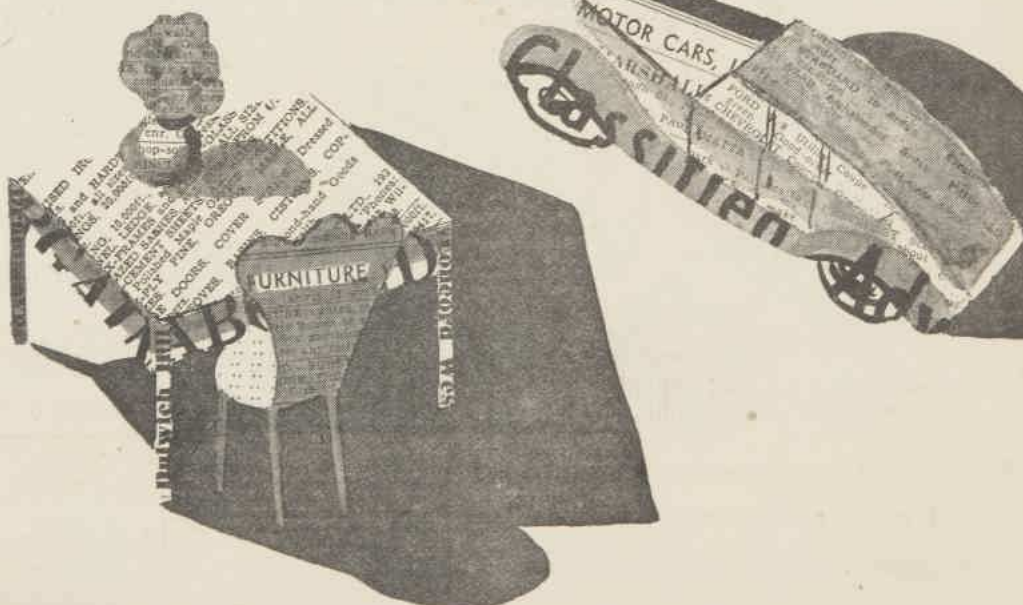


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Mid-City Office: 115 Pitt Street



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PHONE M6635

ONE SHILLING A LINE
WEEK-DAYS
ONE AND A PENNY SATS.
Most Classifications

RHEUMATISM

**RELAX
TIRED
MUSCLES**

drive pain clean out!

When your joints and knuckles are swollen and your muscles ache with rheumatism—don't dose yourself up and wait helplessly. Get instant relief! Rub in St. Jacob's Oil. You feel its soothing glow on your skin as it goes quickly to work. You feel the soothing, penetrating oil sink deep into your muscles and joints. You actually feel it drawing out the pain and ache. Quick, glorious relief from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago and Neuralgia. St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.

**YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE
OF CHARGE!**



PROFESSOR BANDJARR MASIN, the famous astrologer, with his 40 years' practice, is ready to disclose any secret for you! Do you want to know what the stars tell him about your future; whether you will be happy, wealthy or successful? Information as to marriage, love, business, diseases, friendship. **PROFESSOR BANDJARR MASIN** will give you full particulars. He could produce thousands of letters in which clients express their profound gratitude. Therefore, write him this very day, stating your name and Christian names, address, birth date, sex, whether married or not. Enclose one of your hair-locks for paiping purposes. Your horoscope will then be sent you, entirely free of charge (just add 10d. in stamps—no coins—to cover the cost of writing and postage). Postage to Holland is 2d. No horoscope sent to anyone under 15. Apply to **PROFESSOR BANDJARR MASIN**, Dept. 127 E, Postbox 10 Scheveningen, Holland.

ETIQUETTE

Formal address necessary when meeting Royalty

How to address a member of the Royal Family in the course of conversation is not an everyday problem in Australia.

But with the presence of a Royal Governor-General and his wife there will be many occasions—at charity functions, meetings under Vice-Regal patronage, and so on—when the question will arise.

In this instalment of "Etiquette," Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted authority on social procedure, tells you what to do and what to say if you are presented to a Royal visitor.

By **MRS. MASSEY LYON**
(Published Weekly by Special Arrangement)

By the express wish of members of our Royal House every formality which makes for stiffness or constraint is kept in the background.

But that does not mean that formalities do not exist, or that the limits set by rank should be overstepped. It is uncertainty that always brings awkwardness and blunders.

First of all, Royalty of every degree, from Their Majesties downwards, are addressed directly as "Sir," or "Ma'am"—not, it will be noticed, "Madam."

Certain sticklers for etiquette are careful that the "Ma'am" should be pronounced with a hint of "ah" in it, reminiscent of the "Marm" of olden days; and, anyway, it should not degenerate into a bleat.

It is always the Royal personage who speaks first; the person addressed has only to reply intelligently, giving the information, or making the remarks, which the occasion calls for.

If the conversation is more than just a brief talk, the words "Your Majesty" or (in the case of the Duke and Duchess of Kent) "Your Royal Highness" should be introduced.

For instance, the Duchess of Kent might be visiting a children's home and say to you, "How charming your rooms and the little ones are looking to-day," and you would reply, "Thank you, Ma'am; they loved the toys Your Royal Highness graciously sent at Christmas."

Speaking broadly, the pronouns ordinarily used give place to "Your Royal Highness" or "Your Majesty."

Just as the personal address is the same for all Royalty, so is the proper action when immediate personal notice is accorded. That is a curtsy on the part of a woman and a deep bow from a man.

The curtsy is not so deep as the regulation Court curtsy, made on presentation, but is quite a distinct "bob," and should be made with the body erect. Roughly speaking, the left knee goes down to about half way between the calf and the ankle of the right leg or a little below.



CORRECT PROCEDURE in presentations to Royalty is shown in this picture of the Duke and Duchess of Kent at a levee at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. At such presentations a man always bows, and it is the custom of members of the Royal Family to shake hands.

MEMBERS of our Royal House invariably shake hands, except, of course, on occasions of ceremonious presentation at Court or levee.

It generally happens, therefore, that one makes one's curtsy as the hand is graciously extended, just touching it at the same time, while a man bows from the waist as nearly at an angle of forty-five degrees as circumstances permit.

At the end of the little conversation a second curtsy or bow is made, and one takes three or four steps backward.

The same response is made if a Royal person happens to recognise with a little bow and smile someone among the guests. The procedure is followed again when Royalty passes those who have been invited to any function.

For example, when the Queen leaves a room, passing between informal ranks of those present, everyone curtseys or bows as Her Majesty passes.

Valuable Guide

How to introduce people, how to answer different types of invitations, paying and receiving calls, etiquette of engagements and weddings—these and many other everyday aspects of etiquette will be fully discussed in subsequent instalments of Mrs. Lyon's book.

On general occasions it is only those whom Royalty singles out for notice who pay the tribute of bow or curtsy.

On any occasion at which Royalty is to be present it is obligatory for everyone else to be there before-hand.

If, in an emergency, it should happen that this rule must be broken, a deep bow or curtsy should be made in the doorway and again before taking the seat left vacant for the late-comer.

In the same way, if one is summoned to the room of a Royal personage, one makes a curtsy (or bow, if a man) immediately on entering the door, as well as on receiving gracious greeting after advancing. And a similar curtsy or bow is made at the door on leaving the room.

Men lift their hats always as Royalty approaches and, in conversation or at presentations out-of-doors, hold them in their hands.

Of course, everyone stands up and only sits when the Royal personage does, or when express permission is given, rising again when Royalty does.

Ladies about the Court, or associating with Royalty at any time, wear white gloves.

Lists of guests

On general occasions presentations are made by or through the Lady-in-Waiting or Equerry in attendance.

For social functions the names of those present must have been "submitted" and approved previously so that their presentation, if necessary, may follow as a matter of course.

On social, as distinct from formal occasions, presentations are made rather informally, only the names being mentioned, as the Royal guest makes a tour down the room.

If it is a very large party only a few of the most important folk would be brought into immediate contact with the Royal guests. But a desire may be expressed by Royalty, or by the host, who will ask gracious permission first, for someone else to be presented. The presentation is then made in formal manner, as follows:

"May I present Miss Debutante, Sir?" or "May I present Captain Mainmast, Ma'am?"

Miss Debutante then makes her curtsy, Captain Mainmast his bow, and, after the little conversation granted always at such presentations, both return to their places among the general guests.

The signal for retirement is always given by the Royal person.

Continued on Eighth Page, Homemaker Section.

I'VE TRIED EVERY KIND OF REMEDY—IT'S ABSURD TO SUPPOSE A FOOD CAN RELIEVE MY CONSTIPATION!

BUT IT CAN! ONCE YOU REALISE WHAT CAUSES CONSTIPATION YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY

How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal ends constipation naturally—without drugs or medicines

MOST PEOPLE, when they are constipated—bilious, headachy, sour and depressed—turn to medicines for relief. Yet this, as any doctor will tell you, is but a makeshift way of dealing with a serious problem.

You see, constipation is caused by food, and must be relieved by food!

The reason food causes constipation is that most of it lacks "bulk." Meat, eggs, fish, white bread, potatoes and milk—all the staples of modern diet contain so little

bulk that they get almost completely absorbed by the system. The residue of waste left in the bowels is too slight for the bowel muscles to be able to "take hold of it." In consequence these muscles get so little exercise that they become weak and unequal to their task.

A food that strengthens the bowel muscles

That, briefly, is what causes constipation—and the way to correct it is simple. You must strengthen the bowel muscles so that they can act naturally.

Medicines won't do it. Harsh

purgatives and cathartics only weaken the muscles further by their violent action, and tend to make you more constipated. The only way is to eat food that gives the bowel muscles bulk to "take hold of." Vegetables and fruit will help—but there's a better way—Kellogg's All-Bran!

Kellogg's All-Bran, a nut-sweet, crisp breakfast cereal, provides the bulk necessary to keep your muscles exercised! When you eat

it regularly your bowels act of their own accord—you have no more need of medicines.

Eat 2 heaped tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—either alone with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal. Eat it every day for a week—you'll be amazed at the results. You'll no longer be constipated and suffer from headaches and depression. Get a packet from your grocer today!



SOLD AT ALL GROCERS

Eat it every day and "never miss" a day

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

I LIKE—

Morna Mackenzie's canary-yellow ensemble of heavy angora, the three-quarter-length coat swinging loose at the back, and the skirt having a faint self check.

At Admiralty House

HEADING the list of this week's hostesses is Lady Gowrie, who with Lord Gowrie will give a dance at Admiralty House on Tuesday. Apart from several dinner-parties this is the first entertaining in a big way they have done since the arrival from England of their son and his bride, the Hon. Patrick and Mrs. Hore-Ruthven.

I hear Lady Gowrie and Mrs. Hore-Ruthven will pay a short visit to Brisbane about May 11. This Saturday Lady Gowrie will officially open Day Nursery Week at a party at Mrs. Robert Dixon's home, Elwatan, Castle Hill.

Met the Kents

MY latest chat from overseas tells me of the visit to Paris Mrs. Harold Farncomb and Allison Edols have just made together. Allison's first glimpse of that city, and wasn't she thrilled!

Mrs. Farncomb, whose husband, Captain Farncomb, is due here shortly in H.M.A.S. Perth, plans to return to Sydney via America, visiting the World Fair en route. It was Captain Farncomb, you remember, who commanded the ship which took the Duke of Gloucester back to England after his Australian visit, and he and Mrs. Farncomb are by no means strangers to the Duke and his charming Duchess.

They have also dined and danced with the Kents on more than one informal occasion, so they will be among Australians already met in London to greet the Duke and Duchess when they arrive in Sydney in November.

Bridegroom from Fiji

JOHN DONALDSON, of Fiji, and Amy White, of Wollongong, chose 6 p.m. last Saturday, at St. Philip's, for their wedding. John arrived from his Fiji home about five weeks ago, and has been staying with his sister, Mrs. Tim Lloyd, of Kirribilli. Amy came up from Wollongong on the Saturday morning, and made Petty's Hotel her headquarters.

Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Lovell (she was, you remember, Ellis Dettmann before her recent marriage), are spending their honeymoon in Victoria. Intended, they said, motor-ing in leisurely stages to Melbourne and back.



Cecily Wheelahan (second from the left), with Mrs. Cecil Harris (left), Jean Crisp and Betty Coffill, who will attend her when she marries Campbell Greenland at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, next Monday.

Mrs. Cecil Wright and her daughter, Cecily, of Dyamberg, Armidale, are staying at Dilbhur Hall, Woolahra.

Picturesque old home

THE Owen Delpratt Wrights, she was Margaret Marriott, a bride of Easter Week, spent the first part of their honeymoon at Yamba. Later they motored on to Brisbane.

On their return they will make their home at Wongahill, Armidale, formerly the home of Owen's grandmother. It is one of the district's oldest homes, and certainly among its most picturesque.

And did you know that Margot and Owen's was an overseas romance? Began some eighteen months ago, when Margot, travelling with her parents, met, for the first time, her future husband, also on a trip abroad.

En route to America

AFTER a gay round of farewell parties Mrs. F. W. Radford waved good-bye to Sydney friends when the Monterey sailed for America last Friday. Last of the parties was the dance her sons, Jack and Glenn, gave for her at their Point Piper home on Wednesday. Included in the hundred and fifty guests were Dr. and Mrs. Ian Hamilton, of Adelaide, with whom Mrs. Radford will tour America before going on to England. Mr. Radford is accompanying the travellers as far as Pago Pago to set them on their journey.

Also travelling in the Monterey, for a honeymoon in America, Joe and Wal Anderson had crowds of friends to see them off. Jocelyn, who was hatless, looked charming in a short rust-colored rough tweed coat over a navy frock.

Busy with building plans

AFTER a visit to town, when she stayed at the Australia, Mrs. Hugh Munro has departed for Scone. Will be much occupied supervising alterations and additions to Balfour, erstwhile home of the Walter Barnes, and bought by the Munros a few months ago.

Very nice for Mr. and Mrs. Munro, to be within cooee of their son Douglas and his wife, whose home is at Merriwa.

Ice-skater returns

WHEN the Niagara berths this Saturday, returning travellers will include the young Melbourne ice-skater Gwen Chambers, who, with her brother Ron, has been giving exhibitions abroad. In America they appeared at the Granite Club, Toronto, and the Winter Club, Montreal. Ron returned a few weeks ago, while Gwen remained on to fulfil solo engagements. She thinks Australian girls very up to date in skating fashions, and look more attractive on the ice than their American sisters who are particularly keen on speed skating.

She and her brother will give exhibitions at the Glaciarium. Their mother, Mrs. A. Chambers, came up from Melbourne to meet Gwen at the wharf.



Wedding news

ALTOGETHER next week will be definitely bridal—and St. Mark's much in demand.

Gay Curtis and Lieutenant Mesley (known to his friends as Mesles) have planned their wedding for 4.15 p.m. on Monday, and Cec Wheelahan and Campbell Greenland decided on 7 p.m. at the same church on the same day.

Paddy Tebbutt is being royally feted at the moment at pre-wedding teas. She marries Gus Bagnard at St. Mary's Cathedral next Tuesday, and Dorothy Browning will give a linen tea for her this Tuesday. Mrs. W. Lowe will also entertain in her honor this Saturday.

Leaving for India

I THOUGHT there was romance in the air when I saw charming Helen Campbell and Captain Richard Hammer, just arrived in Sydney, together several times last week.

Prince's was a favorite rendezvous. They dined there one night with Madame H. E. Platt and Captain Palmer, and on Wednesday night went on there to dance after their quiet wedding at All Saints.

Captain and Mrs. Hammer will leave for India after their honeymoon at Dunk Island.

Lady Littleton Groom, who for the past six months has been staying at the Hotel Canberra, will return in May to Toowoomba, Queensland, where she will spend the winter months.

Will live at station home

DR. AND MRS. JOE FOREMAN, who have a flat at The Astor, Macquarie Street, are making plans to move in to the new home . . . a modern bungalow . . . they are having built on their station at Meadow Flat.

It was just before Christmas that they bought the property, which is near Bathurst.

Coming-of-age celebrations

THE two attractive O'Keefes, Ina and Mary, invited more than one hundred guests to a dance at their Double Bay home this Monday in honor of Ina's coming-of-age. Ina chose a charming gown of cedar-pink marquisette, with a tight lace bodice. The diamond bar brooch fastened at her throat was her mother's gift. Her grandfather gave her diamond earrings to match, and her grandmother, Mrs. J. J. Stevens, presented her with a tiny diamond wrist-watch.

Mary's frock of heavy white crepe had silver embroideries.

The youthful guests included Shirley Gorton, Wendy Yates, Dorothea Darvall, Ros and Allison Rowmann, Yolande Clarkson, and Mollie Cox.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Scott have just taken up residence at their charming new home at Vaucluse. Their former abode in Roslynvale Avenue is now occupied by the Misses Bedford, who recently let their house at Vaucluse.

Settled into new flat

MRS. GWEN WHARTON has settled herself—with a sigh of thankfulness, I might add—into her new flat at Potts Point. She has been immersed of late in choosing new carpets and curtains—in fact, all the accessories which go to the making of an attractive home.

Gwen is delighted that ice skating has come round again. Says that last season she "practically lived at the Ice Palace." Admits, though, that she is completely outclassed by her daughter Gwenda, who is numbered among the youthful experts.

Telephoned from London

SPEAKING from London, Honor Kater telephoned her father, Charles Kater, to tell him she would be heading for home shortly. She will be accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. Edward Kater, who is also returning to Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles, by the way, were among well-known folk from Scone and district who motored to Quirindi last week for the picnic races and parties.

DO YOU KNOW—

That Mrs. U. Uphill, who recently arrived on a fleeting visit to her sister, Mrs. Jock Robertson, of Vaucluse, has left on her return to her home in Sussex, England?



THE BOY IS RIGHT. He knows from experience that the sooner Sloan's Liniment is applied to his bruise the quicker the pain will ease. Mother, too, knows that Sloan's helps Nature work faster by speeding a supply of fresh healing blood to replace the congested blood in the bruised tissues. She knows that disfiguring "black and blue" spots are less likely to follow a bruise when Sloan's is used promptly. Sloan's should be in every mother's medicine cabinet.

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Family LINIMENT

MAKES NATURE WORK
Faster

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Coverspot

TO CONCEAL ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

In response to requests from thousands of women, Coverspot is now obtainable in handy purse size of 1/6 in addition to 4/6 economy jar. Wise women keep Coverspot in purse always—ready for immediate use when pimples or spots appear. Coverspot conceals freckles, pimples, blotches, dark circles under eyes, bruises, birth-marks, scars, skin discolorations, uneven sunburn, etc., so artfully as to defy detection even in strong sunlight. Coverspot remains pliant all day long, does not fade or easily rub off. Water and perspiration proof but quickly removed by cleansing cream. Medical men recommend Coverspot because it is harmless, does not clog pores or hinder healing.



ALL-OVER MAKE-UP

As an all-over make-up, a light application of Coverspot gives unexcelled results—makes powder cling, brightens, effectively conceals freckles, blemishes, dark circles under eyes, nose, chin, and cheek. Blush and eye shadow, applied before, blending a day, outdoors, Coverspot prevents sun and windburn. Four shades: Sun Tan, Dark Sun Tan, Ruchella, Matrella. Two Sizes: Economy Jar 4/6, Purse Size 1/6.

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Sales Representatives
THE BRITISH HARBOR, P. RITCHIE
CO., LTD.
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YOUR APPEARANCE... USE Coverspot**

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10 FULL DAYS

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MEALS** **£15** **PAYS
EVERYTHING**

Travelling by the latest and most comfortable motor coach we go Northward to the sun, via Newcastle and the Hunter River Valley to historic Port Macquarie, through the timber country to Grafton with its tree-lined avenues, thriving Lismore and Coolangubra and the Queensland Riviera, dropping in at Surfer's Paradise and Southport before Brisbane. Then come the famous Glass House Mountains, through tropical Queensland and the amazing scenic drive to Toowoomba, 2000 feet up on the crest of the Main Dividing Range. Homeward through "Smiling" Stanthorpe, Glen Innes, the Moonbi Ranges, the Burning Mountain, Armidale, Tamworth, &c. A cheerful, jolly tour of unending interest.

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SYDNEY. Tel: MA4496.

"My dear young lady, you wouldn't expect me to be so stupid as to sit alone when I see an attractive young lady so near me." (And what is your plan when the young lady you invited appears at the reserved table, my Lohario?) Lydia, trying hard to maintain an I'll-call-the-head-waiter attitude, shrugged her shoulders. "I don't expect anything of you, one way or the other. Why should I?"

"Because you are a spirited young woman and I am an irrepressible young man, and I suspect both of us of having a thirst. What can I order for you?"

"Nothing, thank you. I don't even know your name, and surely you have other plans for lunch. I am sure I have."

"Nothing that is of any consequence, I assure you." (Indeed!) "And as for my name, I shall be glad to tell you that. It is . . . Markham."

"Markham?" Lydia gasped.

The irrepressible young man snapped his fingers in distress. "Did I say Markham? How stupid of me. I'm always confusing names. Of course Markham isn't my name at all. Markham is your name. My name is John Duncan." He rose and bowed in mock ceremony.

Lydia stared at him in bewilderment for a moment and then said: "But how . . . did you know?"

John Duncan waved his hand towards her smart green bag with the large silver initials L. K. M. on it.

"What does the N. stand for, Miss Markham?"

"Nothing."

"Literally?"

"Yes, I wanted three initials, and I asked Steve—that's my father—what would go with Lydia, and he said nothing. So . . ."

John Duncan shouted his appreciation.

LYDIA said: "But the bag . . . After all, those letters might have stood for—well, say, Lucy Naomi Mallory." You were taking quite a chance. But I am forgetting you said flirting was right up your street. . . . So, of course, you aren't afraid of chances."

"No good detective relies entirely on one clue, my dear Lydia. I have known you long enough to call you Lydia, haven't I? The bag was a great help, but it was really very easy to recognise you. I just pulled out this little snapshot I have of you, and although it does not do you justice it is a likeness."

"I'll kill May Fleming when I get her!" Lydia hissed.

"On the contrary, I am ordering a cocktail, that we may drink to her. What will you have?"

Lydia held up both hands in surrender and said she would take a dry martini.

John Duncan beamed at her happily. "I knew you were a woman of taste and discernment, I'm ready to throw this trial thing over right now and get down to serious business."

"Call for Miss Markham! Call for Miss Markham!"

"Hm," groaned John Duncan. "Well, I can see from where I sit that it is going to be highly competitive from now on." And he signalled the page.

"Telephone for Miss Markham. The party said it's urgent."

"Highly competitive is right."

Lydia smiled, and thought of the clean and decent Frederick. "It's probably Aunt Carrie, wondering if I am still well and happy after my encounter with a lunatic."

"Good heavens! Of course, I should have wired the poor dear myself." And he followed her across the room to the telephone.

"Lydia! Aunt Carrie always telephoned as if she were addressing the multitude. 'There's a telegram from Frederick. Steve said I should call you.'"

"Steve is a darling," murmured Lydia and pushed open the door of the booth.

Aunt Carrie's voice, clear and resonant, boomed over the wire and on beyond to where John stood, waiting. "Arrive home four-thirteen to-day. Dine with me to-night. Would like you to save every night this week. Have so much to tell you. Love, Frederick! There! You see, Lydia, even Frederick has his romantic moments."

"Or crazy ones." After a warm "Thank you, darling," she hung up. It was over their coffee that John Duncan again mentioned the snapshots.

"I also have a number of photo-

Trial Flirtation

Continued from Page 5

graphs I stole from May. I didn't like the one with the lara. But the one in the white dress is charming. I think that is the one that made me fall in love with you."

"Please," Lydia could not have told why her voice was so sharp. "I admit this is interesting, but is it subtle?"

"Maybe not, but it is true. Tell me, what do you think of this idea of mine?"

"You mean the trial flirtation? Oh, I think it has been great fun. I hadn't intended to join May's house-party, but I wouldn't miss it now." She pushed back her chair. "I've had a delightful time. I'll see you in a fortnight."

"Not so fast, Miss Nothing. I don't know who Frederick is, but unless he has some very special rights he can't possibly have you every night this week." For the first time, John Duncan seemed really serious as he leaned towards her and said: "Has he any special rights, Lydia?"

To her complete astonishment Lydia found her heart thumping madly.

"The right of a next-door-neighbor playmate. Dancing class, concerts, and all that."

"Is that all?"

"That is a good deal, I think."

He nodded. "And yet I feel that if, with all that to go on, he hasn't reached the point of very special rights, he's not entitled to every night any week. Besides I want to see you every night myself."

"Oh, no!" she said quickly.

"Then, please, may I have to-morrow night and, say, every other night until the house-party?"

"I couldn't do that . . . but to-morrow night will be all right," she answered.

"Splendid. I'll call you early to-morrow."

When Lydia reached home she found Carrie in a state of collapse. Every vase, every bowl, every jar in the house was choked with flowers.

"Lydia, stop him! I believe in my soul he is an escaped lunatic with a horticultural complex. And here come more," she wailed. "Well, I am just going to throw them out." But she didn't. The card read: "To Aunt Carrie, with humble apologies for being impertinent to her utterly charming niece."

"Lydia," she gasped, "what is it all about? Who is this Duncan? Is he really in love with you, or is he just clowning?"

"Clowning, darling," came the quick response. "John Duncan is a gay, charming young man, with a terrific amount of nerve, conceit, and good fun."

"Is he a gigolo?" breathed Aunt Carrie.

"Of course not," laughed Lydia. Aunt Carrie sighed deeply and Lydia flung an arm about her. "Don't worry about it, Carrie. It doesn't mean anything."

"I know," said Aunt Carrie gently. "I was just thinking how wonderful it would be if it did mean something."

Lydia hugged her fiercely. "Carrie, you are a double-dyed fraud." But once again she was conscious of heart thumps. "Now I do have to hurry. Freddie will be here any minute, stopwatch in hand."

Freddie was there on the split second, and they went to a cosy little restaurant "where we can talk." Freddie said, Lydia well knew what that meant, and listened through two hours of golf scores, price of petrol, number of miles travelled, number of gallons consumed, average speed, average wear on tyres . . . Freddie was so average, she reflected.

HE was nice-looking, dressed well, would make a thoroughly presentable husband, she supposed.

His passion for golf would give her a great deal of freedom . . .

"I had done about one ninety . . . no, nearer two hundred miles . . ."

Rather desolate, planning how much of the time she would not have to be with Freddie, if she married him.

" . . . fresh trout . . . fried to a turn . . ."

Lydia was not listening. This was the way it would always be. Freddie, as her husband, prattling away about fairways, fried food, and mechanics. She, as Freddie's wife, bored . . . bored . . . bored. She shuddered.

She had been aware for some time now that when it fitted into his scheme of business (as a stockbroker), of recreation (as an amateur golf champion), and of domestic economy (as an ardent fol-

lower of budgets)—that when all these things clicked together for Freddie, he would ask her to marry him; and somehow—rather indifferently—she had had the feeling that she would.

Still she didn't know why, suddenly, in her twenty-seventh year, she should compromise with love. Always before she had kept away from it because she had not been sure; and now she was sure—absolutely positive—that Freddie would bore her until death.

In spite of Carrie's bitter little remark of a few months ago: "It is better to be bored to death with a man than without one," Lydia knew, swiftly and surely, that she would never do it. Never. She and Freddie were through.

Scarcely had she come to this decision in her heart when the waiter handed her a note, which she opened without causing Freddie to lose a syllable. "You are lovely in black, J.D." Lydia looked about the tiny dining-room in amazement. Not a soul in sight. The man was insane, Carrie's words: "If it did mean something . . ." But no! She was no more interested in John Duncan's little game than in Freddie's statistics.

Please turn to Page 43



"Just sniff that Stew!"

There's "GRAVOX" in it! The delicious appetiser that turns plain stews, soups, pies, puddings, and all meats into prime dishes. "GRAVOX" makes the richest gravies, and

SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS
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**To Relieve
Catarrhal Deafness
and Head Noises.**

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parment (double strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dripping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE—**

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of
Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows on your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6

WHEN they reached home, Lydia found a note from her father. "There have been five telephone calls for you. No name. Male voice. Are the police after you? You can count on me. Steve."

Freddie left early. "What about to-morrow night, Lydia? I haven't told you half I did."

Lydia patted his arm. Poor Freddie! He couldn't help it. Such things were the breath of life to him. "I'm sorry, Freddie, but I have an engagement for to-morrow night."

The doorknob interrupted and a telegram was handed to Lydia. "Picking you up six-forty-five to-morrow evening, your lucky girl. Evening clothes. Be ready, J.D."

Before she went to bed that night she wrote a brief note to be sent special the next morning. "I, of course, thought you were still joking and making fun. I have an engagement for six-forty-five. Sorry, Lydia Markham."

She would get Steve to take her somewhere. They would have dinner and then go dancing. Steve was a wonderful dancer. She loved to go places with him better than with anyone—and suddenly she found herself sobbing heartily.

She hated John Duncan! She was furious with him for his rudeness, furious with herself because she couldn't play the game. She had broken the first and most important rule of flirtations. She had gone serious in the middle of it. It could all have been such fun . . . and instead there was something about it that made her ache—made her feel lonely and miserable.

There were no messages, no flowers, nothing from John Duncan all the next day. Well, he had soon tired of his game . . . and she was glad of it.

Aunt Carrie was flutteringly concerned all that day. With seeming tact she suggested that Lydia wear

her new copper velvet to dine with her father. He would like that, she was sure. Lydia was devastating in it.

Copper velvet, cleverly cut to outline her slender figure; burnished folds dropping from her shoulders into long tight sleeves. There was no question about it, the gown was devastating. She pinned a corsage of violets, yesterday's vintage, to her shoulder, and then discarded it fiercely. Carrie called to her that she was going out and that there was a letter for her on the living-room table.

Shamefully her heart soared and was slapped down again. Deliberately she stopped, glanced through an advertisement on her desk, straightened her dressing-table, and then walked slowly down the stairway.

"Oh!"

In front of the fireplace stood John Duncan.

Lydia was proud of her quick retelling of emotions. "I'm sorry. I have an engagement this evening . . ."

John Duncan came over to her quickly. "Lydia, please. You must listen to me. I may have been playing . . . but now . . ."

Even his eyes were different, she thought.

"I have so much to say to you, Lydia."

If she didn't hurry her heart would start that beastly pounding again. "Please . . . I really do have an engagement. Steve is waiting for me . . ."

"Your father has gone on to Lathrop's . . . Carrie said for us to join them later. . ."

"Carrie?" Lydia stared at him incredulously.

"Yes. I really couldn't have done this without Carrie. She and I are

Continued from Page 42

friends now. She was really a great help this afternoon."

"Well, with Carrie and May both helping you, you ought to do very well, young man."

"I want to do very well. . . . But as for May—well, she darn nearly ruined everything for me. Are you listening, Lydia?" He took her gently by the shoulders and turned her towards him. "You see I really did fall in love with your pictures. I made up my mind I would beat May to it and find out for myself if you were as lovely as they were. I hadn't been with you ten minutes before I found myself 'way deep in love with you'."

His voice was low and earnest. At times he seemed almost awkward . . . as if he were at a loss for words, stumbling.

"I—well, I made one bad mistake. I asked May's advice about you. She said you were bored to death with people as dull as I am; that the only way to interest you at all was to sweep you off your feet; that it would require imagination and courage. I had the imagination . . . but I wasn't so sure about the courage."

"You?" But this time she was not proud of her attempt at being scornful. The word had almost a tender quality.

"Yes," he laughed shyly. "You see, I write a little on the side . . . and, my imagination is pretty good."

"BUT I have always been painfully bashful with girls. So I wrote down just what I was to do and say, and all . . . and then I tried to carry it out."

She laughed, but wished she knew where she had put her handkerchief.

"I thought I was doing fine until I had your note cancelling our engagement to-night. Then I got scared. I was afraid Freddie might suddenly demand special rights. So I called off all our plans and came here and poured it all out to Carrie."

"Carrie is as romantic as May," said Lydia, but it sounded strangely like a sob.

"Maybe, but she has a lot more sense. She told me that if I told you the whole story I might be able to make you understand how very much I am in love with you . . ."

The chumps had become unbearable now and were getting all mixed up with the sobs, so that to prevent dimness Lydia allowed her head to be buried against the shoulder of the grey suit . . . brand-new.

Once she pulled away to say: "But, John, this is ridiculous. I—I don't know anything about you, except that you write on the side. What do you do when you aren't writing the lines for a trial flirtation?"

John held her close for a minute. "Oh, darling, I'm sorry. I forgot to tell you. I'm a stock-broker."

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," to any Taurian at any time. This, because they are the most practical, materialistic, and determined people in the world.

TAURIANS are those whose birthdays fall anywhere between April 21 and May 22, and, to a lesser degree, those during whose birth-moment the sign of Taurus was appearing over the eastern horizon.

The birthdate indicates a Taurian individuality; the birth hour a Taurian personality. But while individuals born at other times of the year may possess the Taurian appearance and personality they each have an entirely different individuality.

Most Taurians can be identified by their round, full faces, their round-shaped eyes, fresh complexions and thick-set build (especially about the neck). They have rather slow and deliberate mannerisms, yet, when pleased or excited, can be so enthusiastic that they set a pace which takes beating.

For the most part, Taurians are rather magnetic people. This personal magnetism, allied to a definite charm of manner and (when they wish) a cheeriness which is "catching," creates many friendships and in some cases more than a fair share of love affairs.

Taurians, whatever the sex, thrive on these love affairs. They are inherently affectionate. To them a loveless life is a wasted life. Therefore, they usually see it that the love offered them is not repulsed, even if it is not exactly encouraged.

The wife of a Taurian must always strive to please his sense of beauty by appearing well and daintily dressed. He may sometimes be a little slovenly himself, but he demands beauty (even if only the beauty of well-scrubbed cleanliness) from those who wish to hold his affection and admiration. He also demands a certain amount of amusement in domestic life and plenty of nice things to eat.

Keep a Taurian happy, and you have a good pal; sometimes rather extravagant, at others surprisingly

mean, but usually generous towards loved ones.

Make (or keep) a Taurian unhappy, however, and there will be trouble. They'll be demanding, selfish, jealous, stubborn, defiant and bad-tempered.

Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 5, 8 and 9 (daylight) just fair.

TACRUS (April 21 to May 22): "A good time can be had by all" if Taurians are awake to their opportunities at this time. May 7 (evening only), 8 and 9 can be turned to good account by diligence and forethought. Start new ventures, make changes, and seek advancement then.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Begin making plans for the future, but do not be too active yet. Work hard on May 10, 11 and 12 (daylight).

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Fair on May 13 (after 5 p.m.) and 13.

LEO (July 22 to August 22): Keep out of trouble by being cautious and avoiding changes and big issues, especially on May 16, 11 and 12 (daylight). Delays and worries possible then.

VIRGO (August 22 to September 22): Let that systematic and intelligent bit of yours plan ahead for all semi-important matters should be in operation before May grows much older. May 7 (after 5 p.m.), 8 and 9 just fair.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 22): Just a week of days for most of you.

SCORPIO (October 22 to November 22): Weep and you'll weep alone this week. Be careful and avoid all changes and difficulties, partings, losses or opposition. For your plans will be in hiding and you're likely to do the wrong thing, especially on May 15, 11 and 12 (daylight). Run away from trouble if you can.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): Unpredictable for most Sagittarians, though May 8 and 9 can be just fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 22): Enterprise, optimism and courage can help you to realize your ambitions (moderate ones) at this time. May 7 (after 5 p.m.), 8 and 9 just fair.

AQUARIUS (January 22 to February 22): This is not the time for you to be careless or independent, difficulties, delays and worries can upset your calculations. Take things quietly and carefully.

PISCES (February 22 to March 22): May 12 (late) and 13 just fair. Plain hard work is advised, especially in the finalisation of matters already started.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, S.W.W.]

It's lovely, Auntie — but Mummy will say it won't wash.

I'll tell her to use PERSIL — it keeps colours so fresh.

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It was all too tremulously sweet. They hardly knew what to say at first, beyond "Isn't this fun?" and "Honor, you look simply lovely." They ordered something, and something to come before it, and decided against coffee, not now anyway, maybe later, and looked at the waiter unseeing as he still lingered. A vegetable, or possibly a salad? No. Nothing else. And then, still shyly:

"Paul, what a day! What a sippy delicious freshness everywhere. This is the autumn everyone talks about! I love it. I could have danced as we came down the Avenue."

"And shows opening. This is the season, my dear. You'll love every minute of it."

"I know. Birge wants to take me to 'Fire of the Corn,' Monday night. I've never been to an opening. Think of the fun of reading the critics the next morning!"

"Hey, I don't know whether I like that! Birge Persons, eh? He runs with all that crowd, doesn't he?"

"Playwrights, you mean? Well, yes. He publishes them."

"Like him?"

Her eyes danced, flashing blue lights.

"Paul," she said. It was enough. His hand came up to cover her own; his eyes were shining with a deep content.

Honor laughed joyfully, and one or two of the nearby lunchers turned to smile in sympathy at the fresh, happy sound.

"We'll go and buy you an engagement ring, right after luncheon," Paul said. "Exactly when do you want it to be, and where, and how, and where shall we go afterwards?"

"Are we talking of our getting married?"

"We are indeed. I should say some morning, with my sister and

the boys, and Adeline if she's here, and who else?"

"Old Mrs. Persons, who is a perfect darling, with a touch of sleeping sickness or paralysis or something, would love it to be at their house. And it seems to me that that would be perfect."

"She say so?"

"Well, Birge said so for her. She's rather tremulous and shaky, herself, and doesn't say very much. But she's wonderfully friendly—touchingly friendly, really," Honor said, adding the last phrases as if to herself.

"Let's do it that way then." But he did not sound quite satisfied.

Afterwards she and Paul went to Tiffany's, and she selected her own ring from a tray of dazzling beauties.

He showed her a coat in a furrier's window.

"I'll get you one like that when we get home."

"Will we live here, Paul, in New York?"

"Until Christmas, anyway. Then Milwaukee. You may not like it, though I think it's the pleasantest of all the American cities. Then California for the summer—the Burlingame place, I suppose, and then the boys will come West, and I'll put them in school there. And then, Honor, you and I ought to start for Europe. I think it can be done."

"Are you very rich, Paul?" she asked simply, with an oblique glance.

"Lord, no!" he answered with equal simplicity. "But what I make I spend. On my girl," he added, in satisfaction.

"But all this travelling, and the ring, and an apartment, and a fur coat!" she protested.

"Oh, that," he said carelessly.

"We'll always have enough for that sort of thing. How about an orchid?"

Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 6

I'm going out to dine with you at the Persons' to-night. Would you like to wear an orchid?"

"I would not. I hate them. They look like the wet insides of something. Spotty, sick-looking things. I prefer violets. I remember a bunch of pale blue double violets bought in the Fairmont Hotel on a wet spring day—"

"When we had lunch at the window, and looked out at the bay, and said that some day we'd sail away somewhere. Remember?"

"Every minute of it," she said.

"When will we be married, darling?"

"Let's be married next—next Tuesday."

"So that you can take in the opening Monday night!" he exclaimed, in a profoundly shocked tone. Honor laughed joyously again.

"Take in the opening! I never even thought of it. Well then let's be married on Wednesday. Wednesday morning at eleven, and champagne at the Persons', and nobody there but ourselves, and then off to what? I don't care. Coney Island. I've never been."

"Wednesday then," he said reluctantly. "But don't go to that opening with Birge Persons."

"Paul, are you going to be a jealous little wasel husband?"

"I don't know. I'm sorry, but I probably am."

"But I love to have you jealous!" she said, starry-eyed. They went on in great felicity and content, and when Honor joined Birge for the run home at four o'clock she showed him at once her beautiful ring, and told him their plans. That is, their plans if his mother and father would repeat their generous offer to have the marriage at their house.

"I think Adeline really wants to get started for home," Honor said. "She's in a fidget already for fear the ship will come in and she not be there. And that's only four more days."

"I may have the yacht out at that time. I'd be sorry not to be here," Birge said slowly. Honor answered in genuine consternation.

"Oh, but you must be here!"

"Oh, Annie—she's been with us for twenty years—will manage the details," he reassured her. "And I don't suppose it'll be a very big affair."

"Birge," she said, unconsciously using his name, and for the first time, "try—to be here!"

Instead of answering he grove in silence for a moment and then asked in his usual kind voice: "You'll eventually live here?"

"APPARENTLY well live everywhere. Here, and Milwaukee, and back in California in the summer to put his boys in school, and then—he says so, anyway!—Europe," Honor answered in great satisfaction.

"It sounds pleasant enough," Birge commented.

"It sounds much too pleasant to be happening to me!" said Honor.

The pleasantness went on during the next few days at such an accelerated pace that Honor felt excitedly that she had not time to accustom herself to one delight, one prospect of happiness and dignity and luxury, before others came crowding in upon it. She went into town on Saturday, and Paul spent Sunday with the Persons', played a dazzling game of golf in the morning, and showed himself more than ordinarily familiar with the workings of the yacht when they all went out for a supper sail in the beautiful mellow richness of the afternoon. There were eight in the party: Honor and Margaret Cazavant were the only women.

Margaret's husband, Jules Cazavant, who had just sold a macabre play called "Lights Out," was the thin, nervous American foil to fat, serene British Bill Hawkes, whose plays were always tremendously successful and entirely unimportant. Margaret, and, childless, beautiful, had written a strange mystical play of her own called "Floods in the Hills." She and Honor liked each other.

And everyone liked Paul, who was doing his best to be liked. Honor knew, and who need, she thought, exert only one half of his charm to win them all. As it was he had them laughing, had them enthralled, had them admiring quite at will.

They discussed their wedding day.

Should it be Wednesday? No; it could not be Wednesday because as bad luck would have it Fletcher was coming from Gary to talk to Paul; "and our European bend next year depends upon Oliver Fletcher," Paul said simply. Honor laughed joyously at his rueful expression.

"Thursday, then?"

"Well, the worst of it is that he may stay here two or three days, darling, and I'll have to take him to shows and whatnot."

"Why not a week from Wednesday?"

"That's too far off!" But he looked better pleased.

"Look out for the boom, Honor," said Birge, coming in on the conversation. She and Paul, their heads close together, looked up and laughed as they hastily changed their positions, and Honor said:

"I was saying that I didn't think your mother would throw me out if I stayed another week."

"I'll try to persuade her to stick you off in an attic somewhere," Birge promised.

SHE and Paul met every day for lunch, or every night for dinner, or sometimes for both. He took her to intimate little French restaurants where they lingered long in talk over corner tables, or to plays that excited and enchanted her; the opera season had not yet begun, but he promised her her fill in a few months' time, and Honor pored over programmes of "Der Rosenkavalier" and "Louise" and "The Ring." And on Wednesday, the day upon which she had to resign him to the untimely Mr. Fletcher's company for the dinner hour, he took her with him to look at a fur coat.

Honor protested firmly. No, she couldn't allow that. After they were married perhaps. But not until then. Not until winter.

Honor stuck to her guns. No; not now. She positively would not have it now. She'd risk losing this particular coat, and could always find another.

But when she got home after a long evening the big box was in her room, and the coat, swathed in masses of silky tissue paper, was hers.

It had to be slightly altered; even Mrs. Weaver had conceded that. And with it a friendly note from Mrs. Weaver had arrived; a note written in the hand of a cultured woman, suggesting that "before or after the great day" Honor come in and have the trifling changes made.

And she signed her letter dashing "Ellen Barrows Weaver."

Well, all this was very flattering and lovely, and Honor, idling about the Persons' estate in quiet autumn sunshine with Birge the next morning, was heartened by his decision that of course she must keep it.

They were now sitting on the boat-house steps, with the softly-lapping water only a few feet below their squarely placed white shoes.

"Birge," she reminded him honestly, "I've not done so very much. A dozen short stories, a few verses, one book. And I feel as if I'd never write anything more! I'm so tumbled about in my mind and heart that I couldn't typewrite three lines to save my life!"

"Ah, but that'll all come back again, Paul Cartwright, you know," Birge said, suddenly reddening in a way that to her was at the moment somewhat inexplicable. "Is rather a—well, what? Gambler, maybe. I mean he likes chances," takes chances. Who knows but one of these days you'll be glad to send your second book to Persons & Co. and get your advance?"

He was speaking as if whimsically, but she sensed something more beneath the idle tone, and with that recognition felt a little uneasiness and surprise.

"Why do you know Paul so well, Birge?" she asked.

"No; but some of the others do. Margaret does," he answered, not quite comfortably, not quite holding the conversation level.

"I knew he'd known the Cazavants before," Honor said, on a puzzled note.

"I don't think he rolls the bones, or plays roulette tables; no one but a fool does," Birge said, with a rather unnatural laugh. "But I mean he takes fliers in the Street—he's a sport in the sense that all life is sport to him. They told you of the Chudders case, I suppose? That's typical. We were talking of it last night when you weren't here."

Please turn to Page 46

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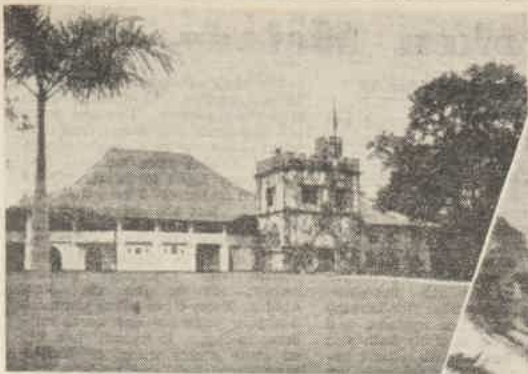
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THE WHITE-WALLED ASTANA, the Royal residence at Kuching, Sarawak. The lawn sweeps down to the bank of a wide tropical river.

ROMANTIC STORY of Borneo's Three White Rajahs

Mainly because of their romantic marriages, the world has heard a great deal from time to time of the three daughters of the white Rajah of Sarawak.

Who is the white Rajah? The answer to that question is given by his wife, the Ranee, in an entertaining book about the remarkable Royal House of north-west Borneo.

SARAWAK is a British protected state in the north-west of Borneo, the big island between North Australia and Siam. Sarawak and the north of the island are under British control and the remainder belongs to Holland.

The present Rajah and Ranee, Sir Vyner and Lady Brooke, were married in England in 1911. The Ranee was the Hon. Sylvia Brett, daughter of Viscount Esher.

After an eight years' romance, during which they had attempted to elope and their families had become estranged, they broke down the barriers of opposition and returned together to Sarawak to rule over their people.

Their eldest daughter, Leonora, is the Countess of Inchcape, Valerie (Princess Baba) is married to the wrestler, Bob Gregory, and Elizabeth (Princess Pearl) is the wife of Harry Roy, the dance band leader.

In "The Three White Rajahs," she omits the usual "h" in "Rajah"—the Ranee tells of the remarkable history of the Brooke family—a story worthy of a Kipling or a Joseph Conrad.

She reveals that the first Rajah, James Brooke, became the first white ruler of Sarawak indirectly because of a broken heart.

Appointed ruler

DISAPPOINTED in love, and in the several careers he had tried, he sailed from England in search of a country where no white men had been. He found Sarawak and, after quelling a native revolution, was asked to become ruler of the country.

Handsome, daring and friendly, he was the perfect hero in the outposts-of-Empire tradition.

On his death his nephew, Sir Charles Brooke, became the second Rajah. Charles was cold, inhuman and autocratic, but scrupulously fair in dealing with his native kingdom.

He married a beautiful English girl of seventeen, Margaret De Windt, when he was forty. But during a progressive reign that brought peace and better conditions for the natives he became more and more autocratic.

The Ranee tells the story of a punitive expedition led by her husband, then in his early twenties. His father refused to cancel the expedition, even though two thousand of ten thousand men died horrible deaths from cholera.

Sir Charles' three eldest children had died of the same disease in one day when they were tiny children.

"Vyner Brooke's childhood was a strange one," the Ranee writes, "ruled over by a stern father and a fond and over-indulgent mother."

"Constant quarrels and reconciliations, poverty, and a struggle to keep up the prestige of Sarawak made the home life of him and his two brothers entirely devoid of harmony and peace."

"The Raja practised the most strict economy, and he never provided his sons with any clothes."



Lady Brooke, Ranee of Sarawak, wearing jewellery that is part of native ceremonial dress in Sarawak.



SIR VYNER BROOKE, third white Rajah, is the present ruler of Sarawak.

call it, into the horses as they cantered round."

The Ranee describes vividly the scene from the wide verandah of the Royal residence, and the lovely tropical garden.

"When I am in London, among sophistication and smartness," she writes, "I can look back upon this lovely garden and feel the urge to escape from the crowded atmosphere."

"Amid the crash and swing of an English orchestra I can suddenly hear the full-throated note of a Dyak gong."

The Ranee tells a number of Sarawak legends, some of them remarkably similar to Western fairy-stories, and writes of customs, some picturesque, others primitively cruel, of hedges of gardenias and of tame honey-bears and a mongoose.

Abang Hassan, the crocodile-catcher, provides one of the most dramatic stories in the book. Abang Hassan's lovely little Malay

wife had left him, but he was always sure he would find her again.

"Flowers do not always bloom in the same place every year," he would say. "Sometimes they are blown by the wind across the jungle trees."

When Abang Hassan went one night to catch a huge man-eating crocodile, the Ranee accompanied him on this terrifying expedition. He killed the crocodile with a harpoon thrown from a frail little boat.

When the crocodile was cut open Abang Hassan found two small bracelets linked together. He had given them to his wife only seven days before she disappeared.

He gave part of the skin to the Ranee for a handbag and belt.

But always when I take them out I think of the little Malay with his pucker, puzzled face, and the soft brown eyes, who went out with me on that night and killed with his own hands the murderer of his wife.

"That is why I have always said that the East is sweet, maybe, but bitter-sweet, and that beneath this land of gorgeous greens and lazy flowers there is cruelty unimaginable."

"The Three White Rajahs," by Her Highness the Ranee of Sarawak. (Cassell.) Our copy from Dymock's.



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If your kidneys don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous, causing nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up at night, hunchback, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. It may lay you up for many months.

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Carpenter's Zest Amazes Workmates



HE'S over 70—this carpenter, but he can do a day's work with any man. He can put his finger on his chest and say, "My health is grand!" "I have passed 70 years and work as a carpenter," he writes. "I am compelled to compete with my younger mates, which I find not difficult, providing I always have my bottle of Kruschen to dip into every morning. Often I think I am only 50, instead of 70 years of age—it's wonderful, as my mates say! I will never be without my Kruschen. As long as I have Kruschen, perfect health is mine."—J.B.

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KRUSCHEN

"NO: I don't think he ever spoke of a Chudders case. There was a big, scandalous divorce case of a Mrs. Chudders—" Honor began slowly. She felt as if a feather of cool wind had blown against the springtime radiance of her happiness.

"Oh, Paul's side of it was magnificent!" Birge hastened to reassure her. "He was all right. But he sent in a bill for something pretty big—I don't know, twenty-eight thousand, I believe. She had lots of money; it wasn't outrageous, but after all he'd only been in court one day. She disputed it, and he fought it in court and won. And the next day he played the whole cheque on one horse."

"Which lost?"

"Which won—three to two. And they say he sent her flowers."

All the way into town they talked together like old friends; but Honor felt oddly silent at luncheon, fell into a silence that was not one of ease. For the first time in her relationship with Birge she felt constrained; cleared her throat to begin speech, stopped, smiled appealingly at him.

"You don't like steak?" he said anxiously.

"I do, as a rule. And this—with this marvellous sauce—which I'm going to try out the moment I get back to the ranch—"

Silence. Birge was smiling at her. "Not that I'll be back at the ranch soon!" she went on, valiantly putting a succulent bit of steak into her mouth. And then, suddenly: "A penny for your thoughts. You're not hearing one word I'm saying. We're talking like two college kids at a prom." Honor thought, "For heaven's sake can't I drag this conversation somewhere that it belongs! We were jabbering like old friends this morning!"

"I really don't know what I was thinking," Birge said.

"Well—we've hardly spoken to each other since we sat down to lunch."

"Perhaps this old place is haunted," Birge said, after a pause in which he had obviously looked about for a safer topic. "This used

to be an old river warehouse, where tea and spices and hemp came in."

"Birge, you'll be here for my wedding, won't you? You'll wait until after Thursday, won't you?" To herself she added in consternation: "What am I saying? Why should I make a point of that?" And then, aloud again: "We've changed the date twice, which they say is bad luck. But I don't believe it!"

"Moving it once is supposed to be bad luck," Birge said seriously. "But I should think that twice would take off the curse, and be lucky."

"Let's hope!" Honor looked at a meringue glass that seemed to loom like a very mountain before her. She crushed into it courageously. Usually she had a hunter's appetite; it was too bad to come to this very eclectic table and merely spoil good food! "It's nearly three," she said. "We mustn't forget our books!"

They walked a block or two under a suddenly clouded sky, and in a cool wind, to the great book shop, hidden away in a catacomb of basement stores. Honor lingered entranced at the racks: biographies, histories, letters.

"I've come to during these years when I've had to depend on Uncle Kent's books. I want all these. Ah, Birge, please let me pay for them! Really, it isn't much."

He paid no attention to the protest. Evidently he was known here, for the salesman seemed only too pleased to tie their purchases into two separate great packages and hand them over with no question of payment at all.

Honor sat back in the car a little wearily. She felt oddly dispirited; life had gone flat. Perhaps, she thought, she had been doing too much lately; perhaps this reaction was quite natural in a woman who was so soon to be married. Brides were notably moody; ecstatic one moment, full of petty depressions and nerves the next. She merely glanced gratefully at Birge as he spread the rug carefully over her.

Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 44

"I've tired you out. Paul will be a long time trusting you to me again!"

"No, no, no; it's been a wonderful day!"

Honor and Birge parted in the hallway with hardly a word. Windows lately opened upon the gardens and terraces were closed now, and a great fire leaped in gold-and-red glory in the hall fire-place. Honor found a smaller fire burning coals in her room upstairs, and presently had a leisurely bath and established herself with a book beside it, a rug drawn up over her knees. Half-past six; she need not go downstairs for an hour yet.

She had got herself completely dressed; she knew not how. Her hair was finished to perfection and her slippers buckled; she was wearing white silk, as plain as a tennis gown, and a blue velvet wrap in case cocktails should be on the terrace.

But cocktails were by the drawing-room fire, and Paul was there alone, looking his very handsome handsome in faultless evening attire, and evidently relieved to have got rid of his Gary client and to have Honor to himself for a few minutes. He asked her about her day, with that absorbed interest with which he always flattered her affairs, and in return she questioned him. They decided that the next day should be quite flawless, to make up for today's separation, and Honor, leaning back in a great tapestry chair that made her look like a portrait of herself in the plain satin gown, felt happy and warm and rested and sure of herself again.

She kept expecting Birge to come down, but when he did it was only to explain that he was going out to dinner.

"YOU two will have a lot to discuss, and you have the place to yourselves," he said. "A lot of us may be coming back around ten, so move into the upstairs study if you want to be alone."

He went away, and Paul said: "I like Birge Persons. But, Lord, he's sure of himself!"

Honor widened surprised eyes. "More than you are, Paul?"

"More than I am! With the Persons money behind him?"

"Oh?" Honor said. "That. Well, but I should suppose you'd go much further without money than he would with all of it."

He leaned from his low chair and took her hand and put it to his lips.

"That's a very sweet thing for you to say."

"Because I hear you're a gambler, Paul."

"Who said I was?"

"Oh, not dice! Not roulette! But that you like to take chances, and almost always win them."

"Who said so?" He was sitting on a low leather hassock before the fire, his dangling hands loosely clasped. She saw the familiar little half smile tug at his mouth as he half turned to glance at her over his shoulder. He was not displeased.

"Well, I think Birge did—or Margaret Cazavani. I think it was Margaret Cazavani."

"Discussing me, you two-faced little traitor?"

She laughed unalarmed, leaning back.

"Not I. Not one word. It was something Birge quoted of their talking of you and your luck. Why? Are you ashamed of your luck?"

"No one's ashamed of good luck," he said, smiling. "But I'm not such a gambler, Honor. I've had some hot tips from the Street, and I've taken them for the simple reason that I wanted more money. And the money I put on horses always was won on horses—I keep that very straight. But the dunces of it is, Paul said in a lower tone, looking into the fire now and speaking as if he spoke to himself: "in this damned city everyone's making money; it's in the air. You need it. Every other fellow you meet was poor yesterday and worth millions to-day. Everybody has hit on some simple thing, or bought some damn stock, and made a fortune overnight!"

"Or lost a fortune overnight," she amended it.

"Well." He gave her a rather rueful smile.

SHE touched a finger-tip to his forehead as he sat with his head not much higher than her knee.

"Was that little silver plume there five years ago?"

"Gosh, no. I hadn't a grey hair when I left San Francisco!"

"The city," she said simply.

For the first time in all the years of their relationship she felt sorry for him, felt maternal. The nervous pressure of the city had him in its grip; he had not been strong enough for it. But she knew she was strong enough to resist it, or ten times its power.

"But you're not a speculator, Paul, either with dice or in the Street. You're a lawyer."

"You've got to have side lines, Honor. No big money in the law. Fees—yes, if you get 'em! But I've always got to split with at least two fellows nowadays."

A motherly kindness was in her voice when she spoke.

"We don't have to live expensively, Paul," she said thoughtfully, after a moment. He gave her a quick grin over his shoulder.

"But hang it, we do!" he said whimsically. "You can be poor in this town and you can be rich. There's no half-way. You can pay eighty dollars' rent and have a colored woman in every afternoon, or you've got to jump to Park Avenue and eight thousand a year."

"And the eighty dollars' rent is poverty, is it?"

"For people like ourselves, yes."

"There are some poorer," she observed mildly.

"Ah, well, slums. Of course. There are fellows that live on eighty a month, no doubt of that. But I'm speaking of the people who like opera and good shows, who get asked down on Long Island for week-ends, who have to take champagne and a car and hospitality into their considerations."

"I wouldn't mind the littler place," Honor said presently, out of thought. She felt pleasantly exhilarated and challenged as they went out to dinner. There was real work ahead. She must get Paul's affairs into shape; must systematise and make rational these wild extravagant ideas of his. An emerald ring and a milk coat!

"Well, but of course they were for his sweetheart; we're to be married," she said half aloud.

"What are you talking about?" Paul looked up from his soup.

"Nothing," she said. Suddenly she was liking him very much.

To be Concluded Next Week



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COATS Mercer-Crochet

THE HOMEMAKER

May 6, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

DON'T BE A NIGHT OWL . . .

That is——when you go to bed

WAKEFULNESS is bad for your good looks. Seek sound, restful slumber with these sleep-inducing exercises.

By JANETTE



TO GET RID of kinks in the back of her neck and to bring on that drowsy feeling, Ellen Drew, Paramount player, lets her head fall back and, with chin tilted, opens her mouth several times as if yawning.

then fall back into a flat position on your back. Wait a second or two and then roll on your left side and fall back. Do this about six times.

Now you ought to be ready for some sound sleeping. So forget your worries and remember that life and its problems can always wait for to-morrow.

ARE you an unintentional night owl?

Do you lie awake until the cold grey dawn after you have gone to bed, hoping for a long night's sleep?

If you suffer this way then it's no wonder you are cross to husband and family in the morning. You just can't help having a grudge against anyone who sleeps like a log.

I don't blame you, but don't keep on being a sad-faced sheep counter. There are lots of things to do about it that are a lot better than just giving in and having a nervous breakdown.

First of all try to get as much outdoor exercise as you possibly can during the day.

Then relax before even thinking of going to bed. This is definitely not the time to have an argument on any subject.

A hot drink

READ a light but not exciting book for a few minutes, and then have a cup of hot milk, lemon, or other soothing drink.

Now is the time to get undressed leisurely and take a few Orpheus-swooning exercises. They will bring on that blessed drowsiness.

First, try shrugging your shoulders. It helps to get rid of the kinks in your back. This exercise is also good to do during the day, especially for those who sit over a desk for hours on end.

Another is to let the head fall back and, with chin tilted in the air, open the mouth wide, as if yawning. This exercise takes the "knots" out of the back of the neck and is good for the chin, too.

But to return to sleep-inducing exercises—

Give yourself a good stretch and relax as completely as possible. You are ready for the exercises now, but remember to take it easy. Do not

SO THAT SHE will be sure to have a good night's sleep, Helen Vinson, Columbia star, puts on a comfortable nightgown and relaxes completely for half an hour or so before going to bed.



"SHRUG your shoulders," advises

Mary Carlisle, pretty Paramount player. "It relaxes your back and is good for desk-sitters."

wake yourself up by being too energetic.

Lift your left arm and let it drop limply with your hand resting just above your head.

After a second flop your arm down beside your body with the same relaxation. Lift your right arm in the same way, letting the whole action flow from your relaxed shoulder through your arm to the ends of your fingers.

Drop your arm above your head, then down to the right side.

Pull your right knee back to your abdomen, then drop your right foot flat on the bed and slide your leg

out full length. Alternate your right and left leg six times each until you feel limp.

Clasp your hands back of your head and pull your head forward gently until you feel all that tightness in the back of your neck go.

Then let your head drop on the pillow. Do this several times.

Lastly, with your arms dropped above your head, and bent at the elbows, roll over onto your right side.



EVERYONE'S talking about this "new thrilling way to wash hair"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo . . . Without any doubt it quickly brings out all the natural radiance and beauty of your hair . . . glamorous, NATURAL radiance . . . beautiful beyond your fondest dreams.

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MY PATIENTS ASK ME By A DOCTOR

What science can do to cure cancer

THE possibility that I have cancer has been haunting me day and night, doctor. What did the examination show? Have I really got it?

No, Mrs. Jones. You can set your mind at rest. I'm very glad to be able to say that that isn't your trouble.

You have no idea what a relief it is to hear that. I have dreaded it all along—in fact, I have been putting off coming to see you because I feared the worst.

Well, Mrs. Jones, it would have saved you a lot of worry if you had come before.

You know for certain now that the fear which was killing your pleasure in life was quite unfounded.

And even if I had found that you were suffering from cancer, even if this growth had been malignant instead of perfectly harmless—there would have been no need for despair. For we can cure cancer now if only we can catch it early enough.

It seems tragic to me that cancer is not more painful in its early stages.

Painful? Do you really mean that, doctor?

Yes. It is that very painlessness that makes cancer much more dangerous, Mrs. Jones. It enables it to make so much headway before it is discovered. It is only in the beginning that cancer is a local disease and it is then that it can be cured by proper treatment.

There are many men and women alive to-day who have had cancer and been cured, because they were

wise enough to seek medical advice as soon as they noticed something wrong.

Has cancer always been responsible for so much pain and loss of life, doctor?

No, Mrs. Jones—at least we don't think so. It seems to be increasing, although this may be due to the fact that people live longer nowadays and cancer tends to be a disease of old age.

It is not a new discovery by any means. One might call it a universal disease. It attacks not only man but the whole animal kingdom and even trees and plants as well, and the most primitive races of bygone days were afflicted with it. It respects neither age nor youth.

Various Types

BABIES are born with it and old people die with it. But it is largely a disease of adult life, particularly between the ages of forty and seventy.

It attacks women more than men, and may affect any part of the body, although I believe cancer of the stomach is the most common form.

What exactly IS cancer, doctor?

Actually the word is used in a sense to describe various kinds of malignant growths which may occur in the body. Strictly speaking, a cancer begins in a single body cell or group of cells, which, for some unknown reason, starts to grow out of all proportion to the rest of the body's tissue.

As it grows it interferes with the functions of important organs or spreads to other parts of the body.



WORRYING OVER a real or imaginary complaint as this woman is doing will not effect a cure. If she is sensible she will seek medical advice right away and get rid of any trouble in its early stages.

There are many different kinds of cancer, some internal, some external. Some grow and spread slowly, some rapidly. But they all have one thing in common. They must be treated early if they are to be cured.

And the cause is not known?

We think the disease is caused by various forms of chronic irritation, Mrs. Jones, as there are many striking examples to support that belief.

A cancer of the tongue, for example, is often found opposite a jagged tooth, while the repeated irritation of a hot pipe-stem frequently causes cancer of the lip.

Tar, pitch and petroleum are only a few of the things which may cause skin cancer.

And if cancer must be treated early, what are the first signs that should make a person think of seeing the doctor?

The commoner forms present early symptoms which may easily be recognised as abnormal, the chief one being an unusual growth. A small, painless lump may appear in the breast, a mole or wart may show signs of change or a slight sore may appear on the tongue or lip.

Another common sign is an unusual discharge, while in cancer of the stomach or intestine persistent indigestion is often the first symptom.

A particular revulsion against meat is common in the stomach cases.

Of course, Mrs. Jones, these symptoms do not necessarily mean cancer. They may have a perfectly harmless reason, as in your case. But anyone who gambles on that is taking a tremendous risk.



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The Doctor Knows it's

Faulty Elimination



Those cranky spasms are no gifts of nature. They are warning signs that all is not well. They tell you to act quickly. And Doctor says "Act carefully."

The hidden cause of the trouble is faulty elimination, or incomplete bowel action. Unlike constipation, which can be easily detected, faulty elimination is hidden and has far-reaching effects. That is why doctors say "Play safe with your remedy."

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And, what is equally important, avoid imitations of Laxettes. Your child's health is too precious for you to take the slightest risk. Laxettes are pure and absolutely safe, and kiddies are always eager for their delicious chocolate taste.

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If you suffer with Headaches, Dizziness, Biliousness, Tiredness, Irritability, Nerves, etc., a course of Laxettes is your safest remedy. Safest for children, therefore safest for you.



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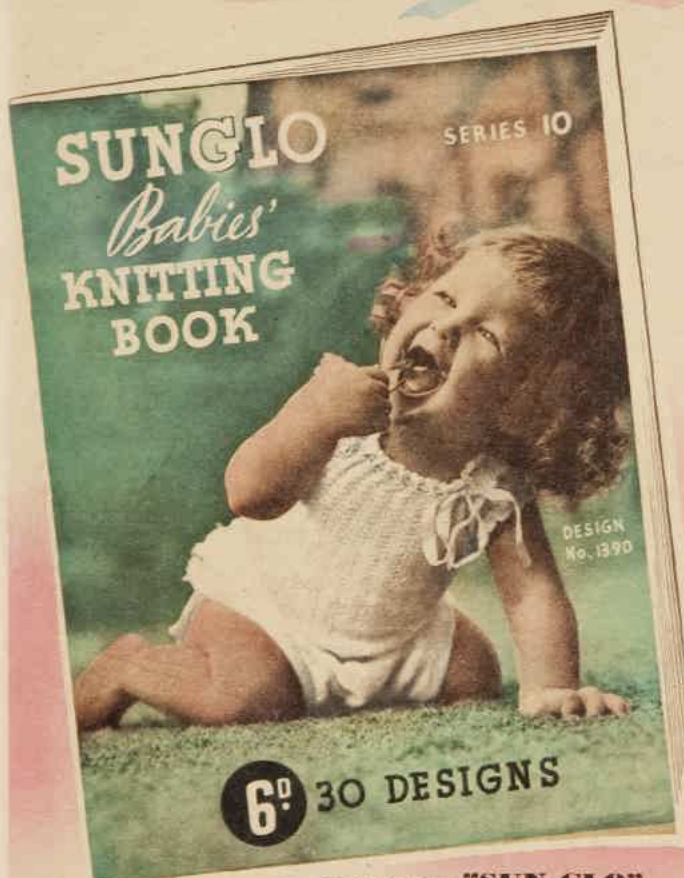
The problem of natural feeding

IT is often believed that if a mother does not feed her baby naturally she will have more strength to recover quickly from childbirth.

This is quite a fallacy and The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau has prepared a leaflet explaining why natural feeding is best for mother and baby.

Those interested may obtain a copy of this leaflet free of cost by sending a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

First Fashions for the Younger Set



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With SUN-GLO you need never knit on the large size. Now you knit all kiddies' garments to exact size; they can always be kept fresh by regular, thorough washing, and there is not the worry or care previously necessary.

Since SUN-GLO was introduced last year, thousands of mothers and knitters have acclaimed it as the loveliest wool since knitting began — "soft," "full of life," in a range of lovely colours, it is a delight to make—to wear—and to wash. SUN-GLO is ideal for "grown-ups," too, and is available in a large variety of shades in 2, 3 and 4 ply super fingering.

DESIGN No. 1040: This polo neck pullover and pants to match, with "Peter Rabbit" as a design, is from SUN-GLO Children's Knitting Book, Series 8, and is knitted in 7 1-oz. skeins of 4-ply SUN-GLO Shrinkproof Wool at a total cost of 5/3.

DESIGN No. 873: A coat with Baret to match, is from SUN-GLO Children's Knitting Book, Series 8. It is knitted in 4-ply SUN-GLO Shrinkproof Wool and costs 5/3 for the 7 1-oz. skeins needed.

DESIGN No. 1426: is one of the delightful jumpers in the SUN-GLO Children's Knitting Book, Series 8, and is knitted in 2-ply SUN-GLO Shrinkproof Wool, at a cost of 1/6 for the 2 1-oz. skeins needed.

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THIS WAS ONCE an old unused attic. Now it is the most delightful den for reading, writing, studying or even entertaining two or three friends. The walls, ceilings and woodwork are painted light cream, the carpet is deep blue, and the curtains a lighter blue with white stars.



"Oh, Arthur! Arthur! Don't make such faces at your breakfast! Do you go on like this every morning, Arthur?"



"Well, Arthur, have you ever heard about the breakfast that says 'Hullo' to you each morning with a 'Snap, Crackle and Pop'?"



"Here you are, Arthur! A plate full of Kellogg's scrumptious Rice Bubbles. Now, we put on some sugar and milk—and listen! Every one of those Rice Bubbles is singing, 'Snap! Crackle! And Pop!' Arthur, you just can't help wanting to eat up this breakfast . . . and mother, Rice Bubbles are easy to digest—and packed with energy and nourishment, too!"



CHOCOLATE CRACKLES.—Ingredients: 3 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups), 2½ ozs. fine coconut (1 cup), 8 ozs. brown sugar, 2½ ozs. cocoa (3 tablespoons), 5 ozs. Copha. Method: Stir dry ingredients together. Melt Copha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers, and allow to set. Enough for 30 or 36 Chocolate Crackles. R.R.

Make it a cosy den

THAT spare room or odd attic at the top of the house that nobody uses—wouldn't it make a delightful den where you could work or read or entertain just when and how you pleased?



ANOTHER VIEW of the attic room. The chairs are covered with a coarse-woven tapestry, off-white in color and patterned with blue stars. The bookshelves run the entire length of one wall.

POSSIBLY you've wondered for some time what to do with that funny little attic room at the top of the house—or that tiny spare room which is now used as a box-room or for storing bits of furniture not in constant use.

Such a precious waste of space, really! Just think—haven't you ever wanted some secret place of your own, a den where you could retire from the family and do your reading, writing or sewing?

Or if you have any aspirations this way, isn't there at least one member of the family who has been longing for some time for such a room, especially if he or she is just at that age when stepping forth to meet life as a grown-up?

The boy or girl who is studying or is doing a university course really needs such a room not only for working but for entertaining friends of his or her own age.

What one bright young man—a Varsity student by the way—did with

BY OUR

HOME DECORATOR

the attic in the top of his home is shown in the pictures on this page.

He cleaned the room out thoroughly and got rid of all rubbish, dirt, and spiders. He gave the heavy wooden beams a light coat of varnish more for the sake of cleanliness than for appearance, as the beams are quite attractive in themselves. The sloping walls which also form the ceiling were kalsomined cream and the little cupboards which the new owner built and the shelves for books were painted to match.

The furnishings are most attractive. The room is carpeted all over in deep blue. The upholstery of the big easy chairs is in an off-white tapestry patterned in blue stars, while the curtains at the dormer windows are blue—a lighter tone than that of the carpet—with white stars.

By way of color relief there's a scarlet bowl, in which blue hyacinths are growing, on the desk in the window space.

On the top of the bookshelves there's a red-and-blue bowl holding long sprays of pussy-willow, which even though denuded of buds form an attractive and appropriate decoration for a student's room, especially one too busy to be worried with the constant changing of flowers.

The room is very friendly in appearance; the many rows of books help; so does the long shelf which runs the entire length of one wall and holds odd pictures—the work of friends; crayon drawings, water colors, and photographs—in careless, informal manner.

Dynamel that cupboard!



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Pansies and Violas color the garden



A LILY-FRINGED POOL supplies the setting for this colorful display of massed pansies and violas in a circular bed.

THESE bright-faced little flowers bloom from eight to nine months of the year, and if grown in good soil are within the capacity of all to produce.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

ALTHOUGH hardy perennials, the best results are obtained by treating the plants as annuals, raising them from seed every year.

Plants set out in borders now will flower in early spring and provide a glorious splash of color until autumn.

For circular or semi-circular beds in a sunken garden or adjacent to a pool, their colorful little faces and shiny foliage cover the earth in a dense mass in a few months.

Lime is a necessary ingredient in the soil, and this is best applied in the form of superphosphate, which builds vigorous plants in rapid time.

As a background to pansies and violas the lovely iris, whether blue, yellow, or mauve, is difficult to fault.

They, too, thrive in soil that is adequately limed.

Just at present bulbs of the Spanish and Dutch irises are being eagerly sought by gardeners, and it is usually advisable to buy early, for supplies are often limited.

The bearded or flag iris, Japanese iris, cushion types and English irises, are also worth space round a pool or on the edge of a swamp or bog garden.

Happy Baby—happy mother!



Teething time has no anxieties for the mother who keeps Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS always at hand. These powders are cooling, comforting and promote regular easy motions. And they are absolutely SAFE.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Write for Free Sample to
PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD.
P.O. Box 34, North Sydney, N.S.W.

HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

Knitting hint

When casting on, use a double thread of wool. It gives a firmer edge to the knitting.

Cleaning enamel

Fresh mould from the garden will clean enamelware. Rub it on with a piece of wet newspaper, and rinse thoroughly in clear water. Weak tea will clean anything that has a varnished surface.

Felt dinner mats

Pieces of felt left over after the floors have been covered will make excellent hot-plate mats.

To remove wine stains

If wine is spilt on the tablecloth, soak the stained parts in boiling milk and the stains will disappear.

To mend kid gloves

Kid gloves usually split at the seams when they go, but it is quite possible to make a perfectly neat and strong repair. Take some fine but strong cotton and a fine needle, and buttonhole-stitch along both edges of the split. Then sew the buttonholed edges together on the wrong side and the mend will be scarcely noticeable.

To clean copper

To remove stains from copper, dip half a lemon in salt and rub it over the surface of the article; wash well in hot water, dry, and polish with a soft duster.

Brassware

To clean brass goods which have been lacquered, wash with soap and water, and dry with a soft silk duster and a wash-leather.

The A.B.C. of COOKERY

Meringue: Crisp egg-shaped cake made of sugar and white of egg, consisting of two halves put together with whipped cream.

Mignonette Pepper: Pepper made from white peppercorns.

Minerals: (In the food). The salts of elements such as iron, calcium, necessary for health, contained in vegetables, milk, etc.

Mignon: Thin rounds of meat about size of penny, braised or stewed.

Minestrone: Italian soup made from vegetables and macaroni.

NATURALINE WILL BANISH GREY HAIR

Do not let grey hair rob you of youth and beauty. Naturaline is a safe tint that will restore the natural colour of your hair. It cannot be detected; it is clean, safe and perfectly harmless. It contains no poisons, is actually antiseptic and perfectly safe in contact with an open cut or wound. 3 shades: Fair, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown, and Jet Black. At 2/6 or 6/- plus postage.

CLIP THIS AD. AND POST FOR DETAILS.

EDWIN HOLLAND

248 Little Collins St., Melbourne.
The Hair & Scalp Specialist. M.H.8

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an every-ready source of help and information.

The men who prevent the spread of crime know how to prevent the spread of 'flu, coughs and colds...

IT'S good to know that Woods' Great Peppermint Cure brings rapid relief in all cases of 'flu, coughs and colds, and helps to prevent the catching of such nose, throat and chest ailments.

Follow this simple health rule of thousands: Take a pleasant warming dose of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure in the morning, to provide your system with the resistance to keep away infection. Another dose in the evening overcomes the effects of breathing germ-infested air in trams, buses or other confined spaces. You'll like the clean, healthy, peppermint flavour of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT Cure

The Family Remedy for Flu, Coughs and Colds!



Get a Bottle from your Chemist or Store to-day.

Keep one handy in your home.



Makes OLD DENTAL PLATES CLEAN as new

BEFORE

Fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures—Sew well—Put in your dentures and leave them while you dress or overnight and take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap. Stains vanish. Discoloured plates and gums regain their natural-looking colour. Dull, yellow-tinted teeth become clean—lustrous, like 'live' teeth. 'Steradent' is sold by all Chemists. Price 2/- double size 3/6.

AFTER

IMPORTANT: Be sure you get 'Steradent'. Dentists recommend it.

BECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LIMITED
(Pharmaceutical Dept.), SYDNEY

Steradent

Heals Eczema in Seven Days

Here is a surgeon's wonderful prescription now dispensed by chemists at trifling cost, that will do more towards helping you get rid of unsightly spots from skin disease than anything you've ever used.

Not only is this great oil antiseptic, but it promotes rapid and healthy healing in eczema spots and sores. The itching of eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barber's itch, salt rheum, and other irritating and unsightly skin troubles.

You can obtain Moore's Emerald Oil in the original bottle at any modern chemist. It is safe to use, and failure in any of the ailments noted above is rare indeed.

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid is guaranteed to banish any form of Pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaculoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

PRACTICAL WINTERTIME GARMENT TO FIT 9 to 11-YEAR-OLD BOY—

KNITTED CARDIGAN

IT'S made in 4-ply wool and is designed to give plenty of good hard wear and provide cosy cold-weather comfort.

ONE of the most useful garments in the small boy's wardrobe is a warm woollen cardigan.

This one is knitted in 4-ply wool, has long sleeves, and buttons up the front. It should give plenty of hard wear and provide that much-needed extra warmth in cold winter weather.

It is designed to fit the nine to eleven-year-old boy.

Here are the knitting instructions—

Materials Required: 8oz. 4-ply Ramada super-fingering wool, shade R.M. 177 (brown mixture); 5 buttons; knitting needles, No. 10.

Measurements: To fit 32/33-inch chest—Length, shoulder to hem, 19 inches; sleeve seam, 14½ inches.

Tension: 8 stitches to 1 inch, and 10 rows to 1 inch (in stocking-stitch).

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; at-st, stocking-stitch; tog, together.

Note: Work in back of all cast-on stitches.

BACK

Cast on 127 sts.

Work 14 rows garter-stitch.

1st Row: K 5, p 5, * k 9, p 5, * repeat * to * to last 5 sts. K 5.

2nd Row: K.

These 2 rows form the pattern and are repeated through the garment. Continue in pattern until work measures 14 inches from cast on (after pressing lengthwise).

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 3 tog. at beginning of next 22 rows (93 sts. on pin).

Continue on 93 sts., until armholes measure 5 inches, measured straight up.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows.

Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 74 sts. Work 14 rows garter-st.

1st Row: * K 9, p 5, * repeat * to * to last 4 sts. K 4.

2nd Row: K.

Repeat last 2 rows once.

Make buttonhole on front border edge:—K 3, cast off 4 sts., k 2, p 5, pattern to end.

Next Row: K to last 3 sts., cast on 4 sts., k 3. Work 32 rows in pattern.

Make buttonhole on next 2 rows. Repeat the last 34 rows 3 times (5 buttonholes) ending at front edge on row with 4 cast on sts.

Next Row: K 9, turn, k 9.

Next Row: K 9, p 2 tog., p 3, k 9 continue pattern to end of row.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 9 sts., k to last 11 sts., k 2 tog., k 9.

Pattern to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Take 2 tog. at armhole edge on next 6 rows at the same time taking 2 tog. on front edge (inside the garter-st. border as previously), every 3rd row until 39 sts. remain, ending at armhole edge.

SHAPE SHOULDER

* Cast off 10 sts., k to end. Work back.

Repeat * to * twice. Work 18 rows garter-st. on 9 sts. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 74 sts. Work 14 rows garter-st.

1st Row: K 4, * p 5, k 9, * repeat * to * to end.

2nd Row: K.

Continue in pattern, working to match left front, omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 51 sts. Work 14 rows garter-st.

1st Row: K 2, p 5, * k 9, p 5, * repeat * to * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: K.

Repeat the last 2 rows 3 times (8 rows).

Continue in pattern, increasing 1



JUST the right kind of cardigan for the schoolboy. Knitted in cosy 4-ply wool it buttons up high in front and has long snug-fitting sleeves. Instructions for knitting on this page.

at each end of next and every 8th row until 85 sts. are on pin.

Work 7 rows after last increasing.

Sleeve should measure 14½ inches, measured straight up the centre, after pressing lengthwise.

Take 2 tog. at each end of every row until 29 sts. remain.

Cast off, taking 2 tog. at each end.

POCKETS

Left: Cast on 28 sts.

1st Row: K 9, p 5, k 9, p 5.

2nd Row: K.

Repeat last 2 rows 14 times (30 rows).

Work 11 rows garter-st. Cast off.

Right: Cast on 28 sts.

1st Row: P 5, k 9, p 5, k 9.

2nd Row: K.

Repeat the last 2 rows 14 times (30 rows).

Work 11 rows garter-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces on wrong side lengthwise.

Sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams.

Sew sleeves into armholes.

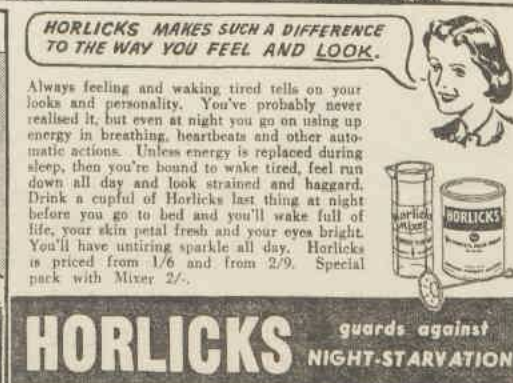
Sew the ends of garter-st. border tog. and sew neatly to back neck edge.

Press seams.

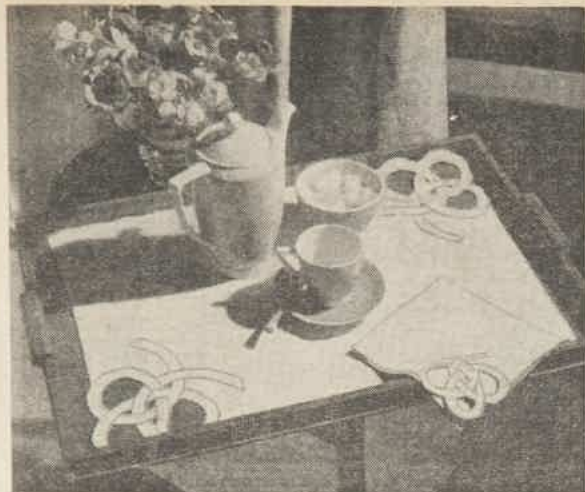
Sew 5 buttons on right front to match buttonholes on left front.

Sew each pocket on front, with the cast on sts. of pocket level with top of garter-st. border on bottom of front, placing pattern of pocket over pattern on front.

HIS LITTLE WHITE LIES— nearly broke my heart



HORLICKS guards against NIGHT-STARVATION



THIS CUTWORK SET on your traymobile will make a very distinctive touch at your tea or supper parties. Obtainable in white or colored linen, from our Needlework Department.

Duchesse set in an attractive new daisy design

THIS is a very unusual and charming duchesse set for your dressing table consisting of a large centre mat and two smaller ones.

Its pretty daisy design is quite easy to work, the stitches used being buttonhole, satin-stitch, and stem-stitch.

The centre mat measures 11 by 17 inches, and the smaller mats 8 by 8 inches, but other sizes may be obtained on application to our department.

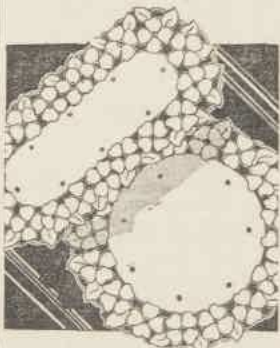
The set is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on pure Irish linen in white, cream, yellow, blue, pink, or green, so that you can easily choose a color scheme to tone with your bedroom.

The price is: Complete set of three mats, 2/6, postage free.



HERE you see the daisy duchesse set with inset showing detail of the flower design.

Dainty camellia d'oyleys



ROUND or long shaped d'oyleys in a pretty flower design that is quite easy to work.

DAINTY d'oyleys, in an attractive camellia design, obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

The round d'oyley measures 8 inches across, and the sandwich d'oyley 11 by 5 inches.

For working, buttonhole the outside edge of the flowers, and the edge of the d'oyleys, and work the spots in eyelet holes or French knots. The price of each d'oyley is 1/-, postage free.

Broder cottons for working are also obtainable, price 3/6, per skein.

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 218A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4097, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 4316, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4292V, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 184-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Delightful cutwork set for your traymobile

THIS very attractive traymobile set, consisting of a cloth, tea-cosy, and serviette, can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced ready for you to work on white or colored pure quality Irish linen.

CUTWORK is always striking and effective, and you will be proud to see your traymobile adorned with this delightful set, worked by yourself.

You can obtain the set as a whole, or, if you prefer it, any of the different pieces can

be obtained separately. It is traced on a pure quality Irish linen in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green.

The design itself is worked in buttonhole over a running thread, and the spots in French knots.

The set will be very attractive worked in white or ecru, but for a particularly pleasing effect we suggest working it in mid-glacier green, using two strands for the embroidery.

The price is:

Complete set, consisting of traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, and serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 8/3, postage free.

Bought separately, prices are: Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 1/6 each.

Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6 each. Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/- each.

Anchor stranded cotton, in mid-glacier green (F774) can also be obtained for working the set from our Needlework Department, price 1/6, per skein. Three skeins are required for working.

Be careful to press the work thoroughly before attempting to cut the material. Then when cutting take care to cut away the material from the outside edge, and inside the loops.

NEW FACE CLEANSER BETTER THAN CREAM!

Carry in Your Purse For A Perfect Facial Anytime—Anywhere



Look "Dressing-Table Fresh" on a Second's Notice!

When you just have to look your very, very freshest... when only a complete new make-up from the skin out will do it... and you're miles away from a jar of cream or a dressing table, one Quicksies Cleansing Pad will "save your face" like a beauty shop facial!

Quicksies are downy-soft circles of special cloth that come to you all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and refreshing lotion! One Quicksies instantly wipes away powder and rouge... cleanses your skin without drying it... freshens your skin... smooths it and gives a tone that powder will really stick to. Carry Quicksies... for a quick facial anytime, anywhere!

Humidor Refill Jar of 160... 3/9
Air Tight Purse Vanity of 15... 1/3

QUICKIES Anti-Drying CLEANSING PADS

DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success.

"Thanks for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Eucrasy. He says he will never touch it again," writes a grateful woman.

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. No cost. Call or write today for a FREE SAMPLE BUCKLE and many testimonials. Dept. B, EUCRASY CO., 207 Elizabeth Street, Sydney."

FAMOUS DOCTORS PRAISE KIDNEY MEDICINE

That Acts In 24 Hours To End

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, NERVOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, CIRCLES UNDER EYES, LOSS OF ENERGY AND APPETITE, PUFFY ANKLES, BURNING, SMARTING PASSAGES, and GETTING UP NIGHTS, etc.

Who should know better than fully qualified medical men, who study in the Universities of the world, and can judge the effect of various medicines upon cases under their direct charge, what medicines are best for various ills of the body? Doctors everywhere praise Cystex—the medicine for the million—they know that for all the troubles mentioned above Cystex is without an equal. Now read what a few of these Doctors say:—

Dr. G. B. KNIGHT

"When the kidneys don't function properly and fail to properly filter off the waste matter drained from the blood, other organs in the body suffer, sleep is disturbed and the patient is generally run-down, and suffers from lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or injurious ingredients. I consider Cystex a prescription which even and seniors in all walks of life should find beneficial."

Dr. G. B. Knight

Dr. WALTER R. GEORGE

"There is little question but that properly functioning kidneys and bladder organs are vital to health. Inefficient kidneys are the cause of much needless suffering with Aching Back, Headaches, Nervousness, Dizziness, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages, and a generally run-down condition. Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes of such conditions and exerts a beneficial influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract."

Dr. W. R. George

Dr. C. Z. RENDELLE

"Since the kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can thoroughly recommend the use of Cystex."

One-time sufferers also praise Cystex. Mr. D. N. Williamson, Harst Bridge, Victoria, says: "Cystex has saved me from going under an operation which would have meant death to a man of my age, nearly 80 years. I would have to get up nearly every hour of the night. Now I sleep well. Cystex has set me up, and I feel better right through. I recommend Cystex to all suffering as I did."

This is a **GUARANTEED** Remedy **Cystex** For the KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND RHEUMATISM

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT OR MONEY BACK



This is the only fair and honest way of testing a medicine. Go to your chemist today for Cystex. If it does not put you right, return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Act now! In 24 hours you will feel better and be completely well in 1 week. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes: 1/6, 4/-, 8/-.

Sooner or Later Nearly Everyone Needs

MAKE YOUR DREAM COME TRUE £350 in cash prizes

ANCHOVETTE COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE - £250
SECOND " - £50
THIRD " - £10
40 PRIZES @ £1, £40

SPECIAL GROCER'S PRIZE:

£25 will be awarded to the grocer whose name and address appears on the 1st Prize winning entry.

JUST GIVE THIS PICTURE A TITLE



CLOSING DATE

This competition closes on May 1st, by which time all entries must be received.

RESULTS

Main winners notified by May 1st, by which time all entries must be received.

Peck's

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

- (1) Write a title to the picture below, attach an Anchovette label and send with your name and address and your grocer's name and address to "Anchovette", Box 4153 X, G.P.O., Sydney.
- (2) The "Give It A Name" Competition will be judged by the advertising manager of the "Women's Weekly" and the Directors of Robert Hodgson & Son Pty. Ltd. in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £250 will be awarded to the title which in the opinion of the judges is the most original and apt. The other prizes will then be awarded in order of merit.
- (3) One person may forward any number of titles provided each title is accompanied by an Anchovette label.
- (4) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this Competition.

IMPORTANT

Make sure you enclose your name and address and your Grocer's name and address. Remember that each title must be accompanied by an Anchovette label.

ANCHOVETTE
FISH PASTE

More prizewinners in our big £1000 Cookery Competition

WINNERS OF MAJOR PRIZES TO BE ANNOUNCED SHORTLY. WATCH FOR FINAL RESULTS. YOUR RECIPE MAY BE A WINNER.

HERE is another batch of recipes which the committee has selected as winners of the weekly prizes in our big £1000 cookery competition.

After the final results of the contest have been announced—very shortly now—our Best Recipe Competition will be resumed as usual.

Cake Section:

BURNT ALMOND CAKE

Five ounces butter, 5oz. sugar, 1lb. flour, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, butter icing (mock cream), 1 lemon, almonds, chocolate fondant icing.

Cream butter and sugar together. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add grated rind of 1 lemon, sifted flour and baking powder. Turn into cake tin lined with paper. Bake in

moderate oven 11-13 hours. Turn out—put aside to cool. Cut into layers and level top. Blanch, peel and chop almonds. Put into oven until pale brown. Have ready some butter icing. Put into it some of burnt almonds. Spread mixture between layers of cake. Put together again. Cover all over with chocolate fondant icing. When icing begins to set, sprinkle top of cake thickly with burnt almonds. Put aside to get cool.

Fondant Icing: 2lb. loaf sugar, 1 pint water, a pinch of cream of tartar or a few drops of lemon juice.

Put sugar into saucepan. Add water and acid. Put on slow fire. Let sugar dissolve. Boil up quickly, skim, and put on the lid of saucepan for minute. Boil to 230 deg. Fahr. Take off fire. Sprinkle marble slab with warm water. Turn sugar onto it. Work with spatula, turning about in all directions. Gather sugar together with a knife, so that no

part is left untouched by spatula. As soon as sugar becomes white and creamy, work into a ball. Knead with hand until perfectly smooth. To use fondant, put desired quantity into saucepan. Place over slow fire to soften. Add a little water if necessary. Flavor with desired essence and tint to any shade.

Butter Icing: 1lb. fresh butter, 1lb. icing sugar, essence of coffee.

Cream butter and sugar, add essence.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Chapman, Linwood, Falls Rd., Lawson, N.S.W.

MERINGUE SPONGE

Five eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 tablespoon melted butter if desired.

Beat sugar and eggs nice and creamy. Fold in flour and, lastly, butter. Moderate oven, 30 minutes, 375 deg.

Meringue: 2 egg-whites, 4 table-spoons castor sugar, little cochineal to tint pink.

Beat egg-whites stiff, add sugar and beat until mixture will not leave basin if tipped up.

Cut out greased paper 1-inch narrower than size of sponge, and put meringue on this, making fancy top by lightly touching here and there with fork. Slow oven, 300 deg. for 2 hours.

Fillings: Lemon, 2 egg-yolks, 1 table-spoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 lemon juice and rind.

Stir all together over moderate fire until thick.

Cream: Whipped sweetened cream flavored with rose-water.

Split one-half of sponge and fill with lemon filling. Join together. Spread cream filling on top and meringue shape on top of that. Run creamy knife round sides and sprinkle with coconut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Una Fuller, Box 6, Rochester, Vic.

Jam Section:

PINEAPPLE AND QUINCE HONEY

One large pineapple or 2 small, and 5 large quinces peeled, cored, and put through mincer.

Put pint water into a pan with 6lb. sugar and boil till clear. Put in the pulp and boil 15 to 20 minutes. Must look like honey. If thinned pineapple is used, use the syrup with water to make the pint.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. M. Friebe, Berri, River Murray, S.A.

PRESERVED PEAR GINGER

Six pounds pears, 4lb. sugar, 4oz. whole ginger (crushed and tied in a muslin bag), 1lb. preserved ginger, 1 1/2 cups cold water.

Wash pears, cut in small pieces (if Beurre Bosc or Beurre Clairgeau varieties leave skin on), make when pears are quite firm. Cut pears in small pieces or first in quarters if preferred, take out cores, sprinkle with sugar, and pour over 1 1/2 cups cold water and leave standing in an earthenware basin for 24 hours. Then boil up with whole ginger for two hours; add preserved ginger and boil 2 more hours or till a thick syrup.

This is most delicious; can be eaten on bread or with blanc-mange or boiled rice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. d'Oliveyra, Latrobe, Tas.

Dessert Section:

STEAMED RAINBOW SPONGE

Cream 1 table-spoon of butter and 1 cup of sugar, add 1 egg, beat well in, then 1 cup of milk and 1 cup of self-raising flour, and a few drops of vanilla. Divide into 3 equal parts, color one pink, one chocolate and leave one as it is. Have a greased mould ready, drop each part in separately, leaving the chocolate till last. Steam quickly for 45 minutes and serve with jam sauce.

Jam Sauce: Put 1 cup of water, 1 table-spoon of sugar, 1 table-spoon raspberry jam, half a table-spoon lemon juice and two or three drops of cochineal in a saucepan and boil quickly till about half of it boils away. Strain and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Eileen Williams, c/o Boulder Block Hotel, Fimiston, W.A.

COLD CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

Four eggs, not quite 4oz. chocolate, grated, sugar to taste.

Beat yolks of eggs with the chocolate till light. Add sugar and 1



COLD chocolate souffle, a delicious sweet dish with a lavish garnishing of chopped nuts on top. The recipe, which wins a consolation prize, appears on this page.



BURNT ALMOND CAKE, this week's first prizewinner. The cake is covered all over with fondant icing and sprinkled with burnt almonds.

pint of boiling milk. Return to saucepan and let thicken to a nice custard, not boiled. Melt 4 sheets of gelatine in a little hot water and add to the custard. When a little cooled, add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and lightly stir into the souffle. Set till cold, if possible on ice. Pour it to set in a souffle mould. Do not turn out. Put a little whipped cream on the top and a little chopped pistachio nut on the cream just before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Doris Dodd, Richmond Cottage, Queen St., Ayr, Nth. Qld.

ROYAL APPLE TART

One pound cooking apples, 1lb. sugar, 1 packet of red currant jelly.

Puff Paste: 1lb. plain flour, pinch of salt, 1 table-spoon of lemon juice, 1/2 teacup cold water, 4oz. butter, 2oz. lard.

Custard: 1 pint milk, 1 dessert-spoon sugar, 3 eggs (yolks only).

ETIQUETTE

Continued from Page 40.

At many functions attended by Royalty, from the opening of a municipal building to the smallest charity sale, presentations are always an important aspect of the proceedings.

The number of those to be presented is usually submitted first, and, when compiling the list, it must be remembered that too great a strain must not be placed upon the Royal visitors.

At Court functions it is the business of Court officials and the members of the Household to see that precisely the length of time decided upon is taken up.

They can tell almost to a fraction of a minute when a ceremony, either at Court or a small party, will be over, and they know exactly who will be presented and when.

It is the duty of those responsible for the "running" of any function at which Royalty is to be present

to make all arrangements so that proceedings will come well within the available time.

To ensure this, the number of presentations must be limited, and those to be honored must know beforehand and be gathered together at the time arranged.

Those in charge must receive the Royal visitor at the door, and after the function escort him to the door or to the Royal car, remaining bare-headed (in the case of men) until it drives away.

Next week:

THE rules of precedence, which decide where a person is placed in the social scale, need careful study if you are to be hostess or guest in formal entertaining.

Mrs. Massey Lyon, in the next instalment of "Etiquette," outlines the placing of people at important functions.

KEEP ABOVE THE 'FLU LINE!

LINE OF RESISTANCE TO COLDS AND 'FLU



BONOX RAISES YOUR RESISTANCE TO 'FLU AND COLDS AND HELPS DIGEST OTHER FOODS. SO GIVES YOUR SYSTEM EXTRA NOURISHMENT

HERE'S the way to pour new strength straight into your blood when you're feeling low. Bonox contains pre-digested beef. This means your stomach has little or no work to do—all that concentrated energy in Bonox goes straight into your blood stream. Good, rich, red blood—that's what you need to keep you above the 'flu line.

Doctors say Bonox stimulates the flow of digestive juices in the stomach—helps you get the most out of all

foods taken with it. That's why Bonox picks you up and builds you up at the same time. Drink a cup of Bonox every day and you'll be as fit as a fiddle right through the winter. You'll stay right above that cold and 'flu line. Bonox is sold everywhere in 2, 4, 8 and 16-oz. bottles. Made in Australia by Kraft-Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd.

BONOX
RAISES YOU ABOVE THE COLD AND 'FLU LINE



Here are nice ways to take YOUR CALCIUM

WE all—both children and grown-ups—need this precious mineral in our diet every day, and in milk dishes you have the richest source of all.

There's only one food in Nature's pantry that contains all the food elements necessary for maintaining human life—and that is milk.

It is the lightest and most easily-digested of all foods, and it contains, in perfect balance, proteins for brain and body building, fat and sugar for energy, mineral salts for healthy blood, and vitamins to defend you against illness and infection.

In addition, milk is also the richest source of calcium—the mineral we all need in our daily diet for the growth and preservation of teeth and bones.

An adult, for instance, requires at least 10 grains of calcium a day to repair tissues and thus keep teeth in good order. Children require three times as much.

Milk contains 10 grains of calcium in the pint, so that its value as a food is obvious.

Drink it and have dishes prepared with it. If you or any of your family do not like milk "straight" you will see that you all have your daily

quota of calcium by serving dishes prepared with milk.

Here are some new ways of using it:

MILK JELLY

One pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 level dessertspoons gelatine, 2 dessertspoons boiling water, vanilla.

Pour boiling water onto gelatine, mix well, allow to remain till cool. Add milk flavored with sugar and vanilla. Mix well. Pour into mould. Set. Turn out. Serve with stewed fruit, cream, custard and caramel sauce.

MILK BISCUITS

One pound self-raising flour, 1 lb. butter, 1 lb. sugar, pinch salt, milk. Sift the flour and salt, rub in butter, add sugar, add milk making into a stiff dough. Roll out on a well-floured board, cut into rounds with plain cutter, prick with a fork, place on greased tin. Bake in slow oven till a pale brown. Leave on tin until cold.

MILK RING MOULD

Bake a blancmange or milk

By MARY FORBES

Cooking expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



MILK RING MOULD is not only tempting to look at but is simply luscious to eat. Recipe for making is given here.

jelly and pour into a ring mould. Leave on ice to chill and set. Turn out onto flat dish. Fill the centre with stewed fruits, decorate base of mould with roses of whipped cream and macaroons. Serve as soon as possible.

Pour over vegetables. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes or till set. Serve at once with cheese sauce.

BAKED APPLE SWEETNESS

Two small sponge cakes, 3 cooking apples, 1 cup milk, sugar to taste.

CHOCOLATE MOULDS WITH FRUIT

Make chocolate blancmange with 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, cornflour, and 1 tablespoon chocolate essence. Put mixture into wetted cups and leave to chill and set. Turn out onto glass stands. Pour a little custard round and decorate round base with well-drained stewed prunes. Serve at once.

CUSTARD CREAM

Two cups milk, 4 tablespoons plain flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, vanilla, salt.

Mix flour, sugar and salt. Add 1 cup milk and blend well. Boil remaining milk, pour onto flour, etc. Return to double saucepan and stir till it thickens. Add yolks and essence, cook 1 minute longer, cool, beat in whisked whites. Pour into serving dish. Chill. Serve with fruit or cream.

MILK EGGS

Two hard-boiled eggs, 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. plain flour, 1 cup milk, small onion, buttered toast or fried bread, salt, cayenne.

Melt butter in saucepan, add chopped onion. Cook for 1 minute but do not brown. Stir in flour, salt and cayenne. Add the milk, stir till it boils and thickens.

Shell the eggs (hot), cut into slices. Place on the toast. Pour sauce over. Sprinkle with parsley or paprika. Serve at once as breakfast dish.

CARAMEL CUSTARD

Two tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon water, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, vanilla.

Put sugar and water into saucepan. Set over gentle heat until it turns a light brown. Remove from heat, add the hot milk and mix till dissolved. Beat eggs well, add essence and milk. Pour into buttered fireproof dish. Bake in a very slow oven till set. Serve hot or iced.

GOLDEN PORRIDGE

Four dessertspoons oatmeal, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 egg, salt, 2 cups milk, treacle, hot milk.

Mix oatmeal, flour and salt to a paste with a little cold milk. Pour on remainder of milk (boiling), stir over heat till all boils. Cook 8 minutes, add beaten egg. Pour into pldish. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve at once with treacle and hot milk.

SAVORY CUSTARD PIE

One cup sliced cooked potatoes, 2 tomatoes, 1 onion, 1 cup cooked sliced carrot, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Grease casserole dish. Put in layers of potato, tomato, onion, carrot. Sprinkle well with cheese. Beat egg, add salt, cayenne and milk.



CHOCOLATE MOULDS with prunes—a delicious sweet made with milk that will prove popular with the children. Recipe given on this page.

Grease fireproof dish, put in alternate layers of sliced sponge cake and sliced apple until dish is full. Pour over the sweetened milk, then arrange a few slices of apple on top. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

TOMATO CREAM SOUP

Half pound ripe tomatoes, piece of bacon, small onion, 1 pint stock, 1 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon soaked sage, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Melt butter in saucepan, add sliced tomato and onion and bacon. Cook for 3 minutes, add stock, bring to boil. Simmer till vegetables are soft. Strain, return to saucepan. Add sage and cook till clear. Add milk and heat. Serve with croutons. Do not boil after milk is added, as it is likely to curdle.

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taste good! And what a flying start it gives the day! And I have another cup of 'Old Gold' Cocoa at bedtime and sleep like a top. Nourishing food—sound sleep—THERE you have the recipe for really happy energy and a day-full of smiles! YOU TRY IT, and see how your popularity starts going up!"

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NEW SOUTH WALES

Blind Man's Year

SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT
BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

Australian Women's Weekly NOVEL, May 6, 1939.



By ... WARWICK DEEPING

BLIND MAN'S YEAR

By WARWICK DEEPING



THE young man stopped to question a laborer who was mending a gap in a hedge. "Am I right for Knoll Farm?"

The man in the field pointed with his billhook in the direction of a high wood of Scotch firs.

"Up there. First turning on your right."

The young man thanked him and walked on. He carried a rather dirty brown mackintosh along over his left shoulder, and the face under the grey felt hat was both cheeky and worried. Authority had said to him: "Go down and get an interview with Douglas Gerard. Difficult? I know. It's up to you, my lad. She will never be interviewed or photographed, and she's new. Go and get something."

The young man was not feeling happy about this adventure. He had a wife and two children and his position with the "Metropolis" was none too secure. Authority had been terse and sarcastic, and suggesting that editors judged you by the products of your pen. Miss Gerard's pen had been exceedingly productive, and her latest book—"A Pilgrimage of Pain"—had gone all over the world as a poignant human document whose success had been all the more singular in that it had both captured the masses and pleased the critics. But Miss Gerard was an exceedingly shy and separate person, and her elusiveness made her all the more interesting and mysterious. She had snubbed the Press and repulsed all cameramen, and gossip had become so imaginative that it had begun to hint that Miss Gerard was not a woman.

The lane ascended, curved across a grass field and was suddenly and uncompromisingly occluded by a faded blue gate hung on stone pillars, between high dense hedges of yew. Young Jones stood and stared at the gate. Masses of shrubs and trees hid everything beyond, save one red brick chimney-stack crowned by three red pots. It was impossible to trespass either to right or left, for the hedges were reinforced against such diversions by a close meshed wire fence. Miss Gerard's home was a veritable fortress.

The young man put a hand to the iron ring of the gate latch. The gate was bolted or padlocked on the inside, and the sudden consciousness of being thwarted after a three-mile tramp from Feldhurst village provoked in him quivers of fear and of irritation.

Trevor Jones slung his mackintosh over the gate, pulled himself up and, straddling the gate, paused there for a moment. He saw a gravelled drive disappearing between banks of shrubs, forsythia and ribes in flower, daffodils massed along a turf bank, a bush of peach blossom against a very blue sky. The place was secret and still and steeped in sunshine.

"Well, here goes!" he thought, dropping to earth, and recovering his mackintosh he ventured up the drive. It appeared to have been carefully plotted in a double curve so that the house and garden should remain concealed. Young Jones chose to walk on one of the grass verges, and this stealthiness brought him surreptitiously and abruptly into the presence of two large yew trees, and between them a brick porch.

But there was another presence here, a crisis couchant in the shape of a large Alsatian dozing in the sunlight, his nose between his paws. The journalist hesitated, and the dog's eyes opened. A moment later the young man from London was speeding towards the gate with that rude beast savagely pursuing. Young Jones took a flying leap at the gate. He got his legs over it, but the dog's teeth snapped upon his trailing mackintosh and the thing was left as a sop to Cerberus.

"Prince, Prince!"

It was a woman's voice, anxious and vibrant. Above the sound of the dog's growling and the rending of material he heard footsteps on the gravel. "Prince, come here. What have you got?"

The journalist was moved to answer that question. "He's got my mackintosh."

The dog had turned with a dog's smirk to assure his mistress that he too had a sense of humor. She held him by the collar. "Who is that?"

Mr. Jones was recovering his courage. He was extracting a card from his pocket-book, and he dropped it over the gate. "I have come to interview Miss Gerard."

She had picked up his poor mackintosh, but she did not trouble to collect his card. "Miss Gerard does not grant interviews."

"The editor of 'Metropolis'—"

"I think you must have heard what I said."

"But the public is very interested in—"

His mackintosh flew over the gate. "I'm afraid the dog has torn it. It was very indiscreet of you to trespass. Please assure your editor that Miss Gerard does not appreciate attacks upon her privacy."

"Excuse me, are you Miss Gerard?"

Two hands appeared on the top of the blue gate. He was inexorably eager to seize this opportunity.

The dog growled.

Said the voice: "Please stay where you are, or I will let the dog loose."

The hands were withdrawn.

"You are not very kind to your admirers, Miss Gerard."

"Too much admiration can be embarrassing."

So it was Miss Gerard on the other side of the gate, and her voice was the voice of a woman. That would dispose of the absurd canard that she was more Douglas than her pseudonym.

"I quite understand," said he, "but couldn't you make an exception? It really

is rather important to me. You see, editors are rather touchy people, and I've got a wife and two kids."

She was stroking the dog's head. "I think you are obtaining some quite unusual material, Mr. Jones."

"You mean I may use it?"

"Perhaps."

His face was a shimmer of excitement. "How splendid of you. May I say that I was chased out of your garden by your dog?"

"Certainly. It will discourage others, will it not?"

"I say, that's marvellous! Thanks, most awfully, Miss Gerard. It's a real scoop. And would you mind telling me how you came to write 'A Pilgrimage of Pain'?"

"It wrote itself. It's the biography of a woman I know."

"A real person?"

"Yes."

The young man had his notebook out and was scribbling in it.

"A human document, what. And is it true, Miss Gerard, that the book has sold nearly a million copies in England and America?"

"I believe so."

"And been translated into every language?"

"With the exception of Russian, and, I think, Chinese."

"And what was your reaction, Miss Gerard, over the gigantic success of this book?"

She hesitated.

"Oh, well, it enabled me to put radiators into my house."

His puzzled pencil remained poised.

"Radiators? But—"

"Yes, and buy the land right down to the sea, and plant millions of bulbs. You see, Mr. Jones, I am a very selfish person."

He was gallant.

"I don't accept that, Miss Gerard. I'm sure you must have done—"

"Nothing that has caused me any privation. There is one thing I must insist on."

"Yes."

"You will submit proofs. And you will make your article a warning to others."

"Of course, Miss Gerard. I quite understand."

"I'm so sorry about your mackintosh. Would you allow me to—?"

"On no account, Miss Gerard. This interview is worth all sorts of things to me. I might almost call it a test case so far as my editor is concerned."

"I am glad. My love to the children, and my coldest compliments to your editor. Good morning, Mr. Jones. I must get back to my gardening."

"Thanks most awfully, Miss Gerard. I will make sure that the proofs are submitted. I do hope you will pass them."

Instinctively he raised his hat to the blue gate, and picking up his forlorn mackintosh turned to go.

"My compliments to Prince, Miss Gerard, and tell him I regret that it could not have been my trousers."

"Prince has a nice sense of property, Mr. Jones."

"He has. I'll put that down."

LAUNCELOT GERARD and his wife had been dead for many years. Rosamund, their youngest daughter, had always suffered from the handicaps of a birth-mark and her Christian name. Rosamund, Rose of the World! How ironic! She could not forgive her parents for naming her thus.

There had been no sons in the Gerard family, and she had been the last of three daughters, and always she had had the feeling that her father had regarded her disfigurement as a personal affront. He had left her ten thousand pounds on trust in Government stock, and the echoes of a conversation she had overheard: "It is one's duty to provide for Rosamund. The inevitable spinster, my dear sir. But one must take steps to insure that no cad will ever make a fool of her for her money."

Her memories of her mother were more happy, but Irene Gerard had died during Rosamund's first year at school.

It was Margaret Hayle who had helped her through those school years, beautiful Margaret, with her deep brown eyes and her serene forehead. She had never been jealous of Margaret or grudged her her beauty, for Margaret was lovely within as well as without, and to her over-sensitive friend she had uncovered a mystical mirror.

"Make your own world, Rose."

It was Margaret who had helped her to make it. Margaret the fastidious feminist, who, launched on her own career as a healer, had taken Rosamund into her little London flat and given her that precious, personal room where she could scribble. Margaret an M.D. London! How strange a life was! Margaret doctoring other people's babies, and not caring, apparently, to possess one of her own. She would drive down to the Sussex farm for occasional week-ends, and Rosamund would let loose a tongue and a soul that had been dammed up through weeks of silence. Margaret remained her one live link with the outer world, the one live person who understood her.

But in other ways the outer world was intimately hers. She, the most uncommercial of creatures, had found her public pouring wealth into her lap, and sometimes she would smile and think of her father. She, the family failure, the inevitable spinster, was to be pensioned off, and she could suppose that the income she enjoyed from a world sale of her books was ten times that which her father had earned.

She had three gallant old ladies who were part pensioners upon her bounty. She intervened many times a year to turn the bitter edge of some desperate domestic crisis. She did nothing sentimentally or blindly. She employed a confidential agent, recommended by her London lawyers, to investigate tactfully the appeals that reached her. He had saved her from hundreds of ingenious spongers. She gave Margaret Hayle £100 a year to help send her convalescent children into the country. Nor did she congratulate herself on her charitable condescension. It was just a giving back to humanity something of what humanity gave to her. When she was feeling in a difficult mood and was tempted by self-pity, she re-read some of the letters that other women had written her.

Then there were her sisters, Norah and Phoebe. Both were married, both had

families and ambitions and delicate bank balances, and both were of the opinion that a successful, odd, and unattached sister was a person to be exploited.

Miss Gerard disliked both her sisters and kept them at a distance. Norah, with her cold blue stare and hard-boiled egg of a chin, was married to a doctor who practised in a north-country town, and so was not too near a neighbor. Norah had evolved subtle methods of compulsion. She had concentrated that blue stare on the disfigured side of her younger sister's face. People should pay for their blemishes.

Phoebe was florid and fat and voluble, and as full of Phoebe as a ripe peach is full of juice. She had three children and a golfing husband, and a house at Oxshott in Surrey. Phoebe was inconveniently near.

Jane knocked gently at her mistress' door. Between the hours of eight-thirty a.m. and eleven Miss Gerard was not to be disturbed.

"Sorry, miss. Telegram."

Miss Gerard rose from her chair. Her writing-desk stood in the window of an upper room, and from it she could look down the twin valleys to the sea.

"My dear, must see you. Expect me lunch. Phoebe."

"Mrs. Progers, Jane. Lunch. Can you manage?"

"Yes, miss. Will there be a chauffeur?"

"If there is, he can go to Faldhurst."

She was not feeling friendly towards her second sister. She was wise to Phoebe. And somewhere in Sussex, Phoebe was explaining to an idle young man whose car and person she had borrowed, the ridiculous sensitiveness of her sister.

"I don't think I can get you in, Archie."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, she's not quite normal. One half of her face is all right, the other all naevus."

"What's that?"

"A port-wine mark, my dear. Born with it. Norah always says that naevus and genius must be synonymous."

"How woody! Won't she see people?"

"No. Keeps a large Alsatian. And you'd frighten her to death, or the dog might bite you."

He was a very stupid but good-looking young man, save that his lower lip was too pendulous.

"What do I do?"

"Better drive down to Westbourn and lunch yourself. I've got the tea-basket, and we'll do a little picnic in Aandown Forest going home."

Miss Gerard heard the car climbing the steep lane, and walked down to the gate. It was padlocked, and she had the key. Conversation was in progress beyond the barrier.

"I say, does she keep that locked?"

"Yes, my dear."

"What a woe! Then, I shall have to back all the way down this lane."

"You will."

"What time shall I come and pick you up?"

"About three. I expect we shall have bored each other sufficiently by then."

"Righto."

He proceeded to reverse the car down the lane, and Phoebe Progers stood outside the blue gate with a smile ready to break through her very natural sense of irritation.

The Phoebe smile was turned on like artificial sunlight.

"Oh, my dear, I simply couldn't give you longer notice."

She would have kissed Rosamund carefully on her undiseased cheek had not Miss Gerard long ago made it evident by a certain flinching coldness that she did not wish to be saluted.

"Have you sent your chauffeur away?"

It was important that Rosamund should not assume that Progers and Co. could afford a chauffeur.

"Oh, it's only young Archie Sugden. Such a nice lad. He had to come and see an aunt at Westbourn and he drove me down. Oh, my dear, isn't the garden lovely?"

They were in the drive, and the garden as a garden was not yet visible, but Phoebe, when once she had chosen her record and got it started had to let it run. Why did women like Phoebe always lie, even when the plain issue needed no embroidery?

Phoebe drank half a bottle of white wine for lunch and, as expected, warmed to the crisis over her coffee. She had been telling Miss Gerard how she had overheard someone at a dinner enquiring over Rosamund's latest book. "It really did make me feel proud, you know, to be able to say 'That's my sister.'" Miss Gerard sat on the sofa with her back to the light and supposed that the denouement must be very near. It was, but its appearance was prepared by a description of how bad things were in the City, and how worried Tom was about the future, and the children's education. Almost Tom was proposing to give up golf.

"Of course, my dear, I oughtn't to worry you with our affairs, but it does seem rather hard that when you are trying to be bright and busy people should let you down. Really, people do such dreadful things."

And what was the dreadful thing that people had done to the Progers? Phoebe explained.

"Oh, Tom backed a bill or something for a friend in the City. Supposed to be quite a decent person and all that. Would you believe me, but Tom has been let in. It's only for two hundred pounds, but Tom had just paid his insurance premium and it makes it dreadfully awkward."

Miss Gerard made a most unsympathetic suggestion.

"Can't Tom go to his bank?"

"Of course, my dear, but they would charge him eight per cent, and then it isn't quite nice for a business man to go and cadge. Things get about so. And you know, my dear, it's so important to appear prosperous. People talk. It's really dreadful how men gossip in the train, and of course that sort of thing isn't good for business. Social position, prestige, do matter. People are such snobs."

Miss Gerard felt that the predestined moment had arrived, and she was wishing to get it over.

"Tom wants to borrow money without it being known?"

"Exactly. How quick of you to understand. Tom has written out a post-dated cheque. He wondered whether you could see your way to advance him something on it? Of course, it's only a loan for three months, and Tom wishes to pay interest."

Phoebe's fingers were busy in her bag. A cigarette drooped from one corner of her mouth. Miss Gerard held out a hand.

"There you are, my dear. I do hate worrying relations, but, after all, there are occasions."

Miss Gerard scanned the cheque. "Five hundred pounds! I thought you said two hundred?"

"Did I? Two, yes, but one must have a margin."

Miss Gerard laid the cheque on the sofa and appeared to reflect.

"Phoebe."

"Yes, dear?"

"Supposing I haven't five hundred pounds to my credit?"

She was aware of her sister's sudden suspicious stare.

"Oh, then, of course, you couldn't. But, perhaps three hundred?"

"Phoebe, I happen to have all kinds of commitments that you do not know of. No, I won't specify them in detail. Has Tom any security to offer me?"

"Security?"

"Yes, collateral, stocks or bonds. You see, if I am to act as a banker, this should be a business transaction."

"But you have that cheque."

"Just a promise to pay."

"My dear, do you mean to suggest—?"

But Miss Gerard had decided that it was time to suppress too much sensitiveness. There had been too many occasions when she had assisted her sister and the thing was becoming a habit.

"Tom is a business man, and I prefer this to be a business transaction. If your husband will deposit the proper securities with me I will make the advance against them."

She folded up the cheque, and, returning it to her sister, watched Phoebe's fat fingers thrusting it back into the bag. It was obvious to her that Phoebe was feeling hot and insulted.

Miss Gerard glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. The hands stood at five minutes to three.

"I think Tom will understand, Phoebe. As a business man he may prefer me to be businesslike."

THE blindness of a foggy day affected Rosamund's mood badly, so she did not go up to her working room after breakfast, but sat reading.

Sunlight. She looked out of the window and saw the garden suddenly alive. The firs were green upon their hill. Old Will had said that the day might clear about eleven, but that he would not promise her what the afternoon might be.

Miss Gerard liked a long chair in the garden after lunch, half an hour's reading, half an hour's sleep, and then more work with hands or head. It was always possible for her to find a sheltered, draughtless spot under the stone wall or behind the banks of shrubs. To-day she arranged her chair and garden mattress and cushions in the little loggia she had had built. A glass screen sheltered it from the east, and here, on this April day, she drew the rug over her and felt at peace.

She read, she slept, to wake shortly after three to the sound of the lightship's complaining. The sea-wrack was drifting in again, and though the garden lay in the thin sunlight the firs on the hill stood like tall ships befogged. It occurred to her that if she climbed the hill she would be able to watch this game of hide and seek between the sea spirit and the land, and leaving her rug and cushions in a tangle, she went out by way of the gate in the stone wall. Half-way up the hillside she became involved in the drifting mist, and felt its cold breath upon her face.

She reached the trees, and stood there watching the landscape being blotted out. Soon she might have been in the middle of a cloud, and twenty yards away the trunks of the firs were scarcely visible. She was on the point of turning to retrace her steps when an unexpected sound came to her from over the sea.

An aeroplane, her particular blatant

beast, but in listening to the drone of the machine's engine she found herself realising what this fog might mean to the man in the air. Moreover, the sound seemed peculiarly near and not coming from above. She would have said that the sound was travelling to her almost on the level of the trees. She had read of befogged airmen flying blindly into a hillside.

The sound came nearer. She was conscious of a peculiar and intuitive spasm of suspense. The thing must be very low, terribly and dangerously low. Almost she could feel the mist vibrating to that sound. It began to frighten her, rushing nearer, like some winged and unseen menace. It seemed to be flying straight towards the trees with a swift and swelling sense of some impending horror. Her impulse was to crouch, but she just stood helplessly and stared into the fog, waiting to see the great shape come sweeping down or over.

A sudden impact, a crash! She felt the actual tremor of the earth. Even the trees seemed to quiver in the fog. She stood for a moment in shocked stillness. Some object whirled and struck one of the firs, and fell to earth close to her.

The aeroplane had crashed through the tops of these trees like a wasp into a spider's web, leaving the torn trees a tangle of wreckage. The machine had come to earth beyond the oaks, and she saw its wings dimly through the mist, like the great spread arms of a man lying prone. The ground was a litter of strange wreckage, but the thing that shocked her most vividly was the silence and the stillness. The body of the machine discovered itself to her as a tangle of nameless wreckage, but it had a shape. She saw something human there, an arm hanging down, a head in a leather helmet, a face that was all blood. She was conscious of forcing her way through the horror of these crowded impressions. She must get that figure out.

But the business was beyond her. There were straps, his inert and sagging weight, the hollow of the crumpled cockpit. She had tried to climb on the wreckage and get her hands under his arms. His head lolled back, and she had found herself looking into his face. It appeared terribly injured, as though in tearing his way through the trees a splintered bough had struck him in the face. No, it was beyond her strength. She climbed down, stood a moment looking at the wreckage to assure herself that there was no sign of fire. Was that fog or smoke? She bent down, her head close to the trailing arm. No, only the fog. She must get help.

She remembered, later, feeling grateful to Will and Jane for taking the rescue out of her hands. She was aware of an arm hanging and a hand trailing along the grass. She did not want to look at that clotted face, and instead, she looked at old Will's face. They were laying the aviator on the blanket. She bent down, and lifting that trailing arm, tucked it in close to the body.

The fog seemed to thicken about them, and half-way to the house she told them to rest. "Put him down gently." She had remembered to leave the gate open and there was sufficient space between the pillars for them to queue through. They came to the loggia and all four of them were panting.

"Where shall we put him, miss?"

Her long chair!

With one hand she managed to toss rug and cushion aside. Old Will was mopping

his forehead with his cap. His daughter, with thin fingers pressed against her face, stood to look and could not look away.

"I'm sure he's dead, miss."

But Miss Gerard remembered that the doctor would be here at any moment and that the gates were locked. She told Will to go and open them.

Then she heard the doctor's car in the lane, and walked round the house to meet him. He was big and brown and quiet, never hurried, rarely irritable, and he loved a garden as much as she did.

He got out of the car with a bag.

"Shall I leave you alone? I shall be in the lower room."

"I'll call you."

She entered into the house and sat down on the sofa near the window in the room she called her parlor. Silence and the fog. She heard a clock ticking. And then she remembered the dog. She had left him shut up in her working-room. She went up and brought the dog down, and handed him over to Jane in the kitchen.

Returning to the front of the house she heard the voice of Dr. Heberden calling her.

She joined him in the loggia. He was standing looking down at the figure on the chair. The leather coat had been unbuttoned, the helmet removed. The lad had fair hair.

"Rather hopeless, I'm afraid."

"Is he—?"

"Just alive; that's all. Two ribs broken, as far as I can judge, and the arm, and I imagine a branch must have hit him in the face."

She noticed that his bag lay unopened on the garden table. Was it as hopeless as that?

"I had better ring up an ambulance and get him down to Westbourn."

"Yes."

"I'm afraid he will die in the ambulance." She was conscious of a spasm of pity. She looked at Heberden and their eyes met.

"Why move him? Doesn't it seem rather callous to send him away to die? I mean, wouldn't it be more human if it happened here?"

"Quite. I agree. But I was thinking—"

"I'm not quite so complete an egoist. And perhaps there might be just a chance?" Heberden's eyes thanked her.

"I was feeling that way also. There is too much of the idea of rushing a carcase into a truck. But, you mean—?"

"Can't we do just something. What someone might like done for him. Not just anonymous scavenging. We are three women here. There is a ground-floor room."

He nodded at her.

"Thank you, Miss Gerard. There are certain human decencies, even to the dying."

She turned to enter the house.

"We will bring a bed down. And will you be wanting things? I mean, you'll try?"

Again he nodded at her.

"I'll try to patch him up."

Jane was coming up the stairs.

"Are you there, miss?"

"Yes, Jane."

"The police, miss."

Had she lived so much apart from the world that she had forgotten that no one can die or be born without some official recognition of the fact?

She went downstairs to find a large man in plain clothes and a police sergeant in uniform standing self-consciously just inside the dining-room doorway. The large man saluted her. He had a very red face and a florid and paternal manner. "Inspector Harris, miss. We have just been to look at the wreckage. I'm sorry to trouble you, but I understand you witnessed the accident."

Miss Gerard said, "Won't you sit down," but the two men remained standing and, as though to reinforce her suggestion, she seated herself in the Sheraton arm-chair on the left of the fireplace.

"I cannot say that I saw the accident, Inspector. I heard it. You see, the fog was very thick."

"Quite so, miss. And you and your staff rescued the pilot and carried him here?" She answered with a movement of the head.

"We've identified the plane, miss. It belongs to the Blue Hawk Company. We've phoned their aerodrome. They will send a representative along. Meanwhile, miss, I want to see the pilot."

"Is it necessary? He is unconscious, and I'm afraid dying."

"I'm afraid I consider it necessary. If I might just step into the room."

She rose, and going to the door indicated that other door on the farther side of the passage.

"Because it seemed so hopeless, Inspector, we thought that it would be rather callous to send him elsewhere."

"Very kind of you, miss. I'm afraid it has caused you a lot of trouble."

He crossed the passage, followed by the sergeant, and disappeared into the other room, while she stood at the dining-room window and saw that the fog was thinning. She could distinguish the fir trees on the brow of the hill. And then she heard the movement of feet. The two men had been less than half a minute in the room across the passage.

"Looks bad, miss, I'm afraid. Directly we can be of any assistance to you, if you'll phone the Westbourn head station—"

She winced as her mind completed the sentence, but lifted her head to listen.

A car was coming up the lane. She heard it drive up to the house, and she supposed that the car was Dr. Heberden's. Voices, Jane's footsteps on the stairs, a deprecating knock.

"A gentleman from the aerodrome, Miss." Jane's gentleman belonged to a new dispensation, and Miss Gerard found him sitting on one of her Sheraton chairs, and wearing a leather coat and helmet. His face was large and white and obseely sinister, and out of it two little buttoned-up eyes looked at her. He stood up on a pair of short, stout legs, and introduced himself.

"My name's Cash. Blue Hawk Company. Sorry about young Strange. Got into my car and crashed down here directly the police phoned us."

He was a common little man, potently self-important. He seemed to spit his words at her like some high-powered and vigorous mechanism, then he said abruptly: "I'm just going to look at the smash before it gets dark. Preferred to come myself." She saw the creases melt out of his leather coat as he rose, but even though he filled her with a cold, dispassionate repugnance, she knew that there were questions she wished to ask him.

"Just one moment, Mr. Cash. I think you said the name was Strange? I have been wondering about his relations."

"Well, I believe he has a sister or something in South Africa. Common or garden orphan, miss, one of those lads who are left with just enough money to keep them in carnations. Don't know much about him beyond that. He's been with us about six months; quiet sort of lad, good pilot, never gave me any trouble. Yes, now you've dug into it, miss, it does raise a bit of a problem."

"You mean, what to do—?"

"With his insurance money. I suppose that's up to the Insurance Company. Next of kin, what? Just like the war."

She was conscious of wanting to be relieved of Mr. Cash's presence. He had removed his coat, and discovered to her a green and grey check sports jacket, a blue pullover, and a collar and tie whose color clashed. More and more she was feeling him to be like some gross and greedily efficient maggot that would eat the green heart out of life.

"If you go through that gate and over the hill, you will see the wreck just by four oak trees," she said.

"Much obliged. I've got my technical chap in the car. I'll give him a shout. Good day."

She watched him go out into the garden, and heard him shout:

"Hi, Balders, round 'ere."

Then she went back to the frightening room where the injured man was lying, pitiful and helpless, and while there saw Dr. Heberden's head and shoulders pass the window.

She met him in the passage. "I'm glad you've come. He is still alive."

Why did he look at her so sharply, as though she had said some unexpected thing?

"Yes, they linger sometimes. I remember a case in the war, an airman who was unconscious for weeks."

"And died?"

"No, as a matter of fact, he recovered."

She had left the parlour door open, and she stood back to let him pass.

"Why not assume that there may be a chance?"

"Nothing would please me better."

He had crossed to the bed, and she moved round the foot of it and stood facing him.

"I have had people here."

"I'm afraid that was inevitable."

"So were they, and their prepossessions. A horrible little man from the aerodrome. And the police. They offered to relieve me at once of his body."

She stood and watched Heberden's hand fasten on the inert wrist, and then her glance shifted to his face. He appeared to be counting those pulse beats, estimating their strength, rhythm, and volume. What a pleasant and intelligent face he had, and the eyes of a man who understood that humanity asks you to be kind rather than clever. He raised his head, and with his fingers still on the pulse, looked across at her.

"He's got a better pulse, very distinctly better."

"Then there is a chance?"

"Perhaps a very faint one. It's so very difficult to say."

"I know it must be."

"I am glad we didn't move him. When a body is badly shocked, life is like a very feeble flame, so easily put out."

"Is there anything more that we can do?"

"I don't think so."

"You say that arm is broken. Oughtn't something to be done? Supposing he were to recover consciousness? But, forgive me, I am being meddlesome."

He smiled at her.

"Don't apologise for that. You see, he might be unconscious for days. You remember the case I was quoting to you. The lad had a broken leg, and the case seemed so hopeless that the German doctors did not bother about the leg, and during those weeks of unconsciousness the bones grew together. Months later the leg had to be rebroken and reset."

"Couldn't you put splints to that arm?"

"If it will give you any satisfaction I will."

"It may sound foolish to you, but it would."

Again he smiled at her.

"You may be right, you know. I hope you will be."

Afterwards he walked with Miss Gerard round her garden. He told her that he would look in again about ten o'clock, and function both as nurse and doctor. But what of the night-watch? Oh, she could manage, she and Jane between them.

He paused to scribble in his notebook, and tearing at the page he passed it to her.

"Have you any of those things in the house? Just tick them off if you have. Then I can bring what is necessary."

She took his pencil, and marked off one or two of the items.

"No, I'm afraid, only some old linen."

He looked back the list and pencil.

"I shall know what to bring."

Leaving her by the porch, he was in the act of getting into his car when someone hailed him. Mr. Cash's car, a speed model in red, was still parked close to a grass verge.

"Hi, one moment; are you the doctor?"

Mr. Cash appeared out of the dusk. He had resumed his leather coat, and his great white face looked like the hairless face of the full moon.

"Yes."

"My name's Cash. I'm the Blue Hawk Company. Just been to look at the smash. He did it pretty thoroughly. I suppose you'll be at the inquest?"

Heberden's manner became austere.

"Aren't you being a little previous, sir?"

"Hopelessly smashed up, isn't he? Have to think of these things, Doctor. There'll be an inquiry. My machine was O.K. It was just the fog."

Heberden got into his car.

"I quite understand your position, Mr. Cash."

"I was going to say, Doc, that the damage is on me. Send your bill into us when the whole business is over. We insure, you know."

The doctor pressed the starter-button.

"I haven't yet begun to think of my bill, Mr. Cash."

"Well, I suppose you'll want your money, anyway. Most people do. My name's Cash, remember."

"I think I see the joke, sir. Good-night."

While trying to write, Rosamund heard a sound something between a moan and a whimper that became terribly and poignantly articulate, like the outcry of a child waking from a nightmare.

She switched on the light as she entered the sick-room. She was aware of a hand groping and clutching at the bandages. Instantly she was by the bed and gently suppressing that wandering hand.

"You must keep quite still, Mr. Strange."

She felt the muscles in the arm relax. His mouth mumbled at her from amid the dressings.

"Where am I?—What?—?"

"You must lie quite still. Please don't"

struggle. You have had an accident. You are in bed."

The dark terror had left him panting. She sat on the edge of the bed with one hand laid firmly but gently on his.

"Accident, crash?"

"Yes, in the fog. You don't remember. Don't try to remember. It doesn't matter."

"I don't remember."

"Just lie still."

She was aware of the fingers of his hand bending over and clasping hers. Like a child he wanted to grasp something, feel reassured by human contact.

"Where am I?"

"In my house, on the Sussex coast. There is nothing for you to worry about."

She was conscious of the grip of his fingers.

"Who is it? I can't see."

"Just the person who lives here. We brought you in."

"What's your name?"

"My name? Oh, Gerard. Rosamund Gerard."

She felt his fingers relax. He breathed out a little sigh.

"How funny! Everything's gone. What's happened to my left arm?"

"The doctor had to put it in splints. What you have to do is to lie still and not worry."

Her immediate urge was to run to the phone and ring up Dr. Heberden. What did one do when a man came back to life so suddenly? Poor Dr. Heberden! But she was very glad that she had continued to allow her house a telephone, even though her number was not in the directory. She made a movement to withdraw her hand, but instantly his fingers closed upon it.

"Please don't go away."

"I'm only going to the telephone. I want the doctor to know."

"You'll come back?"

"Of course. Tell me, does the arm hurt?"

"No, everything feels numb."

She patted his hand and slipped away, conscious of a sudden inward exultation, and of an emotion that she had not experienced before save in certain passages in her books.

Returning to the room she drew a chair up to the bed.

"The doctor's coming."

"I'm afraid I'm giving you an awful lot of trouble. What's all this on my head?"

"Bandages."

"How did it happen?"

"You were flying an aeroplane and there was fog."

"I don't remember any fog. I don't remember. I ought to be able to remember."

She put her hand on his.

"Why? Why worry?"

"You are being awfully good to me. What's the time?"

"About one o'clock in the morning."

"One o'clock in the morning! And you're sitting up! There isn't any reason, is there? I'm quite all right."

"Yes, but you mustn't talk. I'm just going out to see that the gates are open for the doctor's car. It is a beautiful night, and the moon is shining."

And then he said an unexpected thing to her.

"I do wish I could see you."

She withdrew her hand gently, but her conscious self flinched as she remembered.

And the remembering seemed to make the passing hours and days less hurtful. Problems seemed to arrive for her like the birds she fed in winter at her window. There were ministrations that were not for her hands, intimate things that had to be done for him by Heberden and the district nurse

whom the doctor had co-opted into the affair. Also, she came by the impression that Heberden was worried about some aspect of the case, and was keeping details back from her. He had spoken vaguely of bruising about the eyes, even hinted that his prognosis was not yet complete. Also, he was suggesting that the lad could be moved in a day or two to the County Hospital at Westbourn. It was still very much a nursing case, and Miss Gerard's household was being subjected to too much disorganisation.

"He's a nice lad. I want to do the best for him. And I'm afraid your work must be suffering."

Her work? Beyond completing the correcting of the proofs of her autumn book she had not put pen to paper since the thing had happened.

She understood from Strange's clarifying questions that no one had goosiped to him about her, not even the genial Nurse Horrocks, and that he had not tried to pump them. She was glad of this reticence and its implied delicacy. So, no one had told him that she was a bookish person, a celebrity. How pleasant!

She asked him whether he would like to be read to. Yes, but was he not taking up too much of her time? No. She said that she spent two or three hours a day in reading, and that she might just as well read aloud as to herself.

Was there any author he preferred?

"There is one book I haven't read, and want to. 'A Pilgrimage of Pain,' by Douglas Gerard. By the way, it's your name. Is he any relation of yours?"

She held her breath over this coincidence.

"A rather distant cousin. I happen to have the book."

"You've read it before. It won't bore you?"

"No."

So she began on that very day to read her own book to him, and never had it seemed to her so inadequate and unconvincing. But he did not find it so. He said it was wonderful stuff, and so true to life, and how the chap must know women! She began to feel a little ashamed of her deception. If only her physical self were like her book!

"I think I hear the doctor's car."

She divined in him sudden excitement.

"He's going to take off all this stuff. I shall have my eyes back."

"Yes. You are sure you have had no pain in them?"

"Nothing. Only a sort of stiffness, as though they were glued up."

She laid the book aside on the window-shelf and went out to meet Heberden, and directly she saw that he had another man with him and the surgical bag he was carrying she knew that her crisis was upon her.

"I have just been reading to him. One of my books. Please don't tell him I wrote it," she said to Dr. Heberden.

"Your book? I won't. Did he ask for it?"

"Yes."

"That's rather delightful."

But her feeling was that Heberden was not happy about something.

She took the dog with her and, climbing the hill, sat down on the seaward side at the foot of a tree. It was another perfect day. After idling out of doors for some time she strolled back and walked up the path, her eyes fixed on the crown of the doctor's head. He was waiting for her. His attitude suggested—And then he raised his head, and she saw his face.

"I'm afraid I have kept you," she faltered.

"I had to wait. Let's go this way, into the orchard."

"Something unexpected?" she asked presently.

"Rather terrible. Just as though a forked branch had caught him in the face. You see, there was so much bruising and swelling when I first examined him. One couldn't see what was behind the lids. I thought it wiser to wait."

Her voice came breathlessly.

"You mean, he can't see? He will be—"

Heberden was staring down the green alleys of the orchard.

"Yes. I'm horribly afraid it is so."

She realised little more of what he was saying. The lad was to be blind, and he did not know it.

Never was she to forget that moment of secret and selfish exultation, and her sudden horror of it as she thrust it away deep down like some evil thing that had escaped from the darkness. Nor was she to forget the bright and definite face of Dr. Steel, who came up from Westbourn. She had returned to the house with Dr. Heberden, and there Dr. Steel had confirmed his colleague's verdict.

"But can nothing be done?"

Dr. Steel had explained to her what nothing could be done.

She had turned to the window, and looking up at the green hill and its trees realised what blindness meant, no sky, no woods and hills, no sea, no faces.

"Have you told him?"

"No."

She had heard Heberden's quiet, deliberate voice.

"We wondered whether we would leave for a day or two. We have put on new dressings. He doesn't realise—"

"Are you sure?"

"We told him that the lids—"

"You want to let the knowledge come gradually. But won't the shock be more bitter? I mean, days of hope, of concealment, and then—"

The two doctors had looked at each other.

"There is something in what you say, Miss Gerard. We had discussed it before you came in. Would you tell him?"

She stood rigid.

"I?"

"Yes, your touch might be lighter. I know it is not a pleasant thing to do."

She had turned and faced them.

"Very well, I will tell him."

ROSAMUND sat down beside the bed and laid the flowers close to his right hand.

"You have to guess what's there."

His face had been rebandaged, and the blank white mask seemed to question her.

"Not much guessing. I can smell them."

She was conscious of pausing, groping for her words as his fingers had felt for the flowers.

"They want you to go into hospital."

"Must I?"

"Yes."

"Of course I must. I can't stay here putting you to all this trouble."

"It isn't trouble. You see, there is something else."

"An operation?"

"Yes."

She was conscious of a significant stillness penetrated by his blind self, groping, questioning, feeling suddenly frightened.

"What for? Not something with my eyes?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"They are all right, aren't they?"

"No. You see—"

She saw him drop the flowers on the bed, and his hand reaching out to her.

"Miss Gerard, I'm not going to be blind?"

For a moment she felt herself unable to speak to him.

Her rigid stillness told him.

She felt the grip of his fingers. He did not move or utter a sound, but lay there in a dry and dreadful anguish, and in a darkness that was to be forever. It wrung her heart. What could she say or do? And then he was shaken by an agony that was not soundless, a terrible, tragic despair that was beyond control, convulsive sounds, a suggestion of his young and slightest self struggling with his horror of the realisation of that darkness.

She must do something. She held his hand between both of hers, but that did not seem sufficiently human, and slipping from the chair to the bed and with her back to the pillows she took his head upon her shoulder. He was sobbing and his man's grief harrowed her. She sat looking at the bunch of flowers lying on the quilt.

Presently he lay breathing quietly. Her left arm was round him.

"Aren't there things you want to tell me?"

"What things?"

"Aren't there people who ought to know?"

"No."

"No one?"

"No one to whom it can matter seriously. Are they going to move me?"

She was silent for some seconds.

"Perhaps to-morrow."

"Where to?"

"Westbourne."

"It won't be far away?"

"No."

"You'll come and see me?"

"Of course."

When she left him her face was wet and twisted, but he could not see that.

Dr. Heberden rang her up later to say that everything had been arranged and that the ambulance would call for Mr. Strange at ten o'clock to-morrow. Dr. Steel would operate on the following day. If Strange's general condition warranted it. And had she told him?

"Yes, I've told him. He was terribly upset, poor lad, but he has courage."

"I'm glad of that. He's young and he will have to be taught how to manage himself. By the way, he hasn't anything to take into hospital, has he?"

"You mean?"

"Kit."

"No, nothing, of course. And I am afraid I have nothing here. I suppose you couldn't—?"

"I'll get my wife to pack up a parcel."

"Could you? I will see that everything is replaced."

Later, she found herself confronted by Nurse Garnet, and Nurse Garnet was one of those very positive people with a smile and very capable and busy hands. Why should she suddenly mistrust Nurse Garnet and her retentive pragmatism? Was it because the other woman's glance seemed to have rested for a moment on the disfigured side of her face? The inwardness of things had changed for her. She was realising that he would never see her face, but that some officious and bright person might tell him about it, someone like this genial woman who went about giving life playful and stimulating slaps.

How very foolish of her to be shy of leaving that other woman alone with him! Nurse Garnet had taken herself and her

bag, and a jug of hot water and a clean towel into Mr. Strange's room.

It was her habit to chat cheerfully to patients, especially when she considered the subjects had to be rescued from too much introspection. Had Mr. Strange read any of Miss Gerard's books? Books? Gerard, Douglas Gerard? But did he not know that his hostess was the celebrated novelist?

"The author of 'A Pilgrimage of Pain'?"

"Authoress, Mr. Strange. I think it is the most wonderful book I have ever read."

"I didn't know. She has been reading to me. I asked for it."

"How tactful of you."

"Tactful. But she's quite young, Nurse."

Miss Garnet liked to be facetious.

"Not exactly a grandmother. You see she must have begun writing when she was a mere flapper. Of course, genius can be a little odd, Mr. Strange."

"Odd?"

"Well, Miss Gerard doesn't like publicity. Almost a recluse, you know, so sensitive."

She said no more than, nor was he able to take up sufficient interest for questions.

"Miss Gerard," he called.

She left the dog lying on her long chair in the loggia.

"Nurse Garnet gone? Oh, yes, I see she has. I have just been taking the dog out."

She was trying to be obviously and impersonally kind, a younger sister of Nurse Garnet's, with unemotional hands and starched cuffs.

"It is nearly tea-time," she said.

"Is it? I have rather lost my sense of time. By the way, Nurse Garnet told me."

What had the wretched woman told him? She sat down on the sofa under the window.

"That I write books? Don't let that make either of us self-conscious."

"But I ought to have known."

"Why? Because I am supposed to be a celebrity? That's one blessed thing about one's dog; it doesn't matter whether you are a highbrow or a fool."

"But you don't quite understand what I mean."

"How?"

"That book of yours you were reading to me. Anyone who could write a book like that isn't quite like other people. What I am trying to say is that I understand now why you are different."

"Do you think so? One does not court social popularity by being odd."

"Not odd, Miss Gerard. That's the very last word I should use. I mean you're so compassionate and quick. I want you to tell me: do you think blindness can make one kind of selfish? I've been thinking. I'm still such a coward."

She rose, crossed the room, and sat down by the bed.

"No, surely blindness can still feel beauty."

"It's a horrible idea that one might become a sort of morbid, helpless idiot."

"I'm sure you will never be that."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. It will mean months of adaptation. I think I should try to visualise it as a new adventure, exploring life in a new way."

"Even keeping oneself clean? Yes, physically clean. It needn't be just vanity, need it?"

She sat with folded hands, trying to feel herself into the darkness with him.

"Oh, no, something finer than that. If one is fastidious and sensitive, does not one go on being fastidious and sensitive? And aren't you rather letting things rush at

you? Oh, it's natural enough. One must feel overwhelmed, bewildered. I would just try and give in for a while and say: 'I've been ill, but I shall get stronger every day, and learn to do things by degrees. I can't expect to do everything at once. At first I shall only be able to walk across the room, but day by day I shall do more and more. I must be gradual, patient. There will be prides and exultations in learning to do things differently. I must learn to see with the eyes of my inner self.'"

He put out a hand.

"That's wonderful, just what I needed. Inward eyes. Of course, one's mental life can go on."

In the night she was disturbed by some sound, and sitting up in bed she turned on the light, and sat listening.

The sound of something falling! Instantly she was out of bed and hurrying into her dressing-gown. He had asked her that no one should sit up on his account, and had assured her that he was going to sleep like a child. Surely he had given them sufficient trouble?

When she opened his door and turned on the light she saw a slight which was to be unforgettable. He was on his knees beside the bed, groping with one hand for objects on the floor. What had happened was obvious. He had got out of bed, blundered against the table that stood beside it and knocked the thing over.

She was deeply moved, and more than moved, for behind those blind gropings she divined the courage of purpose.

"You haven't hurt yourself?"

"No. I didn't take a tea, only the poor old table. Have I broken anything?"

"Only the feeding-cup. It doesn't matter. I'll soon put things right."

She helped him back into bed, and picked up the overturned table and the debris.

"My first lesson, Miss Gerard. One's got to learn where the furniture is and not to knock things over."

She was putting the flowers back into the vase. They would need fresh water.

"Thanks awfully. I say, do forgive me for waking you. I'll be more careful in the future. But, of course, to-morrow you'll be rid of me."

"I haven't thought of it as a release."

"Haven't you? It's awfully nice of you to say that. But you will come and see me?"

"Of course."

"I shall— Well, never mind. Please go back to bed. I'm quite all right now."

"Good night."

She was by the door when she heard him say: "Good night, Rosamund."

DR. HEBERDEN came to say the operation was safely over, the flyer would not be disfigured, but—his sight was done. He had asked for her:

"Tell Miss Gerard that I shall never forget and ask her not to forget."

"He was very brave about it," she commented.

"Yes, a nice lad. The real problem of life is only beginning for him. You'll go and see him?" said the doctor.

"Do you think it will help?"

"More than you know."

He left her to one of her moods of bitter self depreciation, but, mercifully, the ugly mood was broken by a telegram from Margaret. It arrived just as she was sitting down to lunch.

"Can I come for the week-end, M.?"

Oh, happy intervention! It meant that Margaret would be with her on Saturday. The boy was sent off with her whole-hearted yes, and Jane was told to prepare. Max-

garet would be at Knoll Farm for tea, and tea could be set in the loggia.

Jane had failed to replace one of the Persian rugs in the former sick-room just where Rosamund liked it to be, and she was rearranging it when Jane came down the passage.

"The telephone, miss. The hospital."
She went to the telephone while conscious of accusing herself of cowardice.

"Hallo."
"Is that Knoll Farm?"
"Yes, Miss Gerard speaking."
"Oh, Miss Gerard, I hope you will forgive me."

"Who is that?"
"Sister Brown. I wanted to speak to you about Mr. Strange."

"Oh, yes, of course. How is Mr. Strange?"
"Being rather difficult, Miss Gerard. That's why I rang you up. We have him in a private ward. He's most terribly depressed. He keeps asking—"

"Yes."
"When you are coming to see him."
There was a pause, and then Miss Gerard's voice suggested both hesitation and haste.
"Oh, yes, I said I would. But I have had a lot of urgent work, and I have a friend here for the week-end. Yes, perhaps I might manage to come on Monday. I'll ring you up. Please give Mr. Strange my best wishes. Yes, I quite understand that it must be— Quite so, Sister. Try and explain to him."

"Do try and come, Miss Gerard. I believe it will help him. You see, he is suffering now from the mental shock."

"I'm so sorry. Yes, I'll try to come, Good-morning, Sister."

Rosamund came away from the telephone feeling hurt and agitated, with her guarded privacy threatened, and waited tensely for her friend's car. Margaret would arrive looking serene and cool and lovely, even after seventy miles on a road infested by week-end trippers. She would smile and say: "Hallo, my dear, your week-end rush to the sea becomes more and more Gadara," and would slip out of the green sheath of her speed-model and kiss Miss Gerard with lips that were firm and fresh. And that was just how it happened, save that Margaret's front off-wing showed the scars of battle, and her brown eyes had a brittle brightness.

"Sorry. Afraid I'm late. I had a little clash the other side of Helsham."

"Your mudguard."

"Exactly. A fellow cut in on me and then tried to get away with it."

"And didn't?"
"No. I caught him, and made him stop. It's one's duty to be a little candid to nasty people."

The car was put away in the coach-house, and Margaret and her suit-case shepherded to the room whose window overlooked the orchard. "Tea in the loggia, dear," Margaret was at the window, taking off her hat and contemplating the apple blossom and the white narcissi in the very green grass.

Jane had put out the blue Spode tea-service. Jane had produced hot buttered scones. She and Miss Hayle met in the passage and Miss Gerard heard their two voices.

It was the serene friend who sat down in a basket-chair and snuggled into the cushions, and looked at Miss Gerard and the Spode china and the garden with eyes of affection.

How was the new book going? Miss Gerard, having poured out the tea, sat with her hand laid long her cheek. Why had

Margaret asked that question? Margaret was not an asker of questions, especially such direct ones.

"I'm rather stuck for the moment."
"Some character being peevish?"
Miss Gerard made her decision.

"No. We have been a little upset here. An unexpected visitor."

So something had happened to explain why Rosamund was not herself. Her voice seemed to be pitched a tone higher than usual, as though some string in her was under tension. "An aeroplane crashed in the fog over the hill, and we had the pilot on our hands for several days."

Miss Hayle's lashes flickered. She realised that she was looking too intently and curiously at her friend's face.

"Was he badly hurt?"

"Yes. They thought it a hopeless case. I wanted to tell you about it. He is going to recover. They moved him into West-bourn hospital for an operation."

"Successful?"

"It was for his eyes. He is going to be blind."

Miss Hayle reached for the cigarette-box and helped herself.

"Jane's scones need repose. Was there no hope of saving his sight?"

"None."

"Quite a youngster?"

"Oh, about twenty-five, I suppose. I may as well be candid about it. The thing upset me. I had to tell him that he was going to be blind. All rather harrowing and tragic."

"I've had blind children patients, my dear. It's much harder to be blind when you have known what sight is. But why did you have to tell him?"

"It seemed that it might come easier from me."

"For him?"

"I suppose so. And it was so unlike anything in a book. I'm used to my emotion in books."

Miss Hayle sat smoking and looking at the sunlight on a bed of tulips. Miss Gerard was lighting a cigarette, and the flame of the match seemed to gather a slight tremor from Miss Gerard's fingers.

"If you don't want to tell me any more I shall understand."

Miss Gerard turned her face away.

"But I do. I'm bothered. You may as well have the whole of the analysis. I promised to go and see him. And I don't want to."

"Interference."

"Yes. One may have experiences that readjust one's sense of value. One's work is the most exacting thing in one's life, work like mine and yours. It's far more jealous than a man. Then, there is the assumption—"

"That a man child has only to whimper and woman must leave everything and rush to comfort him."

"Yes, and the silly creature does."

"Well, don't go, my dear. Where is the obligation?"

"A promise to go. Besides, the hospital rang up yesterday."

"For hospital interpolate Matron, Sister, or Nurse?"

"It was the sister-in-charge. Would I come and see him. He was dreadfully depressed and difficult, and was asking for me."

Miss Hayle was looking very grave. Possibly she had begun to divine the profundities of her friend's crisis, and that an intelligent egotism could not fish in such deep waters.

"I'm feeling rather shy, Munda. One's never quite so casual and cynical as one sounds."

"Is that how I sound?"

"You know, one gets painfully sensitive in one's doctoring. People have to tell one everything and sometimes one feels—"

Miss Gerard made a sudden movement to her chair.

"Margaret, you have me. Be merciful to me, my dear. I'm being an awful humbug."

"My dear!"

"Let's have the shameful thing out in the light. It's my wretched face. He has never seen it. And somehow I don't want him ever to know. You see, some kind person will be sure to tell him."

Margaret sat forward in her chair. Her face had a sudden softness. She put her cigarette aside and, rising, bent over her friend and kissed her.

"Doesn't it occur to you that some of us never notice it? Why should anybody tell him? Besides, do you think that it would matter?"

"I have been such a coward, always."

"Hardly that, my dear. Tell me, but for that, would you go?"

"Yes."

"Well, I should go."

IF Rosamund's moods fluctuated, so did the temper of the English spring. She rose, went to the window and drew up the blind. The illusion of spring had vanished in the night. It was a grim day, with the young leaves shivering and the tulip heads down, blossom blowing from the trees.

She went shivering back to bed. It had been arranged that Margaret should drive her into Westbourn, but again she was shrinking from her crisis. She lay and listened to the north-east wind making a melancholy sighing in the chimney.

Jane brought in her early morning tea, and, refreshed by this, she got out of bed and went to her mirror. She was conscious of compelling herself to look at her reflection. How she hated her own face! Sudden sunlight shining on the Scotch firs and the green hill. So the day was not to be so grey and dismal as she had feared. Bright intervals. And then she heard the voice of her friend.

"Munda, hello!"

"Hallo, out already?"

"Just going to see that none of my tyres are flat."

Rosamund knew she was becoming more nerve-shaken every moment, but Margaret was present, so the trip could not be shirked.

The County Hospital at Westbourn was like Westbourn itself, very red and hygienic and new. Westbourn was a modern growth, or rather a town without traditions which had been perpetrated by the propertied classes, and whose spacious sea-front was completely a parade.

Sitting beside her friend in the sports coupe, Rosamund saw Westbourn on that Sunday morning as a conglomeration of red roofs like a sore spot on the coast's profile. The sea was very blue and seemed with white horses. Church bells were ringing. The hospital had been built on the crown of a hill, and it was approached by a broad sweep of tarmac. A notice said: "Visitors' cars park here." Miss Hayle backed her coupe between two other cars and switched off the engine.

Miss Gerard seemed unable to make up her mind to leave the car, and her friend, leaning across and opening the near door,

was moved by this other woman's irresolution.

"Why be afraid of being kind? Come on."

Rosamund smiled faintly at her friend, and said, "How silly of me," and turning to confront that large red building she seemed to stand hesitant and mute like a shy creature overwhelmed by some public occasion.

"I shan't be long."

"I'll stroll down and look at the sea."

She went into the hospital slowly; the flowers she carried held slightly to her face.

"Miss Gerard?"

"Yes."

"I'm Sister Brown. The porter gave me a ring."

This woman's eyes were kind. They looked down at Miss Gerard's face as though they saw nothing there that was abnormal. She put out a hand and touched the flowers.

"How lovely! It is good of you to come. Mr. Strange expects you."

She turned and walked with the visitor up the stairs.

"You know, it is really quite wonderful, Miss Gerard, your coming to see us. I imagine you get sick of hearing about your books."

Miss Gerard's face was faintly flushed.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Your books have meant quite a lot to me. Yes, really they have. You do so understand. It must be great to be able to help people."

"So do you, Sister. And perhaps you understand why I may understand."

Sister Brown was thinking to herself, "Yes, your poor face. What hard luck!"

and since even the most practical of women can be romanticists, Sister Brown was suddenly discovering unexpected subtleties in the situation. Her mental picture of the celebrated Douglas Gerard had been that of a mature and middle-aged woman, a little dowdy perhaps, but kind and self-assured, and Miss Gerard was almost a girl and as shy as some gentle old lady.

"I think I ought to tell you one or two things about Mr. Strange."

"Yes, Sister."

"Come into my room."

There was one armchair in the Sister's room, and beside it a lacquer table, and on this table Miss Gerard saw three little books. Such books came to her often through the post and she recognised the genius, Sister Brown, planting herself upon the bed, saw and smiled.

"Yes, autograph books. Would you mind? Three of our nurses. You can use my pen."

Miss Gerard was feeling comforted. She had expected strange and unfriendly faces, and was finding herself among friends.

"I expect you have to do so much writing. Do you really write all your books by hand?"

"Yes."

"And they are in Braille too?"

"Most of them."

"Mr. Strange was asking—"

"I am sorry he had to," Rosamund put down the pen. "How is he, really?"

"Terribly depressed. What seems to worry him most, Miss Gerard, is the future."

"Yes, I can understand."

"What I mean is he seems to have a horror of being helpless and dependent upon other people."

"A question of pride?"

"Yes, I suppose it is. If you could suggest something, insist on him realising that he need not be a parasite."

"Parasite?"

"That's the word he is always using. People are so different, you know, in their make-up. I have had men in my wards

who would be content to lie there and be waited on for the rest of their lives. But this lad is so horribly sensitive about giving trouble."

"Yes, he would be—and now?"

Sister Brown led the way.

They had put him in a private room, a little, oblong white box whose window seemed to fill the whole of one wall. There was just room for the bed, the bed-table and two chairs. Sunlight was pouring in. The red coverlet on the bed contrasted with the white austerity of this cell.

Nor during those first moments could he find anything to say to her. He, too, seemed paralysed by the poignancy of her presence. She was not even sound to him as yet, only a drift of sweet perfume like some pale flower scenting the night. And then his right hand made a movement and came to lie palm upwards in the hollow of his splintered arm.

"Are you really there?"

Her response was a sudden, shy and almost austere bending towards the bed. She placed the flowers in the upturned hand.

"I brought you these."

He put the flowers to his face.

"Wallflowers and something else. Out of your garden?"

"Yes, Wallflowers and narcissus."

He laid the flowers on the bed and his hand returned to the same position. He wanted her to hold that hand, but his sensitiveness was so shy and inarticulate as here, for what right had he to exact anything or to count upon her compassion?

"They are being awfully kind to me here."

"I'm glad, Sister Brown seems a dear."

"I've been longing for you to come."

Her hand went out and touched his. "Yes, Olive," and she felt his fingers fold themselves over hers. He lay silently, with his blind face turned towards her.

"Do you mind? Just for a little while?"

"Why should I mind?"

"Have you ever lain awake at night before an examination and felt that you are bound to fail? Or those nights when all the rotten and futile things in yourself seem to come and sit beside your bed?"

"I think I know."

"But how could you ever feel like that?"

"In some ways I'm a dreadful failure."

He seemed to turn slightly in the bed.

"You, a failure! No, that doesn't seem possible to me. Anyone with a voice like yours, anyone who can understand as you do."

"In some ways I have been a very selfish woman."

"I don't believe it. You have given so much to people in your books."

"Why talk about me? It is your future—"

"May I tell you?"

"Of course."

"I'm so horribly afraid of self-pity, of becoming a sort of parasite. You see, one's got to feel necessary, a person, a part of things, or go mad. It's the prospect of sitting alone in a dark corner like an idiot child that frightens me. I know that in a way I have to begin all over again, learn things, teach myself, but it's the idea of being alone in a dark corner—"

Before she had realised what he was doing he had drawn her hand to his lips and kissed her fingers.

"If I could see you just once a week. How one clings to a habit of speech! I can't see you, but I can listen and feel."

There were other reasons why she was glad that he could not see her face.

"Once a week, yes, Olive. And now I must go, my dear. A friend drove me in

and she is waiting. Try not to feel afraid of the future."

He let her hand go.

"I'm not so afraid now."

She found herself in the corridor at the head of the stairs. They were empty and she was glad. She was not conscious of descending the stairs, or of the high windows and the glare of light upon the white walls and her face. Margaret, sitting waiting in the car, saw her friend appear on the hospital steps.

"Sorry I have been so long, Margaret."

Margaret, glancing at her friend's face, discovered upon it a kind of inward shoen.

"Hallo. Just been looking at the map. I thought we might run over to Bodiam this afternoon."

Miss Gerard got into the car, and Dr. Hayle folded up the map and slipped it into a door-pocket.

"How do you feel about Bodiam?"

"I should love to go."

Bodiam was looking very black to-day, and the setting sun was making an effort to shine upon the grey walls and the rusted steel of the moat. The two women had climbed one of the towers, and Miss Gerard, standing by the battlements and looking out across the green valley of the Rother, made a surprising confession.

"Margaret, I am going to adopt a child."

Her friend refrained from the obvious question. "What child?"

"Don't ask me anything for a moment. I am being the conventional humbug, and yet not completely so. One may know that one is doing a thing wilfully."

Dr. Hayle looked at her with troubled affection.

"Wilfulness may be quite a good reason. But your work, Munda?"

"Oh, my work, yes! I was becoming a little bored with it. What one might call living on paper. I might not want to work, or I might want to work differently. It all arises from the urge towards self-expression. I haven't expressed myself as an actual woman."

So it was this blind, obscure and almost nameless boy who was wrecking her serenity. And Rosamund of all people!

Miss Gerard put her hand to her cheek.

"I want to be hurt. I want to feel things for myself. It may sound terribly crude and physiological, but I want to take the risks any ordinary woman accepts. I've been frightened of life, scared of my own silly face. Probably I shall go on being frightened, just as a mother dreads what a child may do and say."

Her friend looked down at the water and listened to it lapping against the stones.

"Do you mean, Munda, that you are going to take that blind young man to live with you?"

"Yes."

"I see. I think I understand. Of course, I know you realise what this other personality may do to your creative self."

Miss Gerard seemed to smile.

"My creative self! Yes. What is it exactly? A kind of mediumship. It seems to give pleasure to thousands of people, and often it has given great pleasure to me. But aren't there other forms of creativeness, Margaret? No, I'm not being sentimental. There are things I have craved for and never had; things I have wanted to give and never been able to give. May I leave it at that?"

Sister Brown could have told Miss Gerard that there were other people in the world who might be afraid of being emotionally foolish, and that some men are just like sensitive children. This particular patient had been a solitary child. He had not been brought up in a big family and

taught to shout and swagger. Sister Brown had written letters for him, one to his landlady enclosing two pound notes, and yet another to Mr. Cash, of the Blue Hawk Company. There had been no reply from Mr. Cash, but a good woman in a London suburb had packed two suit-cases and dispatched them to Westbourn Hospital.

Later on that particular day, she found him sitting at the open window with his right hand lying on the sill. He had learnt to distinguish her footsteps from those of the nurse.

"Shall I be, I mean am I, very disgraced?" he asked.

"Not at all."

"Think Miss Gerard's day, isn't it?"

"She said she would come."

"Could I have the bandage off?"

"I think you might."

He sat listening for the car carrying Rosamund towards him.

When Rosamund opened the door she saw him sitting in a chair by the window with the sunlight shining on his hair. She was aware of his face turning to her quickly and of those dropped lids that made him appear asleep, but the lower part of his face was swiftly and sensitively vital.

"You see I'm up and dressed."

He was on his feet and trying to place the armchair for her, but the other and very ordinary chair was in the way. She went quickly round the bed and removed the obstacle.

"This will do for me, Clive."

"No, this one. Is it all right now?"

"Yes."

"I'm beginning to get the hang of some things. If the backs of your legs touch the chair you know you won't be sitting down on nothing."

She was still standing in the narrow space between bed and window. She had put her flowers on the bed, and she recovered them and placed them on his knees.

"The sun has brought out the scent."

She asked him whether he had heard anything from the Blue Hawk Company and Mr. Cash, and he understood that she was wondering whether he was short of money. He was sensitive about money. He said that Sister Brown had written for him to Mr. Cash, but that Mr. Cash's motto had always been: "When a thing begins to be a nuisance, scrap it."

"But he has insured his pilots."

"Oh, yes. I'm not worrying. The insurance people will pay up. I think I told you that I had a little private income. I shall be able to manage. What is much more important I have managed to shave myself."

He seemed on the edge of laughter, and she was touched by his courage.

"That is important. But, Clive, I think someone ought to take up the matter officially with the company."

"Lawyers?"

"Yes. Why not let my London lawyers act for you? Shall I write to them?"

How good of her to trouble. His blind face was turned to the sunlight.

"Why should you bother?"

"Why should one bother about anything? There are other necessities beside that of earning one's living. Your future matters to you."

He was silent for a moment.

"I did nothing but think about it."

"Not frightened now?"

"Yes, a little. When one wakes up in the middle of the night. Everything so still. One does feel rather like a frightened kid. One has to realise that one mustn't let go."

"No, you mustn't do that."

"One has to accept the fact that lots of things are going to be denied one."

"What things, my dear?"

He hesitated.

"Oh, what the ordinary man can count on. I've got to adapt. The one thing I have a horror of is becoming peculiar, abnormal, a parasite."

"Please don't use that word."

"But isn't it adequate? I have been considering the things a blind man can do. Sister Brown's been reading me some literature on the subject. Massage, piano tuning, music, some forms of handicraft. I suppose I ought to get into some training centre for the blind."

"Do any of those things appeal to you?"

"Not much. Pianos are rather out of date, aren't they? I shouldn't mind being a masseur. I should feel I was doing a job that helped people."

She put a hand to her cheek.

"And where would you live?"

"That is rather a problem, isn't it? I suppose I should have to live in a hostel for the blind, or find a corner where someone would suffer my gropings. And supposing one grew exacting and querulous and funny?"

"You'll never be that. Clive, I'm going to say a terrible thing to you. I've been a very selfish woman. There are moments in one's life when one feels quite naked. I wish you would let me help you."

His blind face was turned to her.

"No one is helping me as you are. I think I should have gone potty but for your voice and your—"

"Wait. You don't quite understand. It is quite terrible that I should have to say this to you. I want to help you in a way that the world would think silly and sentimental. If you had a mother—What I mean is, someone ought to take care of you while you are learning to adapt."

"I don't quite understand. I mean, I can't think that anyone like you—"

She felt smothered, inarticulate. And suddenly she stood up, bent over him, and put her lips to his forehead.

"I can't tell you, Clive, I simply can't. Try not to think of me as just a fool. Good-bye."

And she left him sitting there staring with blind eyelids at the closed door.

Sister Brown sailed in with her cheerful, maternal voice.

"Hallo, my dear, what is it?"

He stood rigid.

"Please shut the door, Sister. I—I want a car."

"A car?"

"Yes; I must go out. I'm quite fit to go out for a little while. It will do me good."

She had watched his lips moving. What had Miss Gerard said to him, or failed to say? The woman in Sister Brown was feeling that something had happened between them to cause this crisis, and that this was no sudden, restless whim. And why refuse, why be official?

"Do you really feel fit?"

"Absolutely, Sister."

"Dr. Steel's in the hospital. I'll go and ask him."

"Need you, Sister? It's such a little thing."

"Yes, I must do that."

He heard the door close, and her footsteps passing down the corridor.

She returned to smile her pleasure at seeing him so pleased, and so it happened that he went out in the afternoon, and Mary was the first to see him coming.

"Oh, miss, Mr. Strange is here."

Miss Gerard so lost her color that the

wine-colored patch on her left cheek seemed to flare.

"Mr. Strange?"

"Yes, he's come in a car, miss. He's waiting in the car outside the gate."

"Take Prince in with you, Mary. He is not very accustomed to visitors."

The dog stood stone-still and looked at his mistress.

"You need not take him by the collar. Yes, Prince, go with Mary."

When his mistress spoke to him in this way the dog's docility matched his dignity. That fool girl had withdrawn her hand from his collar, and Prince, with another glance at Miss Gerard, walked solemnly down the hill.

The near door of the closed car was hanging open, and Rosamund approached it with a feeling that everything on this spring day was meant.

He said to her: "Please don't scold me."

As if she would. Moreover, the chauffeur was behind her, a paternal and beefy person ever ready for the day's good deed.

"Can I help the gentleman out, miss?"

"Please. I'll get into the car, if you will help at the door."

She slipped in and sat down beside him.

"Do you think you can manage to walk up the drive?"

"Of course."

"We must be careful of that arm."

The chauffeur was a man of understanding. He laid hold of Clive's left ankle and guided his foot to the running-board. "That's it, sir. Just wait a moment. Put your arm over my shoulder." Her touches were not needed until she followed him from the car, and placed herself beside him.

"Take my arm."

She smiled at the chauffeur. "Please go up to the house and they will give you tea."

"May I drive up and turn, miss?"

"Yes."

They were close to the house now.

"I have a little hill set with trees, high above the sea. One can just hear the sea to-day."

"Let's go there."

"You're strong enough?"

"Oh, yes."

He could feel the sun on his face, and a light breeze coming from over the sea. Presently the shadows of the trees touched them as the hill spread into a little plateau.

"Trees?"

"Yes, old Scotch firs. Very splendid and tall."

"I can smell them and hear them."

She had let go of his hand. The short turf was dry and warm, and the shadows of the trees patterning it behind them. There was silence between them for a moment, a consciousness that was separate and subtle. His hand rested on the grass, palm downwards and close to her.

"It's quite wonderful here."

"Nothing but sea and sky. Both are very blue. And each side of us is a valley full of oak trees just coming into leaf. Gold and green. And below them masses of gorse."

"Is it all yours?"

"Yes. Frightfully selfish of me to like it to be all mine."

"I don't think so. Isn't it what you need for your work?"

"I tell myself so."

Again he was silent, and she sat watching his face.

"Rosamund."

"Yes?"

"Will you tell me the truth? Am I rather terrible to look at?"

"No one would know. Just as though you had your eyes shut. That's all."
"Why are we so afraid of each other?" she said after a pause.

"How do you know that?"
"How does one know? I think I knew it at once when you came so strangely into my life."

His blind face quivered.
"You don't mean—? I mean, it's natural for me to care. But you!"
"I do care. Is that shameful of me? Well, it's true."

He was blurring out all his sensitive doubts and doubts to her. He could not take so much and give so little.

She had ceased to watch herself and to listen to her own voice. That wretched, analytical other self seemed to be submerged. She was just woman to her blind love.

"Think of me, Clive. Isn't it the sort of job a woman might ask for? Something in me can be fulfilled in you."

"It's too wonderful."
"Well, that's as it should be. Isn't it? We are going to make life new and lovely for each other."

"But your work?"
"Oh, my work! Do you think it is going to suffer? I know now that I want you more than I want my work. And you?"

"Of course I do. I shall want you, always and everywhere. That's what makes me so afraid. But I'll not be a wretched sponger. Munda, I'll learn to do things. I know I can do things if you help me."

AFTER that visit to Knoll Farm Sister Brown had gone in to find him sitting at his window. His face puzzled her. It was alert, almost apathetic, though it would never become the sleepy, soapy countenance.

"Which way did you go?"
He seemed to hesitate.

"I wanted to see Miss Gerard," and Sister Brown, moved by the meaning behind those words, was also moved to traverse a rather difficult silence by giving voice to what might be obvious to her and helpful to him.

"What a charming woman, and so good-looking."

"Yes, Sister, more than that."
His reticence made her understand that he did not wish to talk about Miss Gerard. His visit to Knoll Farm seemed to have depressed him. Well, no doubt, life could be very tantalising when precious things seemed to hang just out of reach.

"We have had a letter about you."

"Oh! What about me?"

"The doctor employed by the Insurance company is coming to see you to-morrow."

"Must I see him?"

"Of course. It's just a formality. It will mean that you won't have to worry about money."

She saw his lips move as though repeating the word. Money! There were other things that were worrying him far more desperately.

"All right, Sister. You'll be with me, won't you?"

"If you want me to be."

The strange doctor had only to look at those empty sockets to be able to report upon the finality of the case. He came. He was a rather flaccidly complacent and obvious person. Almost he had the artificial voice of the cleric or the purveyor of charity. He was stupidly superior to the sick and the disabled. He spoke kindly and patronisingly over Clive like a eugenicist labelling an idiot child.

"Yes, yes, quite obvious. Deplorable luck. Well, my lad, we must make the best of things."

Sister Brown had seen the blind man wince. She returned to his room when the doctor had gone and found him significantly silent.

It was Dr. Steel's visiting day and she did contrive to warn the doctor that No. 7 was restless and depressed. Dr. Steel was a rather irritable and abrupt little man, who suffered so much from dyspeptic moods of his own that he found it somewhat difficult to tolerate them in others. He was a surgeon, not psychologist.

"Bound to be a bit moody, Sister. Don't humor him too much. He must get used to things."

Dr. Steel, like his name, had acquired professional polish. He was precise, efficient, meticulously thorough, a professional purist, more concerned with dissecting the flesh than comprehending the spirit. Some people called him a hard little man.

Clive's blind face was turned to the doctor.

"Anything the matter, sir?"

"Your fingernails, young man. Quite filthy."

Sister Brown saw the blind face go polt-nant.

"I'm sorry. One doesn't realise."

Dr. Steel replaced the patient's hand on the bed.

"Quite so. That will have to be part of your education. A trifle, but significant."

Out in the corridor Dr. Steel was surprised and perhaps a little piqued by the Sister's candor.

"It was my fault really. I don't think you need have told him that."

"Discipline, Sister. Self-regard, especially in the blind, is built up on such details."

She wanted to say to him, "You little prig," but one could not be so frank to a senior member of the staff, nor would the impertinence have produced any helpful effect, but when she had shed her duties to Dr. Steel she hurried back to No. 7. He was lying with his face half-hidden in the pillow, the fingers of the offending hand tucked in, clenched.

"Would you like to get up now?"

"What's the use, Sister?"

He was so like a hurt and miserable child that she went and sat on the edge of his bed.

"Not worrying about what that little prig said, are you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, come now, it's nothing."

He turned his blind face to her.

"He was so horribly right, Sister. I shan't ever know when my hands are filthy. And everything can be like that."

"Nonsense, my dear. A nail-brush and soap and water, and Dr. Steel can go hither and yon. You shall have your own manicure set. Don't you see the joke?"

He could not see the joke. He was thinking of Rosamund who, just then, was examining a number of books upon the Blind. Her latest manuscript had disappeared, thrust away into a drawer, and if Jane drew her own conclusions she did not pass them on.

She discovered that there were persons known as Home Teachers, and Dr. Hebetden was able to tell her that Westbourn possessed one such instructor who travelled round in a baby car visiting his pupils. An institution was not essential. A blind man could be taught Braille in his own home, and to use a typewriter and take down dictation. Also he could learn certain crafts, such as basketmaking and weaving; he could be taught gardening and poultry-keeping. He could dance, he could row, he could swim.

Moreover, both Jane and Dr. Hebetden detected in Miss Gerard a change of posture in her confrontation of the world. She was shedding her shell, and tempering her hypersensitive self to human contacts.

"I'm thinking of buying a car and driving myself. Can you recommend me a local agent?"

"Campbells of Westbourn are good people."

"They could teach me?"

"Of course."

Miss Gerard rang up Messrs. Campbell, and the particular car and a demonstrator arrived the same afternoon. She liked the look and the performance of the car; it was a pretty peacock blue saloon, with fawn upholstery. Yes, this particular car was for sale. She arranged to buy it and to be given driving lessons, and to apply at once for a driving licence.

"How long will it take me to learn?"

"Six lessons, Miss Gerard."

But she was mistress of the machine in three. She had "hands," and that feeling for speed, poise, and position that is described as road sense. Prince, promoted to one of the back seats, would, to begin with, lick the back of her neck until she was able to persuade him that such attentions were not quite necessary.

It was during this process of self-re-education that Sister Brown rang up. No, she could not say what she had to say on the telephone.

"We haven't seen you for several days."

"I've been rather busy. No, my dear, I'm not being elusive."

"Can I come over and see you? It is my afternoon off to-morrow."

"I'll send a car for you, Sister."

Sister Brown in muff and without her hat was somehow different, a more spreading person, vaguely shy, and asking for her hands to be given occupation. She had been rehearsing her part in opposition to Miss Gerard, but in Miss Gerard's presence she found herself "drying up." The things she had proposed to say would not be said.

She was conscious of feeling undressed and impertinent, a woman whose touch became hesitant and uncertain when she was removed from the familiar surroundings of her authority and put into party clothes. Her shyness might have reacted unhappily on Miss Gerard had not she divined the complexities of the occasion, and felt herself inevitably, if strangely, at ease with it.

Possibly Sister Brown would have wandered round and round the subject, looking for some discreet and happy opening, had not Miss Gerard made the first encouraging gesture.

"I have just bought a car. I was beginning to realise that I was shutting myself up too much."

"Going to drive it yourself?"

"Yes, Campbells are giving me lessons. I would have fetched you to-day if I had felt myself quite safe in traffic."

"Yes, I suppose with your work the tendency is to be rather seclusive."

"And my face, my dear."

Sister Brown looked shocked.

"Surely that doesn't worry you?"

"It did, and does, but I think I am getting over it. Help yourself to toast."

Sister Brown took both toast and courage.

"Your telling me that makes me feel that you do think of me as a friend."

"Of course I do, my dear."

"That makes it easier. I wanted to talk to you about Clive. You see, you are the one person—"

She looked a little anxiously at Miss Gerard, but Miss Gerard's face was douce and tranquil.

"He has had rather a bad patch. Acute depression."

"Afraid of the future?"

"Not only that, but go afraid of being a clog on other people."

Miss Gerard put out her hand for Sister Brown's cup.

"More tea. Somehow I am not afraid of you, Sister. I have come to the conclusion that self-expression cannot be consummated on paper. When he leaves you I want him to come to me."

The Sister's face was infinitely serious.

"For good?"

"For my good, if you like. So you understand. I find that he could be taught here to learn the things that the blind must know, to read and to use his hands. And then you will understand that I can teach him many things and that he can teach me even more."

"Yes, I understand, my dear. There is only one difficulty."

"And that?"

"He might refuse. He is not the ordinary sort of man."

"I think I know. And perhaps I'm not the ordinary sort of woman. I know how difficult and delicate some books can be for the person who has to interpret them. One needs humility, tenderness, so much understanding. I feel that he would be rather like a live book to me."

"It would be a very blessed thing for him."

"And for me. I think, Sister, it will have to be a kind of conspiracy. I am arranging everything here and when I am ready I shall want you to help me."

OLIVE had not seen Rosamund for five days.

He sat and brooded over her silence. He was both glad and sorry; glad, because his self-wounding seemed so right; sorry, because the darkness without her was so complete.

Also the month had continued in a harsh mood, and the sun upon his window had been a thin and glacial gleam, but with the first warm day Sister Brown's presence brought him a new and exquisite pain.

"Miss Gerard's coming this morning. She is going to take you out in her car."

"Her car?"

"Yes, she has bought one, and been taught to drive."

Sister Brown divined his inward tumult.

"Are my nails clean, Sister?"

"Yes, dear, perfect. Let's look at the chin. You are quite clever now with that razor."

At half-past ten he went down the stairs on Sister Brown's arm. Miss Gerard was sitting in her car. She opened the door, got out, came towards them and suddenly stood still, for without being able to see her he had somehow divined her nearness and seemed to know where she was standing. Both of them were dumb.

Rosamund took her place; doors were slammed, and with care and an air of complete concentration she drove the car out of the hospital courtyard and on to the high road.

"Do you mind if I attend to business for five minutes?"

"Traffic?"

"Yes. My driving isn't quite subconscious yet. I thought we would take the coast road. There is a rather pleasant spot between here and Shinglerford. One can park on the grass and go down to the sea."

"I'd love that."

At the place she had chosen, the sea had receded from the cliff, leaving an arc

of meadow, dyke and sand, and the texture of it was still unaltered. No bungalows could be built here, and the great world had not rushed to foul the very thing it came to enjoy. The car was parked on the grass beside the road.

She saw him feeling for the door handle.

"Let's see if I can get myself out."

She came round from the off-side to find him standing with a little smile on his face.

"That was easy."

"Shall we go and sit by the sea?"

"Yes."

"Take my hand."

She guided him to a patch of sand and they sat down, with little sleepy waves unfurling themselves like rolls of silk within a few yards of their feet. The sun and the sand were warm, and she watched him spreading his hands to the sun and raising his face to it.

"Oh, this is good."

Serenity, the swish of the sea, a blue surface crimped with silver, the warm sun. This perfect day seemed created for perfect understanding.

"Rosamund, I want to tell you things. I've been so tied up. It seems easier here."

"Whatever you say, I think I shall understand."

"Will you? I wonder? I've been feeling such a useless thing. The old terror came back."

"Tell me."

"The horror of being a parasite. But I think I shall conquer that sort of cowardice. I realise that I shall have to go into some institution and get educated all over again. It's silly, but one rather shrinks from strangers."

"Just how and why? I'm not a stranger, then?"

He turned his blind face to her. "You? No, and yes. Everything about you is beautifully familiar and yet strange. You're as vivid to me as the sun and the sand and that sea. I have my own inward picture of you. Shall I describe it? Yes, you have very dark hair, and one of those white skins, and brown eyes, rather large brown eyes. That's how I see you. That's how I shall go on seeing you when I have to go away."

She was sitting there in a frozen silence of her own, her hands clasping her knees. This terrible and dear illusion! Should she destroy it, be ruthlessly honest, take her coward self and strip it before his inward eyes?

Meanwhile, his hands had found pebbles in the sand and he was throwing stones into the sea.

"Olive."

Her voice had a new note for him. It seemed to strike the silence like one of those stones hitting the water.

"I want you to know that I am not at all like that."

"Like what?"

"Your picture-paper, film-star person."

"Lord, do you think I see you like that?"

"I want you to see me somewhat as I am. Has no one told you that I am a little disfigured?"

"No."

"Oh, my dear, you must know. I've always been so silly and sensitive about it, a thing I was born with, what they call a naevus, on one cheek."

"Which cheek?"

"The one near you."

He put up a hand and touched her cheek, and his fingers were like an infant's fingers softly exploring her face.

"There isn't anything there."

"No, only a little discoloration."

"Just where?"

She put her hand and guided his fingers to the place. And then he did a thing that filled her with strange wonder and exultation. He came close and put his lips to the place.

"There's nothing there for me. You weren't afraid, were you?"

"Horribly."

"But you don't understand, Munda, that there never will be anything like that to me? Don't you understand that you are all sorts of things, a voice, something warm and wonderful and sweet, hands, a presence. I can't describe it all. I can't see you, but I seem to feel and know you all the more wonderfully. Don't you understand?"

She took one of his hands and held it between both of hers.

"It is very wonderful, Olive."

"To me, yes. That you should care for a wretched blind creak."

"You will never be that."

"And you will always be the most wonderful thing in the world to me. This isn't just silly sentiment, Munda."

"I never hope to fail you, dear."

"I think I have more right to that fear, haven't I?"

After returning him then going home, she marvelled that she, a woman who had never been loved, might become silly about the one man who could love her. Indubitably she would need correctives, a periodic and bitter draught of honest candour, and she sat down and wrote to Margaret Hayle. She asked Margaret to come to her for the week-end. She wanted Margaret and Olive to meet.

And then there arrived for her that unexpected and very stimulating draught, sister Norah, transported in a taxi from Westbourn, complete with suit-case and will force. She had always hated strenuous, pallid Norah with her goat's eyes and fuz of a chin, perhaps because in her childish days she had feared her eldest sister's bullying common sense. There was no subtlety in Norah. She saw the whole world according to Norah, and lectured it, or lightened up her hard mouth and defied it.

Even the dog growled at the invader like some ungallant and instinctively suspicious male.

"I don't like your dog, Rose. Better shut him up somewhere. Yes, I couldn't let you know."

Rosamund stood holding Prince by the collar. She was no longer afraid of her elder sister, though Norah still roused in her elemental shuddering. She was the sort of person who used sandpaper to your soul, and rubbed hard and ruthlessly and with the assumption that everything that she said and did was for the good of that selfsame soul.

"I'll just take my suit-case upstairs."

Would she, indeed! And what had inspired this sudden and botcherous descent upon Sussex? Miss Gerard could divine the reason. But she and the Alsatian occluded the passage, and both dog and mistress were quivering with restrained emotion. "I'm sorry, Norah. I can't put you up. You will have to go down to Westbourn."

She was aware of her sister's pebble eyes staring at her as they had stared at her in her childish days. Norah's eyes could be so fierce and cold. "Don't be silly. Do what I tell you." And Miss Gerard felt both her face and her consciousness flushing with old hatreds and humiliations.

"I'm afraid I have sent the taxi away. If you have a visitor I don't mind camping."

Miss Gerard was trying not to shake.
"The only plain language you ever understand, Norah, is your own. Forgive me. I can phone for a taxi later. You would like some tea?"

She was aware of her sister replacing the suit-case on the oak chest in the passage.

"Oh, I see. It's like that. You never did have any feeling of responsibility for other people, Rose."

Miss Gerard smiled a little, wincing smile.

"Plain language, Norah. There is no need for you to say that I am a selfish woman. I like being selfish. Come in and sit down. Quiet, Prince. I'll ring for tea."

Norah straddled in the doorway. "I may as well tell you that I have come to borrow money."

"Thank you, Norah. Is this one of my responsibilities?"

"Well, blood is thicker than water, isn't it?"

"Unfortunately it is."

Norah could always produce a number of pseudo-biological or ethical sayings to prove to you what your duty was to the family or to the community, nor would she be put off with irony, or surrender to humour. She walked into her sister's parlor and found it surprisingly occupied by a bed.

"Not that room, Norah."

"So I see. Regular house-party."

Shepherded into what had been the dining-room she sat down on the parlor sofa which had been removed to the window, and took off her hat. It was a hard, domestic, uncompromising hat, and under it her hair was shabbily grey. Obviously she was tired, worried, and out of temper, but Rosamund Gerard had never found it possible to be sorry for Norah. You might just as well try to be sorry for a piece of white rubber hose that remained indomitably cussed and contradictory, even when you attempted to rescue it from kinks and tangles.

"You have been buying more furniture."

"No, it's just the same."

"This sofa's new?"

"No, Norah, it isn't."

"Well, you have had it re-covered. I can't afford such things."

Miss Gerard had rung the bell. Prince, lying on the hearthrug, was watching Norah Snade with steadfast and motionless malevolence.

"Oh, Jane, we'll have tea, please."

"Yes, miss."

Rosamund left her sister the sofa and sat down by the little gate-legged tea-table, and Prince came to lie beside her chair.

What was the trouble in the Snade household? Norah was not like sister Phoebe; she did not gush or exert charm, but fired both barrels point-blank at you. Had not Rosamund heard that poor Herbert had been sued by a patient for failing to show reasonable skill and care in treating that particular patient? The case had appeared in the papers. Her sister's face became intense and turgid. She mouthed, Yes, a most disgraceful business! The judge had summed up most unjudicially against poor Herbert, and the jury had assessed the damages at five hundred pounds. Then there were the costs to be considered. Of course poor Herbert's professional reputation was bound to suffer. Also poor Herbert was not well.

"What do you want me to do, Norah?"

Her sister's face and throat seemed to swell.

"Why, help us. You are a rich woman, Rose, and you have no liabilities. It is an absolute disaster for us. Herbert hasn't been able to save."

Jane appeared with the tea and the problem had to be put aside for the moment, but directly the door had closed on Jane, Mrs. Snade's big chin became active.

"I don't know what we are going to do. We shall have to pay this legal blackmail. Herbert may have to commute his life insurance. Then there is Walker at his prep school, and last term's fees."

Her sister was pouring out tea and feeling moved to counter the assumption that her only liabilities were those of blood-relationship. She might help the Snades but she was not inclined to regard it as a duty.

"Sugar, Norah?"

"Don't you remember that I never take sugar?"

"I'm afraid I had forgotten. Prince does. Just one lump, once a day."

She balanced a lump on the dog's nose and he tossed it up and caught it, while Norah Snade contemplated the piece of juggling as though it supplied her with a further proof of the irresponsible silliness of her sister.

"You spoil that dog."

"We both like it. But, Norah, I want to explore the sociological assumptions of this case. Am I to understand that because I am your sister, and unmarried, and somewhat wealthy, I am under an obligation to you and your family?"

Mrs. Snade stirred her tea, in spite of the absence of sugar.

"Well, isn't it natural?"

"You said a moment ago that I have no liabilities. How do you know that I have no other claims on me?"

"Oh, charities, of course. I suppose you do subscribe," and Norah emitted one of her characteristic laughs, a kind of abrupt hiccup. Charity! The unwanted woman's cheque book! An exquisite recklessness stirred in her sister.

"As a matter of fact, Norah, I think I am going to be married."

Her sister's face was just like one of those blank and bald faces in a flashlight photograph. Rosamund going to be married!

"As a matter of fact it is an airman, Norah, but he will give up flying."

An airman! Then he was young, and most probably dissolute and irresponsible. Had not Herbert told her that all airmen drank?

"Really! Then he is quite young?"

"Quite. Younger than I am."

"Has he any money?"

"Yes."

"My dear, it all sounds rather like the war. Do you think you are being quite wise?"

"I'm not contemplating being wise."

"But, my dear Rose!"

Miss Gerard was looking at the bottom of her teacup.

"You downright and masterful women are so very transparent, Norah. I wish you would not 'my dear' me."

"Just as you please, Rose. But I do say what I think."

"Relatively, yes. But if I were equally frank you would be offended."

"I don't think so."

"You and Phoebe both come to me for money. And you both hate me because of it. You grew up to regard me as a poor thing, and my ridiculous success has been an offence to you. But that does not prevent either of you from accepting my help."

How would Norah react to such plain speaking? As she had always done, with bustling assurance and suburban scorn?

"Don't be so absurdly sensitive. You always did imagine things, Rose. Phoebe

and I have always realised that you were not quite normal."

"Because of my face?"

"Well, one doesn't want to emphasise what has been obvious."

"Thank you, Norah."

Miss Gerard bent down to pat the dog's head.

"Animals are so much kinder, and in some ways so much more subtle. Prince does not ask me to write cheques. Excuse me a moment."

She left her sister lighting a cigarette, and going up to her working room she took out her cheque book and sat reflecting. Let this be a judgment of Solomon, a magnanimous and mischievous act which would satisfy her soul and put an end to all future exactions. She wrote Norah Snade a cheque for three hundred pounds, folded it up, and smiled at the fir trees on their hill. Why had she not told Norah that her lover was blind? Almost she could hear her sister's laughter, and the crudely facetious things that she and Phoebe might say to each other. But if Norah accepted this cheque in spite of what had passed between them, then she could remember in the future to be ruthless.

She watched her sister's face as she unfolded the cheque. Norah was disappointed; she had hoped for five hundred pounds.

"Much obliged to you, Rose. Shall I write you an IOU?"

"No need for that, Norah. It is a present."

"Isn't it rather nice to be able to write people cheques like this?"

"In this case, yes, Norah, because it will be the last."

"Oh, if you are feeling like that I had better tear it up."

But Miss Gerard was quite sure that the cheque would not suffer sudden death. Her sister's fat fingers fiddled with it for three seconds and then tucked it away.

"I'll accept it as a loan, Rose. Herbert is rather a proud little man. He shall send you an IOU."

Miss Gerard rang the bell for Jane.

"Oh, Jane, please, will you ring up Campbells and ask them to send a taxi for Mrs. Snade."

"With pleasure, miss."

Jane meant it, and was determined that Norah should understand she meant it.

When Rosamund saw Margaret her fear of her friend became ridiculous. Moreover, there were tell-tale objects even in the blue-doored coach-house to enlighten Margaret's eyes: an oil-drum, cleaning materials, half a dozen petrol cans, and on the floor fresh oil droppings and the wheel-marks of a car.

"What make is it, my dear?"

Miss Gerard was removing Margaret's suit-case from the back locker.

"You wide-eyed wench! Yes, I have had the thing about a week and I'm loving it."

Jane gave them tea in the loggia, and Rosamund remembered that on this warm day Margaret would be wanting to bathe. A path led down by way of one of the valleys to a secret stretch of beach that formed part of the property.

"Like to bathe, Margaret?"

"Not unless you will."

"Yes, I'll swim with you if you won't go too far out."

Margaret may have had a reason for speaking of her own particular and professional affairs, perhaps because she divined her friend's trembling upon the brink of intimate confessions.

Margaret was rather full of her latest and most sensational case. "For after all, my dear, one has a right to be dashed pleased about a piece of work that means someone being able to make a job of life." Miss Gerard could echo Margaret's throb of exaltation. Was she not engaged in just such an adventure? But it was not until they were following the valley path under the golden fingers of the oaks with chervil covering the green growth with white lace, that she put her own problem into words.

"I want Clive to meet you. He is coming up to tea to-morrow. You won't mind?"

Margaret might have retorted like sister Nora: "Don't be silly," but with so different a meaning. Instead, she said:

"It is one of the things I want very much."

"Thanks, so do I. Because I rather think you will understand that I am not being a hopeless fool."

"I know you better than that."

"No, Margaret, no one knows anyone really, only in bits and moments. I'm just the sort of woman who might have been incorrigibly desperate. It is rather terrible to feel grateful to some creature for caring—"

"My dear!"

"Oh, yes it is. It should be revolting to one's pride and one's feeling for life, but in this case one can strip oneself of the merely defensive things. He knows how much you are my friend."

"Thank you."

"Those who matter are being strangely kind to me. Women are decent to each other, Margaret. Men don't realise that. All the silly male cynicisms."

"And he?"

"Oh, by the way, he knows about my face. I told him. Somehow, it doesn't seem to make any difference."

"Why did you tell him?"

"More through cowardice than courage, perhaps. I was so afraid that some woman like my sister Nora might tell him."

Miss Gerard had built a bathing hut under the cliff, and Margaret noticed that someone had been at work here dividing the interior into halves with a light match-board partition. She did not remark upon the alteration, but hung up a light blue bathing-dress in the right-hand compartment and sat down on the wooden seat.

"The sea's alive to-day."

Miss Gerard answered her from the other side of the partition.

"What I call a throbbing sea. Flat calms don't please you."

"There's no rhythm without waves."

"And this but is rather like matrimony, sympathetic segregation!"

Margaret was peeling off her stockings.

"Who did the carpentering?"

"Myself. There is something pleasant about the smell of new wood. By the way, I have something I want you to read and criticise."

"As literature?"

"No. I might call it a practical essay on how to rationalise the environment of the blind. That sounds horribly eugenic and prigish. Let's call it a blind man's day with reference to all the domestic details. I have tried to think of everything, Margaret, that could crop up in the day's routine. Things to help him, like the fireguard in front of a nursery fire."

Rosamund drove down to Westbourn that afternoon, leaving Margaret in a long

chair and a mood of anticipation. Mr. Strange was ready, sitting on one of the seats in the hospital forecourt after parading himself for inspection before Sister Brown. He knew that he was to meet Miss Gerard's friend, and he was a little afraid of this new personality, for she might be so critically impartial. He was waiting to hear Dr. Hayle's voice, for voices were becoming significant and revealing to him.

The porter came out to help him into the car, and the man's kindness was too bluffly patronising.

"That's it, sir. Put your foot here."

He even laid hold of Clive's ankle and planted his foot on the running-board.

"I'm feeling scared, Munda."

"Of what?"

"Your friend. It's like going up for judgment."

"You need not feel afraid of Margaret. She's lovely, inside and out."

Dr. Hayle had strolled up to the knoll before tea, and hearing the car climbing the hill she walked back to the Italian gate. Margaret's first glimpse of them together was as they came round the house where a blue ceanothus was in flower and alive with bees. Clive had a hand and wrist crooked round Miss Gerard's arm, and Margaret saw him as she saw so many people, instantly and vividly and with a comprehending completeness. He was three inches taller than Rosamund, short and light in the body, long in the leg. And Margaret was conscious of relief. She could not say why or how one's subtle loves and hatreds arose. You might analyse your liking to infinity, and the analysis would not explain the intuitive flash of the first feeling, or transcend it. But this blind lad pleased her, and she was glad.

"Clive, this is Margaret."

He stood quite still, as though waiting for something to happen. He would remain shy of this unseen presence until he had heard it translated into sound, and perhaps the woman in Margaret divined this shyness and liked him for it. His quick sensitiveness was as transparent as his rather delicate skin.

She repeated her friend's word: "Clive, this is Margaret. I am glad that I have not been produced as Dr. Hayle."

She saw his face lose its waiting and anxious look as though his blindness had feared to be touched suddenly by an alien something that might hurt. His hand was out, and she went near and took it.

He was grateful to her, for he was asking for much more than kindness. Mere kindness can be so unenlightened and blundering and humiliating. Rosamund left them alone together, while she went in to help Jane with the tea.

Rosamund soon appeared, carrying the tea-tray, and somehow quickly aware that these two people had found each other. She had always been very proud of being Margaret's friend, as though some of Margaret's loveliness could be borrowed like a precious dress and worn for the confounding of the vulgar.

"Where do you want to be?"

"Clive likes the sun. No consideration for our complexions!"

He was up and smiling, liking to be teased by a voice that was so happily mischievous.

"Oh, no, I'm not the complete egotist Margaret thinks I am. Let's sit in the shade."

He even got hold of his chair to move it.

"No, we aren't afraid of the sun."

Jane, arriving with the teapot and hot-water jug, heard their three voices all together and in unison over some provocation of Margaret's, and Jane looked and

felt motherly. Well, wasn't it good to hear Miss Gerard laughing, and wasn't it good for this poor lad, and for everybody. Jane put the teapot down on the tray and beamed round upon the three of them.

Rosamund had so arranged matters that Clive was close to the table, with a clear space on it for his plate and cup. She might be a little anxious about his cup, not that it might be broken but that he might mishandle it and feel distressed. Both she and Margaret watched his right hand creep up over the edge of the table and across the surface until his fingers touched the saucer. There was a delicate precision in the movement. He felt for the handle with the first finger and thumb.

"I have put some cucumber sandwiches on your plate, Clive. Is that in order?"

He smiled.

"I rather think so."

They noticed that he used his left hand for the sandwiches so that it could approach the plate without being in danger of coming in contact with his cup. Prince, who had been enjoying a siesta in some sunny corner, came walking demurely down the garden path.

Rosamund had a feeling that it behoved her to leave Margaret and Clive alone together. Margaret might be capable of saying certain delicate things that could not slip from the lips of two people who were acutely conscious of sensitive reservations. She proposed to take the dog for a run along the cliffs, and Margaret understood.

They went out by the Italian gate, and Margaret, with her cigarette-case in her hand, was alive to the silence left to them. Did Clive smoke? She looked at his unstained fingers.

"Have a cigarette, Clive?"

"I haven't smoked since my smash."

"Not wanting it?"

"Yes, that's not quite true. I did try, and I made such a horrid mess on the sheet—cigarette ash."

"You received a scolding?"

"No. They have been awfully kind to me down there. But I did realise that it might be a dirty habit for a blind man."

"Ash won't matter on the grass. Have one of mine."

"I'd love to."

She did not put the cigarette into his mouth, but into his hand, and the subtle difference mattered.

"I'll give you a light. All serene."

He sat in silence for some seconds, and then the spirit seemed to move him.

"Do you know that I was terribly afraid of meeting you?"

"I take that to be a sign of grace. But you need not be afraid."

"I'm not. I seem to have learnt such a great deal since I have been shut up with myself in the darkness. One seems able to concentrate more. But I'm talking about myself again."

"I want you to."

"I'm only talking about myself because it's so important that it should be a possible self. Have you ever wandered into a cathedral, Margaret, when the great place is empty and rather dim, and sat down in a corner and found yourself somehow becoming big and strange and still."

"Yes, I have. A wonderful feeling of floating out of the flesh into childish immensities."

"Perhaps she has told you?"

"Yes, she has."

She saw him flick the ash from the cigarette, and then sit very still for some seconds.

"It means a wonderful world to me, but it is going to be wonderful for her? She will be giving so much more than I can. Isn't that so?"

"Not necessarily."

"And then there is her work. Supposing I were to spoil it?"

"Most men, Clive, would say that you would be helping her to express herself fundamentally as woman."

"But isn't that terrible nonsense?"

"Some women think so, when it originates from the dominant male."

"I want you to be ruthless with me, Margaret. I'm only telling you that I do understand a little. I have a horror of being a parasite and of taking from her—you know, she is such a wonderful person, so much beyond me in every way."

Margaret's eyes were very gentle.

"She may not think so. And you are not quite usual."

"I? I'm a bit sensitive, that's all. I used to get horribly ragged at school about certain things."

"What things?"

"Oh, shooting birds and animals, and not being sufficiently keen on games. That's why I took up flying. To prove to myself that I wasn't just a rabbit. But this is ever so much more perilous than piloting a plane. One can't crash with such a comrade."

"Exactly. With emphasis on the cannot."

She saw him drop the cigarette and on the grass.

"Is that your verdict?"

"It is."

"That I shan't hurt her by loving her?"

"There is only one thing that might hurt her."

"And that?"

"Ceasing to love her, or loving her just for yourself."

His lips moved, but no words came from them for a moment. Then he said: "I don't think my trouble would ever bring me to that."

CLIVE sat at his open window waiting. There had been no need to tell him that it was a serene and summer day, for he could feel the sunlight on his hands and face, and no wind brushed against the red brick walls.

Sister Brown came into the room, dressed for the occasion.

He stood up as on parade.

"Inspection, Sister?"

"You look ever so nice."

"Here are your gloves and hat."

They lay on the bed, and she gave them to him.

Two or three nurses were waiting in the corridor. "Good-bye, Mr. Clive. Good luck."

Clive stood feeling in a pocket, down stairs and found two coins that he assumed to be half-crowns.

"I say, please buy some cigarettes, Thomas," he said to the porter.

"Thank you, sir."

The coins were pennies, and the porter, with benignant drollery, glancing at the coopers in his palm, closed his fat fingers on them and winked at Sister Brown. But Clive, half in and half out of the car, was suddenly smitten by the thought that he had dived into the wrong pocket.

"I say, what did I give you, Thomas? It should have been the other pocket."

"I'll keep them for luck, sir."

"You sportsman. Here, no mistake this time."

"It's all right, sir. Glad to do anything for you, sir."

The porter closed the door on them, and saluted the blind man, a gesture that was somehow inevitable. Sister Brown took the salute and, as the car moved off, she passed it to her patient.

"Thomas was in the Guards. He gave you a Guards' salute."

"Did he? How jolly of him!"

The other car was waiting outside the Registrar's office, and out of it got Miss Gerard and Jane. Jane was in black, and a little puckered up with conscious emotion. She was to be more than a mere witness at the marriage, she was to help in the blessing of it in the part of confidante and cook. "Don't you worry, miss; I'm not. So there."

Of the ceremony itself nothing need be said, save that Clive, having his hand set to the appointed place, produced a signature that was legible, and did not run off the edge of the page.

"Is that right, sir?"

"Quite right," said the official.

They were in the closed car together, with Jane sitting beside the chauffeur, and a glass partition separating them. Sister Brown stood on the edge of the pavement, and waved them off. Then her handkerchief was put suddenly to other uses. She blew her nose on it, and addressed her inward self. "You silly old ass! Well, I do hope she'll make him happy."

Clive sat and gripped his wife's fingers.

"May you never be sorry, Munda."

"Haven't not more cause to say that?"

For from the very beginning of their life together she was the outward-looking eye, describing things to him.

At Knoll Farm she guided him into the house and into the room that was to be his. His luggage had been sent up by special car and was here waiting to be unpacked. She had given much thought to the preparing of this room and its furniture, so that it should be easy for him to learn and remember the position of things and to move about with confidence. His bed was in a corner so that it had the walls on two sides, and the rest of the furniture arranged round the walls, leaving the central space free.

She opened his two suit-cases against one of the walls, and kneeling laid out some of the contents on the carpet.

"I'll begin with the little personal things. Safety razor, brushes, washing things. I'm putting them on the dressing-table which is also the wash-hand stand. Beginning from the left, brushes, comb, safety razor, sponge and glove in a basin, shaving brush, tooth-brush, etc., in another basin."

She was busy putting his clothes away, and he sat on the sofa and listened to her movements. He understood that it pleased her to do these things, and he did not tell her that ever since his broken arm had come again into action he had been teaching himself to do all these things for himself. Her movements were like the quiet and consoling breathing of someone who would never be far away. Also he was delicately and strangely conscious of her as woman, somehow mysterious and sweet-scented, the woman whom he had married.

And so their married life began, to wander on through happy hours of mutual interest and discovery.

Rosamund left him sitting in the sun after breakfast next morning smoking a cigarette, with the dog at his feet. She was going to help Jane for an hour with the housework, for poor Maasha or Mary was submerged in one of her periodic and hopeless raptures, and at such times she be-

came so emotionally unstable that she was more of a hindrance than a help.

When she returned to the garden and her husband, he was not in the chair. Accompanied by Prince he appeared to be playing a new and particular game of his own, walking slowly and carefully round the edge of the lawn, and pausing now and again to feel the grass verge with one foot. She stood for a moment watching him, and in watching him she divined the significance of his inspiration.

"Clive."

"Hullo."

Already she had come to understand that he did not like to be surprised by silent approaches or with secret suddenness.

"I want to show you things."

He stood and waited for her to join him.

"I was just conducting an experiment. Do you mind if I finish it?"

"Go on, dear."

"You see, if I follow the grass verge round like this I come to the stone path. Then I turn left to the iron gate and I'm out in open country."

She watched him strike the path, walk to the gate with his arms outstretched, feel for the latch and open it.

"There you are! Let's see if I can find my way up the hill to the trees. I just go straight ahead?"

"Yes."

"Don't prompt me, Munda. I want to find out how my sense of direction works. One is always supposed to wander away to the left."

A light breeze was blowing from the south-west, and keeping it on his right cheek he began to wade through the summer grasses, head held high, his face to the sun. His movements were confident, his carriage not that of a man who groped in the darkness. Nor had she to prompt him.

They sat for half an hour on the hill, sharing one of those exquisite silences in which nature-sounds seemed sufficient. "Let's just listen, Munda." There was the wind in the trees and the sound of the sea, and a lark singing. He told her that he could smell the trees, and that but for their perfume he was quite sure that he would have been able to smell the sea, and that almost he could feel the pulsing of the birds' wings in the blue space overhead. They held hands and listened, and she, remembering those unhappy moments in her life when she had sat alone among these trees, on the edge of doubt and disaster, was moved to marvel at her happiness and to question it. Could life be so good, and last? And suddenly she was moved to raise his hand and put it to her lips.

He was startled.

"My dear, you mustn't do that."

"Why not?"

"I kiss hands, not you. Don't forget that, Munda."

"My dear, there is so much else that I want to forget."

She had spoken of showing him things, and in the garden and the orchard he listened to her voice, and translated sound into vision. She had a happy and vivid way of describing things to him, though like a shy creature whose psyche flows through its pen she was apt to fumble her words with strangers. Her picture of the orchard with its rather wild old trees, the patterning of light and of shadow, the hedges laced with chervil, and the tall grass full of flaming sorrel, became to him instantly a part of his consciousness. So did the farm buildings and the yard with

its lily pond, old tile and brick and stone, so did Will Spray with his sea-rover face and peasant's slouch.

"You make me see things, Munda. I suppose I don't quite see them as they are, but the inward picture is the thing that matters to me. If I had been born blind I should not have this inward vision. I'm lucky."

To old Will, who like many simple souls cherished under a crust of cynicism belief in the Divine Cunning, this blind face was like ground in good fettle. Will had a feeling for human sweetness and integrity, growth that was not sour or blighted.

"You'll have to teach me things, Will."

"I dare say as I could do that, sir."

"Pick fruit, you know, and push a mower."

Will, like Jane, was simply and wholly at his service.

IT had been her custom to lie in a long chair in the loggia after lunch, and read and reflect and fall asleep, and when she confessed the habit to him he hailed it as a good idea. If there had been pleasant things in her life before he had come into it, those pleasant things should continue.

"You'll go on doing it, Munda. I'll take a deck-chair into the orchard."

He insisted on carrying his own chair and cushion, though she acted as guide. There were two gates and a winding path beside a thorn hedge to be negotiated.

"There is a virtue in being alone when you don't feel lonely."

"Is that my medicine, Clive?"

"My dear, do you think I don't understand? There is a part of you that has to be alone sometimes. That's one of the most horrible things in our crowded world, not being able to be alone."

"You found that out?"

"Oh, yes, the hearty, matter people with gramophone minds. Solitude can be a sacred thing, and I'm not going to trespass on yours."

She said, "Clive, you're too good to be true," and he laughed and pressed her arm. "I'm not blind inside. Shouldn't it be obvious to an admirer of Douglas Gerard's work that a mind like hers must move in other worlds of its own? I understand that, my dear."

But when she had established him and his deck-chair under the shade of an apple tree she remembered a certain thing that she had bought for him, a portable wireless set in a leather case. Music and voices for the blind! She went back to the house to fetch the set and, returning with it, saw his face turned towards the sound of her footsteps.

"I thought you might like this, Clive."

She placed it on his knees, and unfettered the catches.

"What is it?"

"A little wireless set. It's quite simple. I'll leave you to find out all about it."

He held one of her hands.

"Who is too good to be true?"

She left him to explore the set's controls, and returning to the loggia, lay down on her long chair with a cushion under her head. But she neither read nor slept, but listened for some sound to come to her from the orchard, and when it came it was very faint and distant, a little sensitive stridulation like some insect note. Was she wise as to his carelessness? Perhaps. The music that he allowed himself was muted so that it should not break in aggressively upon that other silence. She lay and smiled.

At three o'clock she returned to the orchard, to find Clive asleep in his chair,

with the magic music-box playing muted and ghostly music at his feet. His face was in the shadow, but a fragment of sunlight wavered to and fro over his very fair head. Yes, she could suppose that it would be so terribly easy for a woman like herself to be supremely foolish about him, but that without the flutterings of such wings life can be a rather grisly business. She bent down, and turning one of the controls, let the music swell out into the gorgeous and galliard splendor of a waltz by Johann Strauss.

She had described how the people in her book would come to life, but this waking was different, and so associated in her mind was it with an opening of the eyes that she was conscious of a little inward shock. This sudden aliveness without sight, a suggestion of secret anguish suddenly suppressed! She saw him sit forward in his chair and put out a hand that seemed to flutter over the instrument. She realised that he did not know that she was there, or that she and not the set had played this trick on him.

"My dear, I'm the culprit!"

"Oh, Munda!"

Almost his blind face reproached her.

"I was dreaming. One sees in one's dreams."

How was it that she had not divined so simple and an obvious a thing, that when a blind man dreamed sight returned to him?

"I'm sorry, dear."

"Sorry! It wasn't much of a dream. Some ridiculous business. You are the reality."

She knelt in the grass and turned off the music. Its very sensuousness had suddenly become strident.

"We are going to bathe, Clive."

"Are we? But I haven't a suit."

"Yes you have. I bought you one."

"You think even of bathing togs?"

"Rather obvious things. Dreams aren't obvious."

"You don't seem to understand that all this is a kind of dream. Darkness makes a mystery, and you are in the centre of it, a presence, a kind of glow. No, I'm not being sentimental."

"Perhaps I do understand."

"No one else can. You're both a dream and reality."

"Spirit and flesh. But we'll take tea down to the beach but, Clive, not thermos tea. That's for grown-ups."

He smiled at her.

"Let's always be a couple of kids, Munda, when we feel like it. But fancy Douglas Gerard being infantile!"

"Douglas Gerard is dead, my dear."

"No. He mustn't be. Only different. Or say Douglas Gerard upstairs, and Munda in the parlor."

"Highbrow and Lowbrow! But I think you will often be upstairs with me. And I may be dreadfully downstairs. It's rather soothing to come downstairs."

His blind face lit up.

"What a lovely spirit there is in you. Come along, let's go and make a fire on the beach. Mrs. Crusoe and Good Man Friday! Wait a bit, I mustn't tread on the wireless set."

"No, dear. It's out of the way."

"Mine to carry?"

"If you want to."

"Of course I want to. What color is my bathing suit?"

"Blue."

"Great."

While packing a tea-basket later in the kitchen she could not help conjecturing what the realists would have made of her

romance, and what she herself might have made of it in the high, literary manner.

"You'll be wanting the spirit-stove, mias?"

"No, Jane, we are going to light a fire."

"On the beach, miss?"

"Yes, on the beach."

Well, it was their affair, and if her mistress chose to raid Jane's coal-cellar and fill a canvas bag with firewood, Will Spray would be called upon to make the damage good. The tea-basket was entrusted to Clive, but his wife carried the bag of firewood, and he would be allowed to discover it for himself in a corner of the hut. She felt herself happily responsible for the irresponsible soul of a playmate.

Almost she was capable of emptying her bag of firewood on the beach and pretending that it was driftwood to be collected, but they were to bathe before tea and time was not limitless. The tide was not full, and she had to help him over the shingle and past some sleeping rocks, but when they were waist-deep in water she let his hand go, threw herself forward and struck out. She was a very average swimmer and he something of an expert, but in following he began to diverge.

"I'm here, Clive."

He heard her splashing and changed his course.

"I hear you. I say, isn't this great?"

For in this other element he was conscious of being free. His youth and his strength were released and could spend themselves without fear of blundering against some obstacle. He could feel the swell of the water and its salt taste on his lips, and swimming strongly he was leaving her behind.

"Clive."

"Hallo."

"I can't swim so fast."

"Sorry."

"You can make me feel the inferior creature, and that's good. Don't go too far out. There are currents."

He turned towards her voice.

"One can strike out here without hitting something. Let's see if I can swim round you."

"I'm going to float."

"Righto. I'll dive under you."

He did it, his fair head reappearing between her and the shore.

"How's that?"

"Splendid."

"Tired?"

"There's the kettle to be boiled."

"So there is. Come on. Race."

There was a new expression on his face when they wandered homewards.

HOT, steamy weather came when the cool died.

She had been cutting roses when she had heard the sound of Mr. Viner's car, and following one of her secret paths between flowering syringes. Meanwhile, she had come to an opening in a yew hedge, and while watching a pair of stout legs in dark grey flannel trousers emerging with suggestion of struggle and of effort from the interior of a saloon car, she was moved to remember that the advent of this teacher of the blind had caused her a pang of jealousy. But how incredible! She stood with her basket of roses and saw that the grey legs were attached to a stout and crumpled figure in a brown linen coat. Mr. Viner's head was hatless, its crown in a pink and glistening surface.

A blonde and stolid young woman sat at the wheel of the car, holding Mr. Viner's hat for him. It had fallen off during the process of extraction.

"Better put the car in the shade, Maisie."

Maisie was his niece, and not interested in avuncular heroes. She pushed his hat

at him with an air of casual peremptoriness.

"Here's your hat."

An obvious and rather abrupt young person whose sudden stare fixed itself upon the woman with the roses. What was the matter with Miss Gerard's face? Mr. Viner had put on his hat, and turning about discovered the presence.

"Miss Gerard? I beg your pardon, Mrs. Strange."

The hat was once more in his hand. She was conscious of being looked at by one large and luminous eye that was magnified by a high-powered lens. The other eye was absent. She was aware of telling herself that Mr. Viner was one of the ugliest men she had ever encountered. A moment later she was correcting that crude, physical impression.

"My husband has been so looking forward to your coming."

This little bunch of a man with his uncouth trousers and bulging coat had suddenly become to her a person of immediateness and of dignity. She was very sensitive to people, and if the young woman in the car was cold and rather auk, this man with the big, benign head made her feel an inward glow.

"Roses."

She held the basket out to him for him to smell.

"Lovely things."

"May I put them in your car?"

"That's very kind of you. Our introduction, if I may say so. Maisie, take the flowers."

His nose opened the door and with another pebble-eyed stare at Miss Gerard's face, reached for the basket and placed it on the seat.

"Would you like to have a few words with me, Mr. Viner, before you see my husband?"

He had resumed his hat. He looked at her with that one very luminous eye.

"It is the beginning that is so important."

She knew then that he understood her, and that she understood him.

"Compassion, but not pity."

She was taller than he was, and as she led the way back into the rose garden she smiled down at his ugly and wisely gentle face.

"I have learnt that."

"With your voice you would."

She found herself laughing with a feeling of undecipherable, inward tenderness.

"So we are together at once. My husband is teaching me many things, Mr. Viner. The woman who writes books. Don't say that you have read them."

"But I have."

"Well, now we know. But what I want to say to you about my husband before you see him is not author's comment. It is right in the middle of reality. And yet, is there any need for me to tell you anything?"

"Dr. Heberden gave me some of the details."

"Dr. Heberden is a dear, but there are things—"

"The soul of other psychologies."

"Oh, yes, course, a quite delightful spirit, a gaiety that might make one ashamed. It never occurred to me that blindness could be an adventure. That shows one's limitations. But there it is."

Mr. Viner stood quite still, looking down at a particular rose bush.

"Is that how he confronts it?"

"Yes."

"Then I do not think you need tell me anything more. This should be a happy case. Believe me, the blind can be happy people, Mrs. Strange, if one does not treat them as poor parasites."

Clive, sitting in the loggia, heard the two voices coming towards him in a dark world that was warmed by the sun. In here was the man who was to open other doors to him, and Clive, having listened to Mr. Viner's voice, was reassured by it. He heard Mr. Viner laugh, and only particular people could laugh in that particular way, with a kind of soft roundness. Clive, feeling those two presences very near to him, stood up, beginning to smile.

"Clive, here is Mr. Viner."

Clive's hand was out. "I have heard your voice, sir." And again Mr. Viner laughed. "I hope it is evidential." He had a grip that lingered for some seconds on Clive's fingers, and the human contact was ratified.

Rosamund left them alone together, and ascending to her working room she sat down at her desk with her elbows resting on it and her face in her two hands. She had not meant to listen to the two voices, but somehow her listening became inevitable and collusive. She heard her husband say, "She has given me everything. I want to give back all that I can." Mr. Viner's voice was replying, "So you want to be a person, responsible for your part in the show. It's just a question of will force and memory." She heard Clive explaining that his ambition was to be a complete and capable secretary. "Perhaps you will give me a little lecture on the subject." And again Mr. Viner laughed.

He was a teacher, not a lecturer, and there was a difference. Well, to begin with, Clive would have to learn Braille, teach his brain and finger-tips to memorise the multifarious combinations of the six dots. Next would come the typewriter, yes, an ordinary machine, with a Braille scale added for tabulating purposes. The blind operator had to memorise the keyboard. Then would follow the most difficult and technical business of all, Braille shorthand for use in dictation. There was a special machine for this, six keys with two rows of three keys working vertically. A strip of paper ran through the machine rather like a news-tape. One roll would serve for fifty or sixty ordinary letters. Afterwards you transcribed your shorthand, using the typewriter.

"How often shall I have a lesson, Mr. Viner?"

"Three lessons a week of an hour each."

"In between I can practise?"

"Yes, with someone to help you."

Mr. Viner was watching the blind, yet live face.

"Tell me, sir, how long will it take?"

"You might learn Braille and typewriting in four months."

"And the shorthand?"

"No pupil I have had has mastered that under a year."

He was aware of the blind face's sudden clouding.

"A year?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so, but to be able to write Braille and Braille shorthand is essential. I won't humbug you. It's a great test and a great accomplishment, and you'll master it."

"Oh, yes, I'll master it, Mr. Viner. And when can we begin?"

Mr. Viner pulled something from a large pocket in his crumpled coat.

"Now."

"That's splendid. Can you leave me some stuff behind to work at?"

"Yes, you shall have plenty of home-work. As to books, you can get them free from the Westminster Library. There is a special postage rate, a five-pound volume for a penny."

Later she was walking down the lane with Mr. Viner while the small car followed behind.

"There are one or two things I want to say to you, Mrs. Strange. Do you mind?"

She said: "I hope I am not afraid of anything you can say."

He paused under the shade of a hedge-row oak, and waved Maisie and the small car on. "Wait at the bottom of the lane." He took off his hat and wiped his bald, pink head. "You'll forgive me, but it has been my experience that in most cases the blind should not be isolated. There is something communal in one's likes, emulation, common problems. But I do agree that your husband's case is somewhat different."

She stood in the shade, conscious of his kind, wise face.

"I don't think I shall ever make him feel inferior and I can tell you why. Firstly I love him; secondly he is a much more lovable creature than I am."

"He is a very lovable creature."

"And I hope I shall never let him feel lonely."

The luminous eye flashed at her.

"A woman of your sensitiveness understands the difference between loneliness and being alone."

"Quite. I have explored both to the dregs. But if he needs blind friends—"

"Let that wait, Mrs. Strange. And then, he is rather like a highly-bred horse trembling to begin. Don't let him overdo things. His nature is all that way."

She smiled at the luminous eye.

"I'll remember."

Mr. Viner did not tell her that in the lives of some of those who lost their sight there came a period which he described as a blind spot on the soul, sudden discouragement, sudden despair, a feeling that your groping fingers would never disentangle the knot of life, that the business of learning things all over again was too difficult. He could have quoted the case of a girl whose memory had proved unequal to the registering of complex associations, and who had been found floating in the sea. But if he did not speak of such hazards to Rosamund Strange, it was because he did not believe in frightening people, and also because he was no poor judge of the qualities that go to make up character. The essential urge was the thing that mattered. He might have quoted to Clive's wife a passage in Ben Purse's book, "The British Blind": "Take from life the motive power which induces us to strive for betterment and individual rehabilitation and you deprive man of that fundamental difference which distinguishes him from all other forms of animal creation."

Instead of stimulating the urge to learn Munda had to assuage it. Clive would have sat for hours in the loggia with his Braille card and his books.

"Hear my lesson, Munda."

Her book, "A Pilgrimage of Pain," had been produced in Braille, and it was his first text-book and she sat and watched his sensitive fingers at work and his lips repeating the words. It was her affair to correct his mistakes, and in those early groping days he made the most ridiculous slips. "What a mess I am making of your masterpiece, Munda!" It was not an easy book for his fingers to transcribe, being charged with delicate and subtle meaning, but persist with it he would.

"Unless it bores you or irritates you, Munda."

"Nothing you can do will."

"I know dear old Socrates is always telling me that the Bible would be easier."

He could laugh over the hashes he made and she laughed with him, though the book was not designed for laughter. Its psyche

was infinitely serious and full of twilight moods.

"Sodiferous sosh! Oh, my dear, what a splurge! What ought I to have got?"

"That sounds like a hostile critic, Clive."

"But what are the words?"

"Solicitous plugh."

"Solicitous plugh! How awfully subtle. Read me the passage."

She read it, and the delicate and faintly malicious significance of the phrase, the imaginative texture of her phrasing, might have puzzled him.

"I've got you. What a lovely phrase! Fat Aunt Emma dressed up in her drawing-room and entertaining the Member's lady. You will never let my wits go wool-gathering, Munda."

During those early weeks she was like a mother absorbed in watching those sensitive fingers and slightly hesitant lips.

She was to discover that Clive creamed his hands at night and wore gloves with the idea of cherishing the sensitiveness of his touch corpuscles. He wore gloves, too, when he gardened and went crawling round the grass with a pair of shears, trimming the verges. His capacity for memorising things astonished her. He could go straight to the radio set and tune it in. Put between raspberry canes his quick fingers would find the ripe fruit. He could walk down the paved path to the Italian gate and make his own way up to the knoll and its fire. But it was his mental receptivity that surprised her most, the swiftness and accuracy with which he was learning to associate mental images with a series of dots, the rapidly with which he taught himself to memorise the keyboard of his typewriter.

There had been a little argument between them over the typewriter and the Braille machine.

"How much money have I in the bank, Munda?"

"Quite a lot, dear."

"Then I owe you some. You paid for these things."

"Does it matter?"

She realised at once that she had hurt him. It mattered particularly to him, and she would have hated it not to matter and for her dear sisters to be able to speak of him as her tame husband.

"I have the bills somewhere, Clive. I'm frightfully careless about bills."

"You mean you don't pay them at once?"

and his voice was almost severe.

"No, dear, I pay them and forget to keep accounts."

"That's going to be your secretary's business. How much do I owe?"

She went and hunted up the bills, and brought them to him with his cheque-book. He had his account now with a branch of Barclays at Westbourn, and his slightly compressed and careful signature was to become familiar to the clerks.

"How much, Munda?"

"Thirty-seven pounds ten, in all, Clive."

He felt for his stylo, and found that she had put the cheque-book on the table.

"Fill in the letterpress and I'll sign. And now we are on the subject, what ought my share of the housekeeping to be? I have about a hundred and fifty a year, you know, after investing three-quarters of the insurance money."

"Let's say a pound a week."

"Not enough. Two pounds a week. And I am paying dear old Viner."

She was filling in the cheque. It would have been so easy for her to falsify it against herself and for his benefit, but she did not.

"In the near future I shall have to write you cheques, Clive."

"Me?"

"Well, I propose to pay my secretary."

"That's different."

"Not in the least, my dear. If you pay for value received, so shall I."

"Serious?"

"Utterly."

She was at work again on her book, and not finding her power of interpreting life in any way impaired. Perhaps the lights and shadows were less sharply contrasted, and the more poignant passages penetrated by a tender gaiety. Her critics were to complain that Douglas Gerard had sacrificed an iridescent sophistication for an almost virginal simplicity. They missed her moments of brilliant bitterness. But how could she write bitterly, or even with an exquisite cynicism, when she was reading her work to a blind man? He had asked for it. She would be like a mother telling a child stories that were disillusioned or charged with the quintessence of melancholy. Besides, she was not feeling like that.

"That's great stuff, Munda. You're making Mrs. Griggs an amazing person. I can see her all the time scuttling about that boarding-house."

"Can you, dear?"

"Real people, people who become everybody's friends. You're different from the woman in the Pilgrimage."

She had to laugh.

"How clever of you to discover that!"

To Mr. Viner she could say that Clive's progress seemed to her to be quite astonishing, and Mr. Viner could reply that Clive promised to be his unique pupil. The vital urge was there, charged with sensitive emotion, and no one could say just how far it would carry him. As a philosopher and a sociologist Mr. Viner was an inspired individualist.

Three times a week she drove her car and Clive into Westbourn. Perhaps she had shopping to do, and a dancing lesson to be endured, though her dancing lessons were not yet confessed to, but in Westbourn's Regent Street they played a game together. They would stroll slowly along the pavement, Clive's hand tucked under her arm, his face intent and alert. He called it his game of "Spotting Shops." Was she going to the grocer's? Well, that was easy. The mingled odors drifted to him and were evidential. So, too, with the hairdresser's, subtle odors emerged; and a butcher's shop could be recognised by the smell of sawdust.

"What's the test this morning?"

"I'm going to buy a frock."

"Let me find a frock shop for you."

She did not think he would succeed, but succeed he did.

"Am I right?"

"Yes. But how?"

"Quite easy, dear. Stand here by the window and shut your eyes for a moment."

What do you feel and hear?

"Voices."

"Exactly, feminine thrills! Crowds of women looking in windows."

He sat on a chair while she chose her frock, and listened to the voice of the saleswoman. He had to be allowed to feel the particular dress she had chosen, and afterwards he asked her a series of questions.

"Wasn't the saleswoman a blonde?"

"She was."

"And stout, with blue eyes, and rather a silly, soft mouth?"

"Yes, that's the type."

"I thought so."

"I shall become quite frightened of you."

They developed other subtleties in the spotting of things and of people. She would leave him parked in the car on the

sea-front while she took her dancing lesson, and when she rejoined him they would settle themselves in a couple of chairs on the parade and play the game of exploring voices. That he should be extraordinarily sensitive to voices did not surprise her, but that he should be able to attach a physical portrait to a voice in the way he did was somehow astonishing.

"Ask me what went by then?"

"Well, what?"

"A stout old fellow in a panama hat. Rather red and fussy. And with him a bored woman, probably his daughter. Thin and depressed, with stooping shoulders."

She followed the two figures with her eyes.

"My dear, you're right. Retired army, and a resentfully retired spinster. At least, that's the impression. How did you—?"

"Oh, their feet and their voices. Didn't you hear what he was saying? And her 'Yes' and her 'Is that so?'"

Sometimes he was very wrong, and they would laugh together over his misreading of a voice, or his misinterpreting of an aura, for there were occasions when some would sit down close to them, and never was it necessary for her to warn him that they were not alone. He could tell when a dog passed by the padding of the creature's paws upon the paving, and often he would call to the dog and the beast would come to him. Prince, if he happened to be with them, they left in charge of the car, because he was apt to be jealous of other dogs and not inspired by brotherly love.

As for children, Clive was shy of them, and she had cause to remember a particular child and the occasion, a small fair-haired, blue-eyed thing parading along the line of chairs and exhibiting all the nascent arrogance of a spoilt young ego. A somewhat sickly and irritable nurse was in attendance. The child had a small stick with which she was rapping the vacant chairs.

"Don't do that, Miss Evelyn."

Evelyn rapped them all the more emphatically, looking with a kind of fount and infantile insolence into the faces of people who happened to occupy chairs. The nurse swerved across to collect her charge at the moment that the child came opposite the Stranges.

"You mustn't be a nuisance to people, Miss Evelyn."

Clive, leaning forward, held out a hand.

"Hallo, Evelyn. How are we?"

The little animal's eyes were fixed upon Rosamund.

"What a funny face you've got."

The nurse, out of patience, caught the child by the arm.

"What manners! I'm so sorry. You'll come home at once, Miss Evelyn."

Sudden struggles and screams, which were resolved by the girl picking up the child and carrying her off. Rosamund Strange, wise as to Clive's hurt face, took the wound to herself.

"That was meant for me, dear."

"You, Munda?"

"The engaging frankness of childhood!"

He said: "I don't believe it. I suppose a blind face can seem rather sinister to a child."

"But it wasn't you, Clive."

"Oh, yes it was, Munda. It couldn't have been you."

She could not convince him that the wound was hers, and never again did he try to attract a child, which, to her was peculiarly significant. She had no illusions about children, while he, having so much of the happy child in him, may have

both desired them and feared them, especially after that particular incident. And perhaps she divined one of the secret fears of the blind, the dread of blundering against some unsensed object or person, of being rebuffed or met with some unexpected blow, some shock to one's essential faith in the goodwill of the invisible world.

HE did not tell her that he was being challenged by a fear that was new and strange to him, though many blind people are familiar with it, the dread of going out alone. He might and did say to himself, "This adventure has to be faced. You can't be for ever like a frightened kid in the dark holding on to mother's hand. The blind must be able to walk among those who see. Next time she leaves you alone in the car you will get out and dare that aloneness."

Though he did confess his cowardice to Mr. Viner at the end of a lesson when the master had praised him.

"Going out alone. In the streets, I mean. Some silly thing in me seems to shrink. It is not so much the fear of being hurt

"The fear of falling?"
"Yes, making a mess of the business. But how did you know?"

"Know? Because all of us fear something. As you know, I sometimes have to make public speeches to a public that is interested in the blind. In my early days I used to lie awake in self-conscious terror. Quite absurd, but actual. Take your fear by the throat, and throttle it."

Yet behind this almost childish fear of being alone with strange people in a strange and dark place, was that other and unconfessed fear, a sensitive dread of becoming an encumbrance.

It happened on the morning when she was taking her last dancing lesson. West-bourn was in high season, the sands stippled with humanity the parade very much on parade. The parking spaces along the front were crowded, but she managed to discover a vacant niche opposite a leading hotel.

"I shan't be long, Clive."

She did not tell him where she was going, and he did not ask her. It might be to her particular hairdresser's, and a woman should be allowed little privacies of her own. Also he was tense with the pre-meditated ordeal, his first walk alone along the sea front. He had no stick with him, the blind man's white wand. And when she had left him alone in the car he sat listening to the noise of the traffic, and to all the va-et-vient of that summer day and of humanity on its holiday by the sea. Was the parade very crowded? Probably. He would grope his way across it to the railings and let them serve as an Ariadne's thread.

He got out of the car, and in opening the door his handle struck the side of the car that was parked next it. The impact startled him. He felt that he ought to apologise to someone. "Sorry." But the other car was empty. Stopping through the narrow space he reached the near railings. There was a break in them every hundred yards or so to give pedestrians access to the parade. But where was the nearest gap? Should he climb the railings or slip through between the bars? He decided to slip through, only to find his head coming in contact with some solid yet slightly yielding substance, and to hear an exclamation.

"Here, I say, what do you think you're doing?"

He had forgotten the row of deck-chairs and he had butted his head against the back of a girl who was sitting reading a novel.

"So sorry."

"I should say so. What's the idea?"

Someone was looking at him over the top of a chair, the young woman's friend, a man with a soft shirt collar turned over the collar of his sports jacket. He too was fair haired, and hatless, and seeing that blind and somewhat confused face was instantly human.

"All right, Maizie."

He was up and moving his chair.

"Want to come through, old man?"

"Please don't bother, I'm so sorry. You see, I'm blind."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Across to the other railings."

"Righto. I'll take you over. That's it, down a bit. Now we're through."

He piloted Clive across the parade and he thanked him. Yes, he could manage now that he had his hands on the railings.

He was standing facing the sea, his hands gripping the iron rail. He could feel the wind in his hair and the sun on his skin, and hear the sea breaking on the shingle. Also he was very conscious of innumerable voices, of crowded humanity passing to and fro behind him, of children shouting and traffic hooting. This silly incident had shattered his confidence. He felt bewildered, afraid to move, lest he should make a second blundering contact with some other body. The darkness was so different from the darkness that he dared with Munda. But this surrender to an almost childish terror was impossible. He must will himself to make the necessary effort, shake off this feeling of self-paralysis, for, after all, it was only his own fear that was fooling him. And what did he fear? Some clumsy movement, other people's pity, or the shame of failure? He had three railings to guide him, and turning sideways to them and keeping his right hand on the upper rail he began to walk slowly along the parade.

He was conscious of other bodies near him in the darkness, of voices, of the sudden luminance of a possible contact that brought him up with a jerk. But those other bodies seemed to float off like bubbles. People gave him compassionate, curious looks and drew aside. Abruptly the railings ceased, and he stood hesitant and perplexed. He had come to a place where steps went down to the beach and the void was like a perilous, dark gulf. He put out his right foot and felt the edge of a step and, exploring it he solved his problem and regained a sense of direction. The steps went down at right angles to the parade, and so did the railing. The gap had to be crossed. He took three deliberate steps, with his right hand feeling the air. Once again it touched metal.

Reassured and more confident he went slowly on, but there was a trap ahead of him. Two middle-aged women had settled themselves in deck-chairs close to the railing. One of them was asleep or day-dreaming, the other busy knitting. Had they been talking Clive would have had his warning, but he walked straight into a pair of stout and black-stockinged legs, overbalanced, and fell sideways, clutching at the iron rail.

"Well, really!"
"Haven't you got eyes?"
He was half-sitting on those stout legs, his face to the sea. The legs squirmed and protested. He pulled himself up, feeling hot and humiliated.

"I'm awfully sorry."

"You should be."

And then both women saw his face, a tragic face.

"I'm most awfully sorry. I was feeling my way along the railings. I hope I haven't hurt you?"

The woman's voice was gentle.

"Not in the least. It's quite all right. Can I help you?"

"No, thank you so much. I'll go back the other way. But are there any chairs?"

"No. It's quite clear."

"Thank you. Please forgive me. I haven't been blind very long, and I'm trying to learn to walk alone."

The companion in the other voice had hurt him, and as he felt his way back along the railings he heard the woman say: "Poor lad, he oughtn't to be out alone. No, I'm not hurt. He only fell across my ankles." The wind in his hair, the sun on his face, that great spacious sea down yonder, darkness, and his fingers in contact with that iron tube! What a clumsy mess he had made of the adventure!

Retracing his steps he came to the place where steps went down to the sea. There were those six feet of railless space to be crossed, but directly his hand left the iron rail something failed in him. He faltered on the edge of blind panic. He was trembling. If he dared that void he might blunder into someone, and for the third time that morning make an ass of himself. Supposing he were to collide with a child and knock the youngster down the steps?

He stood holding the iron rail. He was both angry and on the edge of tears. It was intolerable, humiliating, terrifying. Suddenly he heard his wife's voice.

"Oh, how splendid of you!"

He was abruptly erect, gripping the rail. Splendid? When he had blundered against people, made an ass of himself?

"Forgive me, Munda."

He felt her close to him, and was strangely soothed.

"I had an experiment."

"Yes, a kind lad told me you had gone exploring."

She had seen his bowed head and his ravaged face before he had realised her nearness, and for a moment she, too, had been afraid. Had his gaiety been all pretence, and had she surprised the real man weighed down by discouragement and ennui?

"I'm afraid I made rather a mess of things, Munda."

She slipped an arm under his.

"You chose a very difficult place, didn't you? People don't sit about on pavements. You should have begun with a quiet street and a stick."

"Yes, I suppose I should, but I felt rather driven to make my first attempt. Simply had to."

"Inward urge?"

"Yes."

How much did she divine? Perhaps more than he suspected. She would have said that he wanted to be a responsible person, able to move about among his fellows without being dependent on some other person. Not that he resented her interference, if interference it could be called.

"I have such a horror of fussing you, Clive."

"You, Munda?"

"Yes. Even a child likes to play its own game in its own way."

"You have never fussed me. Yes, I'll tell you why I am so terribly keen on being able to get about by myself. One can have a horror of being a nuisance even to—"

"Me?"

"Yes."

She pressed his arm.

"You never will be. But I understand And I want you to be free, to feel free. No tyranny of any sort."

"Oh, my dear, I'm so afraid of spoiling things for you."

"Don't you know that you are giving me what I have never had? And each

morning I say: 'God keep me from being greedy.' Now I want you to wait here while I go and buy something. I shan't be five minutes."

But he held her there for a moment. "It's all very wonderful, Munda. You don't know how happy I am. I did not think anyone could understand as you do."

She left him there, and with a feeling of secret exultation she went to buy him a stick at a tobacconist's shop on the sea front. She chose a plain ash stick and returning with it she found him leaning upon the railings.

"You ought to have had this, Clive."

"What is it?"

She put the stick into his hand. "I had an idea. We are going across to Victoria Square and you are going to walk round it."

"On my own?"

"Yes, I'll keep a few yards behind you." "Munda, you do understand. Come along. I've had a crash and I am going up again at once. Come along."

She shepherded him across the parade and the roadway to the farther pavement and they wended their way past the hotel to the square. Surrounded by high white and grey houses, it was a comparatively quiet place. Lamp-posts were set at intervals along the edge of the pavement, and in the far corner stood a red pillar-box. She placed him on the edge of the pavement.

"Now, dear. There is just one thing to watch for."

"Don't tell me."

He set off, tapping the kerb with his stick and she followed a few yards behind him. He was nearing one of the lamp-posts, and her urge was to warn him, but she smothered the impulse, for she saw that at every other step he was flicking the stick horizontally in front of him. The stick touched the post; he paused, walked round the post, recovered touch with the kerb and went on. He was counting his steps. He came to the second post, negotiated it and walked on more briskly, for he could presume that the lamps were set at equal distances along the path. His next problem would be the pillar-box. His stick touched it. She saw him put out a hand and feel. He was smiling back at her.

"Munda."

"Yes, dear?"

"Can I post a letter for you?"

She joined him by the red box, and in front of the decorous windows of a private hotel she kissed him.

"You did that wonderfully."

He was a little flushed and laughing.

"As a matter of fact, so did you!"

She kept her particular surprise for him until the evening. There were roses on the table, and she had brought up from the farm cellar a bottle of Pol Roger—1921. The B.B.C. was giving a programme of old waltzes, an historical parade, Chopin, Waldeufel, Strauss, and she was moved to remember one of the first short stories she had written as a girl, sweet, sensuous stuff full of romantic yearnings, and white muslin, the Blue Danube, a ballroom, and the dream man. How she had hungered to feel things, to put on some pretty frock and dance, to become a thing of 'be senses, to match movement with emotion, and just for one night to be a girl with a pretty face!

"Supposing you put on a dinner jacket, Clive."

"What are we celebrating something?"

"The conquest of Victoria Square."

"She sounds rather a formidable lady."

"I'm going to dress."

"That's a challenge."

She had several surprises for him, her

frock, her scent, the perfume of a mood, roses, wine, music. An electric radio cabinet was still a secret, and so was its case of gramophone records. It stood in a corner of the dining-room, behind the door, and after she had poured out his wine she went to unlock the cabinet and turn on the switch.

"I say, champagne!"

"Wine, woman and song. Why not some music?"

She was setting the controls, but the first sound that emerged was a raucous blare.

"Sorry, Clive."

"What on earth is that?"

"A first attempt. That's better."

The studio orchestra was playing Chopin's sixth waltz, and if, as Douglas Gerard, she should have transcended such sentimental stuff, as a woman who was loved she was satisfied with the music of moonlight, tears and kisses. Moreover, his face was turned to her in a way that suggested seeing, and his very fair head was the head of youth.

"It isn't my birthday, Munda!"

"No, but it happens to be mine."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Birthdays can be boring, unless—"

She saw him feeling for his wine glass.

"Here's homage. I can't make a speech. Too overcome with emotion!"

She raised her glass and touched his with it.

"I thought that radio set might be pleasant when conversation fails."

"Has it failed?"

"Not quite."

"And what is the set?"

"An electric radio-gramophone. Rather an intriguing machine. It's almost human, plays eight records, and changes them itself."

"You are a wicked person."

"It is good to be wicked sometimes."

The lately arrived Eliza appeared to change the plates, and Chopin gave place to Strauss. Eliza did not look like Strauss; she had a faint black moustache and an air of wax-white composure. Prince, who had been lying on a rug by the window, had walked across to explore the strange wooden box which emitted peculiar noises. He looked at his mistress and whimpered.

"Don't you like it, dear? Eliza, I think you had better take Prince out with you."

"Yes, madam."

Eliza was less austere than she looked, and taking Prince and the used plates back into the kitchen she was able to inform her sister that their mistress had rolled up and removed the rugs from the dining-room floor. "Yes, and I've been polishing that floor with her for the last week."

"Dancing?"

"And why not?"

asked Jane. Eliza had nothing to say against dancing, and could recall occasions when she had prided herself on dancing the waltz. Moreover, it was a comfortable house, and Eliza liked a glass of beer with her dinner and had it.

She said, "I'm a churchwoman, Jane, but I always have said that churchy houses aren't so wholesome as the houses where you don't see a prayer book."

Jane was preparing Prince's supper, dog biscuits and gravy.

"This isn't a pious place, Liz. It's human. Now, my dear, you put your nose into that."

For a "sweet" Jane sent in one of her particular, black currant pudding with cream. Jane might have described it as her Chopin effort, luscious and yearning. Eliza found her mistress placing records on the gramophone, with Mr. Clive standing by her, his table napkin in one hand, a champagne glass in the other.

"You need not wait, Eliza. We can manage."

Eliza had no doubt at all but that they could.

The first record was a waltz, "I Follow My Secret Heart," from Coward's "Conservation Piece." The furniture had been so arranged in the big room that there was a wide space about the table.

"Why shouldn't we dance, Clive?"

"Dance? Can I? I used to, rather much."

"A man who has conquered Victoria Square!"

She took the white napkin and the glass from him and placed them on the table.

"I don't know that I'm very good, dear. But there is plenty of room, and Jane's special pudding won't run away."

His arms were out and she slipped into them, and for a moment they stood mutually conscious of an exquisite, mute shyness.

"Am I girl or man?"

"Man, of course."

"Can I be? You'll have to guide a little."

She had practised such guidance, having taken her little dancing mistress into the secret.

"We'll move the table after dinner, Clive. Now."

She had been so afraid of that first dance with him, lest her old disharmonies and a hypersensitive rigidity should spoil the rhythm, but directly he began to move, something within her melted to the music and to him. She could remember once tearing up a page of manuscript, succulent sweet stuff in which a woman had floated to music. Floated! And she was giving him little occasional touches, gentle pressures of the hand, and in passing she pushed his chair back to the table with an elbow.

"All right, Clive?"

"I say, you're marvellous. We haven't touched a thing."

"We shan't do."

And presently she realised that in some strange way they were so much one that she could guide him without being conscious of any interference.

DR. HAYLE, coming down for a long week-end early in September, and feeling rather like the family physician and friend, found Rosamund's young husband in his shirt-sleeves polishing his wife's car. He stood to confront her with a tin of cleaning material in one hand and a portion of a discarded pair of pants in the other. His face was very brown, and if mental health could be judged by physical appearances, all was well with Munda's world.

"Hullo. I say, you're early, aren't you?"

Margaret was feeling a little terse and tired, for the week-end traffic on the Westbourn road had been more than usually exasperating.

"I'll apologise."

"Oh, please don't do that. It's only that we hadn't cleared the garage for you."

She saw him walk straight to her car as though the sound pattern it had left enabled him to know exactly where it stood. A hand sweeping along its body guided him to the back. He found the locker catches, unfastened them, raised the lid and lifted out her two suit-cases, but it was all done with such precision and with such an absence of fumbling that she was astonished.

"Munda's in the garden. I'll take these up."

"Give me one."

"No, I can manage."

She noticed that he set his feet down firmly and sharply on the stones and that he walked without hesitation towards the

house. Knoll Farm had a back door set between two outjutting small wings. The door was shut and as he approached it her impulse was to warn him. Again she refrained. He appeared to know that the door was shut. He put down one of the suit-cases, found the handle and opened the door. But how was it done? Did his footsteps send back some echo or vibration from the brick surfaces, and enable him to gauge his position in space?

"Munda, Margaret's here."

He led Dr. Hayle through into the hall and, with a "Munda's in the garden," turned up the stairs with her luggage. Miss Hayle had a vision of very green grass and two brilliant little beds like baskets of flowers. She looked for her friend, and found her bosom deep in one of the big borders tying up an helianthus that had broken its bands. Mrs. Strange's head and shoulders seemed to emerge from a bath of color.

"Hallo, dear. Just coming. Have you had lunch?"

"Yes, I got off the road and camped."

Mrs. Strange came carefully out of the border, and Margaret would have said that her friend had somehow stolen the essence of her flowers, and that if a woman in the early thirties could rediscover the bloom of youth, Munda had discovered it. But bloom was not the veritable word. Her friend was happy, and distilling her happiness into a rich maturity. She did not flinch from life or from the discerning eyes of her friend. In the old days she had had a way of looking aside when she spoke to people, of showing to the world a self-conscious and waryward profile, but now her face had a fullness and a serenity.

"Is your luggage out?"

"Clive's taken it."

"I'm afraid the garage wasn't ready. I was just coming to move my car. I'll do it now. Clive can back it out into the yard when the yard's empty."

They kissed, and Margaret was moved to say: "He's rather wonderful. Only a few months ago—"

"You noticed that? It's so like watching one's child, day by day. Oh, yes, I'm rather happy, dear."

There was a moment of shyness between them.

"I'm so glad, Munda. Yes, I was bothered. But some things are obvious."

"So obvious that we miss them!"

Margaret could say to herself that Rosamund seemed to have forgotten her disfigured face and almost all the repressions and discords of her youth, though one could not forget a repression: it just ceased to be.

Clive had taken to a pipe. He smoked it after tea, and looking across at his wife suggested that she and Margaret should go and bathe. No, he wasn't coming: he had work to do. He had made rather a mess of his last piece of dictation.

Margaret and her friend, wandering down the green valley to the sea, stepped delicately over the things that both knew to be intimately actual.

"How's the work?"

"Quite happy. I tore up half a book and began again. Oh, by the way, Margaret, I have a letter I want you to see."

"Any diagnosis required?"

"One is so afraid of being consciously suspicious of one's relations. Clive hasn't seen it."

"Does he see them?"

"He types most of the answers. I dictate slowly. Later, he will be able to take notes down in shorthand."

"Which sister wrote it?"

"How quick of you!"

"Not really."

"Norah. Her poor little husband has cancer."

"The doctor?"

"Yes."

Margaret stepped out into the sunlight and stood poised.

"Does Clive know about your sisters?"

"In fragments. You see, one rather wishes to keep some people and things away from him. I might be a woman, with a past, and absurdly sensitive about it."

"Symbols, my dear. Your sisters never grew up. Remained seventeen and school-girls at their worst. I'm sorry, but I never could stand Norah."

"It is not a question of standing Norah. She has a completely vitrified ego. The question is how much is one responsible when one does not feel responsible? It is so much pleasanter to help whom one likes. Well, that can wait. Isn't the sea perfect, rumpled silk. Clive's taught me much more swimming."

"He ought to be here. His work was an excuse, my dear."

"Yes and no. He understands some things in a way I thought no man could."

Dr. Hayle, wandering into the orchard before going up to change her frock, discovered something new among the apple trees, a little hut covered with oak boards cut in the rough, and thatched with heather. Strange sounds came to her from this orchard house, a voice and the clatter of a typewriter. The voice was not Clive's voice, but that of someone broadcasting from Portland Place. Margaret would have refrained from showing herself had not both sounds ceased, suggesting that the day's work was done.

The little house had two windows with casements that could be shuttered, and through one of the open windows she saw Clive sitting at a big deal table with his typewriter, books and portable wireless set before him. He was covering up the typewriter with a black cloth. Behind him she could see shelves for the storing of apples.

"Hallo, Clive. I did not mean to disturb you."

"Come in, Margaret. I've just finished. Have an apple?"

"You live with the apples?"

"There are some Beauties of Bath on the shelves. Sounds rather a reflection on Bath, doesn't it? Munda put up this place for a double purpose. I asked her to."

Already the place smelled of autumn and apples. She sat down in a garden chair and saw what he could not see, those green orchard aisles with the trees brilliant with fruit.

"You see," and he stood up and reached over to shut up the portable wireless set. "I have to make rather a row when I work. I try taking down the talks on my typewriter, but of course they go too fast for me. I haven't had time yet to master Braille shorthand. The thing is she mustn't be disturbed when she's at work."

"That was your idea?"

"Well, yes. You know, Margaret, what really matters is her work. She matters to thousands of people. Good Heavens, you should see the letters she gets, most of them fool-letters, of course, but some of them are rather touching."

Dr. Hayle was contemplating his blind face and finding there elements of beauty.

"I am going to ask you rather a beastly question, Clive."

"Go ahead."

"Are you ever jealous of her work?"

She saw him smile.

"No, I don't think I am. Wouldn't it be pretty beastly?"

"The husbands of celebrated wives are apt to—"

"But this is so different. What sort of life should I have had without her? I want to give back some of the things she has given. Besides, Margaret, you know what she is, utterly without conceit. I suppose the really big people have that sort of humility."

"I should include you, my dear."

"Me! Oh, I'm just a rather affectionate sort of ass. But this new book of hers! You ought to read it. Great stuff. It makes me feel—"

He hesitated, and she had a feeling that he had wanted to say that marriage had not marred Munda's inspiration.

"I think I know, Clive."

"Then you're pretty quick, or am I so transparent?"

"I knew her long before you did, Clive. You have given her things she never had. But that sounds so dashed prigish! What I mean is that certain rare people need other rare people, otherwise—"

"You are being rather nice to me, Margaret."

"My dear, it's not very difficult. But come along, I'm getting almost sloppy. Do we take any of these apples in?"

"No. I took some in this morning. Do you know, I can pick apples, Margaret. Yes, we lock the door and close the shutters. Apples ought to be kept in a cool, dark place, but in air that is not too dry. Rather like me!"

Later, indoors, Rosamund came down from her upper room after writing for a while.

"I've brought Norah's letter."

Even a letter from Norah Shadé could not cloud her mood.

"I was rather unkind about her. Poor Norah, she has always been so bossy and vigorous, and yet things haven't gone quite right for her."

Margaret took the letter and read it, knowing that Norah Shadé was one of the few people whom she had found it impossible to regard with dispassionate fairness. Norah's letter was as strongly scented as herself, reeking of rectitude and aggressive motherliness. It was completely candid in pointing out to Munda what her duties were to Norah, and what was Norah's in this present crisis.

"Pretty cool, Munda."

"Yes, but after all one must help her with the children," and she went on to explain that they had had to sell the practice for next to nothing, and that poor little Herbert had not been able to save. There would be nothing but his insurance. Norah had only about fifty pounds a year of her own.

"Quite, but her suggestion that you should settle money on the children, the implication that it is your duty?"

"That's just Norah. Of course I shan't do that; but I'm a rich woman, Margaret, and feeling that life has suddenly been very good to me, I'll pay for their education. Humanly I owe nothing to Norah as Norah."

"Hardly. She was pretty beastly to you."

"Again, just Norah. Coarse texture, an understanding of nothing that was not Norah."

Margaret handed back the letter.

"Even her writing. Heavens, what a cat I am! But Norah always did rouse the unholy feline in me. That is why one

should have nothing to do with people who upset your glands."

"Because I mean to help the children that does not necessitate contact with Norah."

"Yes, no contacts, my dear. Just your cheque book and good luck to youth. But what about the day? Shall we take my car?"

"Do you mind?"

"I love loafing along lanes."

"I'll go and tell Clive. Do you think I ought to tell Clive about this?"

"I should. You know, Munda, there is a sort of sweet sanity in Clive."

Munda's fan mail was a provocation to her husband. It was not vanity that made her read those letters to him, even those that were marked private and personal, and those that were rude. Many of these letters, like Norah Snade's, were petitions for financial assistance, though the appeal might open with ingenuous flattery. It was Clive who coined the phrase, "Wait for the third page," for somewhere about the third page the interested inspiration would manifest itself.

Yet scattered through this mass of egotistical egotism were little human documents in which Clive was sure that he divined a refreshing sincerity. The more naive and clumsy the story, the more did it appear true. These sensitive people stammered out their story. The professionals were too darned glib. Nor was Clive interested in the many ladies who were in a hurry to discard even the fig leaf, in writing to Munda about their sex experiences and the sins of their husbands. "No one has ever suffered as I have suffered. My life story is unique. You must write it." Some were sufficiently candid to confess that in the matter of remuneration they would be satisfied with fifty per cent. of the royalties.

Clive had an inspiration: "Munda, a lot of those women think you are a man."

"My dear!"

"Douglas Gerard. And the transference idea in Freud. You are the beloved analyst."

She laughed.

"Possibly. But do airmen read Freud?"

"I had read extracts from him. But some of these letters strike me as genuine. Wouldn't it be extraordinarily interesting to follow them up, I mean the ones that don't come from Glasgow or Darlington or somewhere?"

"Go and see the people?"

"Yes. Studies in real life."

"Would it interest you?"

"It would."

The suggestion was a spark which set alight in her impressions and tendencies that had been accumulating in her consciousness. She, who had hid herself away from the world, was being persuaded to reconquer it with this new comrade. With her inward eyes on Clive she could translate Goethe's cry of "More light" into one of "More life." Why, during the winter months, should she bury this blind man in an old Sussex farm? Sweetly sane he might be, but was it not her dear concern to widen and enrich his dark world, and to amplify it with every interest that she could discover? Yes, and had not she herself felt the stirrings of a more humorous and galliard spirit? Why not the great city for the winter, concerts, theatres, even little dinners and dances? London would be a veritable treasure chest for Clive's blind hands to explore.

"I have an idea, Clive. Do you want me to visit the people who write to remind me that on page 50 and so, line seven, I have dropped a comma, or even split an infinitive?"

He caught her laughing mood.

"Hardly. The little fussy meticulous fools who see only one small fly in a mountain of amber. What's the idea?"

"A flat or a small house in town for the winter."

"But could you work in town?"

"I feel that I could write in a public-house."

"Munda!"

"Yes, I am coming on."

"But Mr. Viner and my lessons?"

"We could find a substitute in London. Yes, and take Jane and Eliza and Prince with us. The Sprays could come in and look after this house."

His very serious face confronted her.

"You want to do this just for me?"

"No."

"Because you think I might be bored?"

"No, I am feeling like it myself. I want to explore all sorts of things, and there is so much to explore. Good for my work, dear, which sounds priggish."

"It would be enormous fun, Munda. I might play the blind beggar and you the noble wife. We could go masquerading into all sorts of places. Shoreditch and Wapping and Bethnal Green and the Caledonian Market."

"And the Embankment at night, and the Berkeley and Grosvenor House. Contrasts upon contrasts."

He had the face of a boy.

"Let's, Munda, let's. But I can't contribute my proper share."

"Oh, yes you can. And you can teach me to listen."

He listened to Norah Snade's letter in a spirit of reasonableness that was somewhat wifely and self-conscious. No doubt his wife's relations might assume that her marriage was a somewhat negative affair inspired by propinquity and pity for a blind man. Munda had been mute about her sisters, and though Norah's letter was aggressive and self-righteous, it could plead a very human problem. But how did Munda feel about it? Also, the education of two children would be a considerable expense.

"Of course, one has to help. What are the kids like?" he asked.

"I haven't seen them for years. Walter is about fourteen, Eileen ten or so. It will mean three or four hundred a year for some years."

"Of course, Munda, I don't know what your income is. No business of mine to know."

"It's every business of yours. If I were to die you would be the family banker."

"How?"

"I made a will, my dear, leaving everything to you absolutely. Haven't I told you? I have saved nearly—"

"I don't want to know."

"Well—" she hesitated.

"Let the kids have their chance, if you can afford it."

"Is that your wish?"

"Yes. I'm having my chance."

A LETTER, other than Norah's, was to challenge her new courage. The secretary of the Minerva Club, writing on behalf of the club committee, invited Miss Gerard to be the principal guest and to speak at their November dinner.

Clive had to confess his ignorance, and

that ignorance asked to be corrected. The Minerva Club contained a very serious and cultured body of women, authoresses, dramatists, scientists, artists, and an invitation to one of its dinners was of considerable significance. A speech delivered to the Minerva Club had to be something of a tour de force, witty, provocative, individual. The male mind, especially in its oratorical moments, might be treated with gentle irreverence, and only the exceptional male might dare to accept the challenge, and in his wisdom he would leave behind him all chains of office and academic trappings.

"They ask me to be the guest of the evening."

"You ought to go, Munda."

She was conscious of inward qualms.

"That means a speech. Horrible ideal I have never made a speech."

"But you could do."

"Not the kind of speech they want. And there is no more critical crowd in London."

"Well, they have asked you."

"Yes, my dear. I should shake at the knees and make an egregious ass of myself. My mind works only on paper and in a quiet room."

She was a little horrified to find him gently pressing her to accept the invitation, and all the more so because her new self was adding its voice to his. She could accuse herself of cowardice, of surrendering to the old, hypersensitive ego, of being afraid to face criticism and the faces of her fellows. She, who talked so confidently in prose, was convinced that she would behave like a paralysed and terrified child on a platform.

"I'd like to go with you if they would ask me."

She was conscious of sudden breathlessness. To let him go and listen to her making a poor fool of herself! Public humiliation. But what would be the real effect of his presence. A stimulus, a spur? Oh, no, she could not risk it.

"I would go, if they would spare me the speech."

"They must want to hear you, Munda. I'd love to hear you speak. You have the voice for it."

She heard her old bitter self exclaiming inwardly, "but not the face, my dear!" And then, with sudden self-revelings she knew that the scorn of self can be both passionate and different. Could she not stand up before those other women and talk to them intelligently for ten minutes? Why postulate a critical unfriendliness, delicate mockery, the knife that dissects? Something in her said, "Don't funk it, don't funk things. Go."

But there were other letters to be read, and she noticed that he did not press her further, and that he could discriminate even in the darkness and avoid blundering against a prejudice that might be rightly hers.

She went up to her room to work, but inspiration eluded her. She had a decision to make, and to say no to that letter would be so easy. Miss Gerard regrets. But why did he want her to go?

Make your decision or your confession and peace may return to the soul. She did both, but not upon impulse, for she was beginning to laugh at herself a little, and at her panic in the presence of such a social mole-hill. She took paper and pen and wrote, "Miss Gerard has very much pleasure in accepting the Minerva Club's invitation." Pleasure! Why not find pleasure instead of pain in the play of other personalities?

Clive was reading Braille in the orchard

house when he heard her footsteps brushing through the grass.

"Clive."

"Hallo."

"You were quite right. I have accepted that invitation."

She saw him sitting at his big table with the trays of fruit behind him like patterns on a wall. Old Spray was teaching him to recognise apples by their shape and the texture of their skin. Worcester Pearmain was not Keswick Codling, and to Clive the dark fruit had each its characteristic color.

"I shouldn't worry, Munda, if it is going to interfere with your work."

"I shan't let it do that. I have asked them to include you in the invitation."

"You know, Munda, we are both rather shy creatures. I used to get panic over children's parties. Such a silly business! What is it, inferiority complex?"

She went in and sat down on the edge of his table.

"I am going to be a bold and brazen hussy. That's the cure for too much self-inspection. And laughing at oneself in the mirror."

"You did not think I was being bossy, Munda?"

"Yes, terribly so."

"Now, you are laughing at both of us."

"No, dear, I shall never laugh at you."

She went alone in search of a house in London, for the day she chose was one of Mr. Viner's days, and as Clive himself had said: "I shouldn't be much use at house-hunting." She drove herself into West-bourn, garaged her car, and caught the 9.30 train to Charing Cross, and in Charing Cross station she passed within ten yards of a particular person who happened to be looking at the bookstall while waiting for a train.

Had Rosamund Strange seen her sister on that September morning, many things might not have happened. Norah Snade, prophetically and shabbily black, was counting the copies of Douglas Gerard's books that were to be seen on the bookstall. Three separate works were displayed there, and a whole pile of a cheap edition of "A Pilgrimage of Pain." Her famous sister's famous masterpiece! Norah might sneer. It was not pleasing to a woman like Norah Snade to find herself as a suppliant to a sister whom she had made a habit of despising. Munda's money! How preposterous it was that the scribbling of silly stories should make a woman so rich!

Her train was in and Norah carried her suitcase to the corner of a third-class carriage. Another woman, coming to occupy the opposite seat, and being interested in faces and the personality behind them, was not moved to enter into conversation with this bitter woman. Mrs. Snade sat and stared out of the window, not as though rows of roofs and chimney pots and all the man-made mess interested her, but like someone digesting sour thoughts.

Rosamund, meanwhile, was sitting in the office of a Chelsea house and estate agent while a clerk filled in orders to view or looked up the necessary keys. Would madam like to be accompanied? No, madam would prefer to go alone. The house would be but part of the picture, its place on a blind man's map a matter of importance. The agent was able to give her half a dozen addresses and Rosamund went forth to explore the sophisticatedness of Chelsea.

She found herself in a delicious little cul-de-sac with mignon houses making eyes at her. No garages, no cars to come home totally with the milk. She was about to

introduce herself to the particular house when, from a big red building across the way, a yellow soprano voice began to sing. It sang neither for joy nor for love, but obviously and professionally. A musical academy? Ye gods! Mrs. Strange was grateful to that voice for manifesting, and went elsewhere.

Cheyne Walk. Walnut and Queen Anne and "Sartor Resartus." Egg-blue shutters, and someone arguing with a taxi driver. She went in to explore the house and came out feeling she could not say why, that the place had been a Pandora's Box. A big, white, semi-detached villa in the Upper Walk gave her a momentary thrill until someone in the next house began to play upon the violin. How actively arty was this neighborhood. She proceeded, and, crossing Oakley Street, came at last to Marietta Terrace.

Trees, thorns, acacias, limes, cream-colored pillars and iron railings, funny little front gardens, compressed but somehow friendly houses, one door, one window, two windows, grey balustrading. One tradesman's van, no conversational loafers and, at the moment, no music.

Marietta Terrace might be either very chic or very bargain-basement, or perhaps both, but it pleased Munda Strange, even though its windows looked upon the back-sides of some very bourgeois houses.

She was conscious of laughing at something with Marietta Terrace. The particular house, No. 43, had a very blue front door, a young acacia that was turning yellow, bird-bath and crazy paving. It seemed to show a leg, but delicately so, and if its facade suggested cocktail parties and an overdrawn bank account, that was all in the way of gaiety. Rosamund explored. She found that No. 43 would just accept the Strange message if Eliza had a bedroom out, and Eliza could be trusted out. Her working-room could be on the top floor, and Clive could use the dining-room for his secretarial studies. She would give him the lower front bedroom. As for the kitchen quarters they had been modernised and were Olympia in miniature, and Jane would have every modern gadget.

Rosamund opened one of the front windows and stood there for quite twenty minutes, listening for possible extraneous noises. Nos. 42 and 44 seemed as quiet as the empty 43. She liked the feel of the house. It would be delightful to furnish it as a period place, and it would look charming when furnished. She closed the window, and, contemplating the backs of those other houses, realised that backs are quieter than fronts. Their mouths were all the other way. And the stairs? Narrow and just a little steep, but without traps. There was nothing to puzzle a blind man.

But she had other matters to explore. Marietta Terrace's environment. As it affected Clive. He had spoken to her of the Embankment and Battersea Park. Again her exploring proved happy. Phryne Street took her into Oakley Street ending on the Embankment opposite the Albert Bridge. There were traffic lights here and a refuge. She crossed, and passing over the bridge, found a side gate that opened into Battersea Park. A path guarded by railings brought her to the big treey space beside the river, seats, the shadows of big plane trees.

She stood and watched the river, and reflected that Clive could walk at the way from Marietta Terrace to Battersea Park with but that one crossing to negotiate. She could go with him to pilot him over, or he would find someone who would shepherd him across. People were kind to the

blind. And here in the park he could walk safely along the river wall, with easy landmarks for guidance and in the middle of the day not too many people to obstruct him.

She returned to the house agent and arranged to take No. 43 Marietta Terrace on a seven years' lease.

Clive and Mr. Viner had ended the morning's lesson by falling into a sociological argument on the subject of state paternalism. Clive had said: "But if people know that they will never be hungry or homeless, does that not eliminate fear, the fear that makes life irritable and mean and sordid?" and Mr. Viner's blue eye had grown luminous for this was his particular pigeon.

"Yes, and you will eliminate something else, my dear. Effort. Oh, yes, you will in spite of the abounding of dogana. Man must struggle, even for his dinner."

Mr. Viner chuckled and went upon his busy way, leaving Clive to wonder whether the people, like St. Paul, who suffered from some thorn in the flesh, were not more fierce and potent in combat and in endurance than those who were unprovoked by a creaking body. Though one should understand life and cherish compassion. As to his own urge, it was to forge out of the dark metal of his blindness a tool or a weapon. Rich in a material sense he would never be, but to occupy some individual niche in life, that was essential. Munda's secretary and good comrade, unjealous of her work and her success, a thing that the flippant might describe as a tame rabbit of a husband! Clive sat and turned his face to the September sun. Yes, the sun, giver of life to all the children of men. Did he desire to be more than a woman's sedulous shadow? Yes, most certainly he did, and if he had some vision of the things a blind man might accomplish they were as yet a mere greyness in the east. He had more than a feeling that though life seemed to come to him through Munda, he himself might be a burning-glass focusing the rays upon other lives.

Taking the dog with him, he walked up to the knoll and sat down among the trees. It was very still here, yet he was conscious of a vastness of sea and sky. And how would poor Prince like London? And had Munda found her predestined house? She would be back for dinner with all the news.

What time was it? He felt his blind man's watch. Half-past eleven. He had promised old Will to do apple-gathering in the orchard, though he was not allowed up a ladder because the placing of a ladder was somewhat beyond him. He stood on a chair and groped for the apples that were within reach.

He made his way back to the house and into the orchard.

"Will, are you there?"

"I be, sir. Thought you had forgotten."

"Where's your tree, Will?"

"The Worcester, sir, three of 'em, and easy to reach. Planted six years come Michaelmas. You won't need a chair, sir."

"Too easy, Will."

"Well, I wouldn't call it easy pickin' blindfold, but you're a better picker than my gal. She be that careless."

"I'm getting to know all there is about apple-picking, Will. Never drop an apple, pick into a pail. Baskets bruise their skins. From pail to tin bath. How's that?"

"A basket's always been good enough for me, sir."

"Have you got the pail?"
 "Yes. Borrowed one of Jane's."
 "Good enough. Put me by the tree."

Will, walking away to resume some job of his own, turned about to watch the blind man at work. Clive's hands were moving among the foliage of the tree. The pads of his fingers touched an apple ever so gently. There was the twist of a hand, and the apple lay in the palm. Will saw Mr. Clive put the fruit to his face and smell it, and the simple soul of Will was moved to marvel.

He wiped one of his own hands on the seat of his trousers, a characteristic gesture.

"Dang it, but sometimes you wouldn't think he was blind."

MRS. SNADE, coming to the blue gate of Knoll Farm, and remembering other occasions when she had found her sister's house shut up like some fortress, supposed that she might have to march round its defences to that other gate by the gardener's cottage where tradesmen and unexpected pilgrims were permitted to ring a summoning bell. Norah had taken a southern bus to Felbridge and walked from the village to save the price of a taxi. She was feeling both tired and out of temper, and putting her hand to the ring of the blue gate as though to test her sister's defences and to be able to say, "Locked as usual! How idiotic!" she found the gate unexpectedly yielding. It opened submissively to her hand.

Her sister's garden! To Norah, the sleek texture of it was as provocative as a fabric she had never been able to afford. She arrived at her sister's door tired and hot in the flesh and in the spirit. Had the door been a flaming red instead of a soft blue it would have been more in sympathy with Norah Snade's aura.

She rung the bell and Eliza came to answer it, an Eliza who was as strange to Mrs. Snade as Mrs. Snade was to Eliza.

"Is my sister in?"
 Eliza stood uncompromisingly in the doorway, liking neither the visitor's abrupt voice nor her countenance.

"No, madam. Mrs. Strange is in London."

"Mrs. Strange?"

"Yes, madam. What name, please? Can I take a message?"

"My name is Snade. I have come to see Miss Gerard."

Eliza's face remained stolid. Snade! Jane had had things to say to her sister about Mrs. Snade, and candor in the kitchen can be elemental.

"I have told you, madam, my mistress is in London for the day."

"How very exasperating! I have just come down from London to see her."

"Mrs. Strange should be back soon after tea, madam."

Eliza was not easily moved and she still occluded the doorway, not because she proposed to keep Mrs. Snade on the doorstep, but rather because she was puzzled by the visitor referring to her mistress as Miss Gerard. Meanwhile, Mrs. Snade made a very definite and deliberate forward movement and Eliza stood back.

"I'll come in."

"Certainly, madam. Would you care to see Mr. Strange?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Strange, madam. I think he is in."

Norah had been so exasperated by her sister's absence from home that she had been strangely slow in appreciating this other and most astonishing change in Rosamund's state. Rosamund married! Well, really!

And keeping that most significant piece of news from her sisters! And who was the mysterious person who had been

persuaded to marry a woman like Rosamund.

"Most certainly I will see Mr. Strange."

She walked past Eliza into the hall, and turning towards the door which, as she knew, had been the door of Rosamund's drawing-room, she heard Eliza's voice restraining her.

"Not that room, madam."

"I know my way about this house."

"That is Mr. Strange's bedroom, madam."

Was it, indeed! How intriguing! Norah diverged towards the door of the dining-room, wondering why her sister's new and mysterious husband slept on the ground floor. Was he as decrepit as all that?

"You can tell Mr. Strange that I am here."

"Very well, madam."

Clive was at work in the orchard house, but Eliza took her problem to Jane in the kitchen.

"It's her sister."

"Which one?"

"Mrs. Snade."

"Her! What's she want?"

"She wants to see Mr. Clive."

Jane had her spectacles on; she had been reading the "Daily Mail." She removed her spectacles and laid the paper aside on the kitchen table.

"Oh, does she! I don't know about that. She's never been here without making trouble."

"She looks like it," said Eliza.

Jane had what her mistress would have described as her cookery-book face. She resumed her spectacles, took them off again, got slowly out of her chair.

"Well, I suppose someone ought to tell him. I think I'll tell him, Liz. Where is he?"

"In the orchard house, I think."

Jane toddled off to the orchard. In this emergency there were quite a number of things she would like to have said to Mr. Clive on the character and proclivities of Mrs. Snade, for Jane felt protective towards Clive. She heard the clicking of that peculiar machine with which the blind wrote in shorthand. She saw his head bent attentively over the table.

"Oh, Mr. Clive."

"Hello, Jane."

"We've got a visitor, Mrs. Snade. Perhaps you have heard of her."

"Mrs. Snade!"

"All the way from London, sir."

"I had better come, Jane. Does she want to see me?"

He was in his shirt-sleeves. He pushed his chair back and rose, and felt for his coat which hung behind the door.

"Need you, sir?"

"What do you mean, Jane?"

"Eliza only told her she thought you were in. If I were you, sir, I wouldn't be in to her."

"Why, she's not infectious, Jane, is she?"

"Well, it's no real business of mine, sir, and yet it is. She always upsets the mistress. She's that sort of lady."

But Clive was getting into his coat.

"All the more reason for me to see her, Jane. Yes, I can manage. And thank you, Jane."

Eliza had left the passage door ajar, and was standing secreted behind it, and while there she heard the dining-room door open and footsteps cross the hall. It would appear that Mrs. Strange's sister was of a somewhat inquisitive nature.

She was in time to see Mrs. Snade's solid shape emerging backwards from Mr. Clive's bedroom, and Mrs. Snade's hand carefully closing the door. Well, really! Had the lady doubted Eliza's word, and been tempted to look for herself into a gentle-

man's bedroom? Eliza pursed up her lips and withdrew behind her door.

Mrs. Snade was back on the sofa when Clive came over the grass, avoiding the loggia and its chairs, and following the grass verge. Norah was not aware of him till he had passed the window, and all she saw was the back of a very fair head, and both neck and head were incontestably young. So, her dear sister had married some boy! And how old was Rosamund? Thirty-five? Ridiculous! And then the dining-room door opened, and Norah saw Clive's face, a face in which there were no eyes.

For a moment she was shocked, but any subjective reaction she experienced was smothered by her swift and very conscious appreciation of this most significant fact. It was as though a blind had gone up with a bang, uncovering to Norah's eyes the crude meaning of her sister's marriage.

"Good afternoon. My name is Snade. I believe I am speaking to my sister's husband?"

She did not rise from the sofa, but continued to sit like a suspicious hen on a nest, watching some intruding stranger.

"I came down especially to see Rosamund. The maid tells me she will be back this evening."

Clive had closed the door. He stood there for some seconds as though listening to a voice that produced in him unpleasant and disturbing vibrations. He could not see this woman with the bitter voice, but he knew exactly where she was sitting. Her presence confused him. He was conscious of being appraised by the woman on the sofa.

"I am sorry Rosamund is out. She went up to town for the day. Is there anything I can do?"

"No, thank you so much. My business is with my sister. Won't you sit down?"

She bounced up and moved a chair.

"Yes, here. Really, Rosamund should have told me. I did not know I had a brother-in-law."

His face, vague and somewhat hesitant, became sharp and attentive. He did not smile.

"You didn't know?"

"Really, I must scold Rosamund. Do tell me about how it happened. We have always been rather worried about Rosamund living all by herself in this queer place. You see, my sister is rather—"

She saw the eyelids flicker, and his blind face take on a look of strain.

"Need we discuss my wife?"

"But, my dear Mr. Strange, I am her sister."

"Quite. Of course you realise that I am blind."

Norah was sitting up very straight on the sofa, her hands fidgeting with her bag. So he had snubbed her, had he? And just how long had he been blind?

"Of course. I'm not blind, Mr. Strange. Please don't misunderstand me. I have so much trouble of my own. But really, you must allow me to be human."

His face had become set, yet bright with an inward and cold illumination. He was beginning to divine the cat couchant in this invisible woman.

"You want to know how it happened?"

"But, of course, I do."

"I was an air pilot with The Blue Hawk Company. I happened to crash in a fog, just over the hill there. Your sister took me in. I was not expected to live, but I did live, sightless, as you see."

He was aware of her making moist, sympathetic noises.

"How terrible. So dramatic! Forgive me, but it does seem so strange, marrying a woman you have never seen."

She looked at his face and was profoundly puzzled by its sudden smiling gaiety, and by the thing he said.
"Oh, yes, I have seen my wife, Mrs. Snade."

She made a rod's mouth at him.
"Seen her? But how? Do you mean that you really can see a little?"
He was laughing.

"Yes, I can assure you, quite a lot. Rosamund couldn't be invisible to me, could she? She's so unlike most other women. But you don't want me to be sentimental, do you? It would be rather bete."

Norah's mouth still hung open.
"Oh, no, Mr. Strange, we won't be sentimental. Why, it is quite a romance. It almost makes me forget my own poor troubles."

"I'm so sorry."
He was standing and feeling his way towards a small table by the fireplace.

"I'm so sorry. I haven't offered you a cigarette. No? Now, what would you like to do? Just wait for Rosamund?"

"I don't think I want to walk all the way back to that village."

"Did you have to walk? Well, of course you must stay. Are you stopping at Westbourn?"

"For one night, yes. I can't afford more than one night. Besides, it's such a poky little hotel."

"I'm sorry. I will tell Eliza to bring you in tea. Now, would you mind awfully if I went back to my work? I'm rather full of work just at the moment."

She glanced at him sharply. Work! What possible work could he do?
"Oh, certainly. Please don't let me interfere."

"Would you like the radio? No? By the way the gramophone is rather tricky, and like some other things best left alone unless you understand it."

Now, what did he mean by that? He had reached the door and stood smiling.

"Then there's the garden. I'll tell them to give you tea in the loggia. Oh, something to read! Good-bye for a while. Rosamund should be back by six."

Before returning to the orchard house he found his way to the kitchen, after closing the passage door. He had words of wisdom for Jane. Would she take Mrs. Snade her tea in the loggia, and ask Eliza if she would mind bringing him some tea to the orchard house.

"If it is any trouble, don't bother."
"It is no trouble at all, sir," said the voice of Eliza.

Clive's fingers were feeling the small raised signs on the face of his blind man's watch. The time was five-and-twenty minutes to four, but he had reasons of his own for wishing to know that his watch was right.

"What's the kitchen clock say, Jane?"

The clock agreed with his watch. He knew to a minute when Munda's car was to be expected in the lane, and it was his intention to meet her in the lane and warn her. He heard Jane's voice close to him, asking if she should guide him back to the orchard, and if he did not need Jane's guidance, he believed that he could lean upon her loyalty.

"Yes, Jane, you might."

They had reached the orchard gate before he asked Jane that question.

"Jane, you have always been her very good friend. Tell me, has Mrs. Snade been here often?"

"No, sir, and when she has it's been for reasons of her own. I'm pretty sure of that."

"Reasons? You mean?"

"To get something out of the mistress."

If you ask me, sir, she's one of the bullying, greedy sort."

"Thank you, Jane. That was my feeling. I am going to meet Mrs. Strange and let her know who is here."

"Very good, sir."

A little later, Eliza, bringing Mrs. Snade her tea and having been prompted by Jane, was able to lie to the lady.

"What time do you expect your mistress back?"

"About half-past six, madam."

"Doesn't Mr. Strange take tea?"

"He is having his while he works, madam."

Mrs. Snade looked up brightly at Eliza as though about to ask her more questions, but Eliza, with a stolid and irresponsible face, turned her back on her and left Norah to her tea.

At half-past five Clive shut up the orchard house, and avoiding the garden and the front of the house and his sister-in-law's possible intervention, he made his way past Will's cottage and along the path to the lane. It had been a long day without Munda. The lane climbed the hill in a curve, and half-way down the hill a field gate hung in a grassy recess. Clive's deliberate conquest of his environment had included the lane and a mile or so of the Fellbridge road, for country roads and hedges demanded a different technique. He found the field gate and posted himself there.

He heard Munda's car slow down to take the sharp turn into the lane, and then accelerate to breast the hill.

She saw him standing there on the strip of grass, the sunlight shining on his head. The day's good news was on her lips. She pulled up by the gate.

"I've found our house, Clive."

"Have you? That's splendid. Otherwise?"

"Yes, in a funny quiet place called Marietta Terrace. Had a dull day? You must say you have."

She was opening the door for him when he broke the news to her.

"Your sister is here."

"Which one?"

"Norah."

He could not see her suddenly frightened face, but the way her voice changed moved him.

"Oh, my dear, how very boring! Has she been—?"

He sloped in beside her, but she did not touch her brake or gear-lever.

"I only saw her for about five minutes. Munda. Apparently I was something of a shock to her."

"Yes, she did not know."

"Obviously."

She laid a hand on his sleeve.

"Clive, I did not tell her because she is not the kind of a woman to whom one tells things. Why should one?"

Her agitation vanished him.

"Yes, why? That's all right, dear. She strikes me as a woman in trouble and bitter about it. Look here, I'm not going to let you be worried."

"Thank you, Clive. But you are rather innocent as to Norah. What did she say to you?"

"Not much. I'm afraid I rather shut her up. I think she wanted to find out all about me."

"She would do, I wish she wasn't in such trouble, my dear. It somehow detracts from one's right to be candid."

"Why be candid? How can she hurt you, Munda? You had decided to help her."

She found his hand and held it.

"Don't leave me alone with her, Clive. I might say harsh things, and one should not say things, even to Norah, when life is being rather brutal to her."

Mrs. Snade, cherishing a temper that had not gathered sweetness from waiting upon its opportunity, heard their laughter as they came round the house into the garden.

"Norah!"

Mrs. Snade stood to receive them. If her sister's face was not the face of Rosamund, but somehow strangely new, so was her sister's handling of the situation. She came forward with bright eyes and a kind of jocund tenderness and kissed Mrs. Snade.

"Why didn't you let me know?"

Norah's face was like a pale egg.

"I thought it wasn't necessary. You never went anywhere."

"No? Well, I could have met you in town."

Clive, hovering there with an innocent and gay face, had something to say on that.

"Yes, but in that case Mrs. Snade and I wouldn't have met. What about a little sherry, Munda? Of course, Norah is staying to dinner."

They were particularly charming to her, especially so Clive, entangling Norah in such a net of silk that the stocky, broad-hipped, dour animal in her was provided with no opportunity to use its hoofs. Rosamund disappeared, and Norah was given sherry by Clive, who appeared capable of handling a decanter and glasses in spite of his blindness. He was able to joke about it.

She had finished her second glass of sherry when they heard Rosamund's voice on the stairs.

"Norah, would you like to come up and wash?"

Here was Norah's opportunity, but in proposing to employ it she found herself in the presence of a woman who was so much the mistress of herself and her humanity that sackcloth was transmuted into silk.

"Norah, I'm so very sorry about poor Herbert. Where is he? I want to help, my dear."

"In the Middlesex Hospital."

"Can't they do anything?"

"Nothing."

"How tragic for you."

All the accumulated angers and exasperations of the day dissolved into sudden tempestuous tears. Rosamund was shocked.

She left Norah to her fears, and going to her working-room sat down at her desk and took her cheque book from a drawer. She was conscious of the crudity of this gesture and yet the act was applicable to Norah's case. She wrote her sister a cheque for fifty pounds, scribbled a kind message on a sheet of paper and slipped paper and cheque into an envelope. Something in her felt soothed and spiritless. Poor Norah, so like an angry, storming child. She sat for some minutes looking at the autumn garden in the evening sunlight. Her day had been so good, only to end in this clash of discords.

Presently she rose and, returning to her bedroom, found Norah dabbing her face with powder. There was an intractable jerkiness in her sister's movements.

"Norah, I want you to accept this, just for the present emergency."

"Oh, all right. Put it on the table."

"Come down to us when you feel like it. Where are you staying?"

"At the Aberdeen at Westbourn."

"Let me send for your things?"

"Please don't bother. I think I would rather go back there. I have to catch an early train."

"Just as you please, dear. I'll ring up for a taxi from Westbourn. About nine. You must stay for dinner."

Once more she left her sister alone and went down to find Clive sitting in the loggia.

It was the last autumn day in their Sussex home, for No. 43 Marietta Terrace was dressed and ready. It had been great fun furnishing the little house. They had stayed for a week at an hotel and to Clive it had been a seven days' journey into new country. He had been frightened of the hotel and its labyrinthine life, only to discover in this dark house of Minos how kind the world could be to him.

A south-west wind blew up Ashbourn Glen. He had said to her, "Let's walk on this last day," and the great cleft in the hillside was a torrent of autumn leaves.

During the week in town she had visited Norah's husband in the Middlesex Hospital, and she could not forget that starved, yellow, frightened little face. He had made a whispering noise at her, like one of these dry, rustling, yellow leaves.

"Good of you to come, Rosamund. Yes, I'm done for."

He had spoken of Norah and the children with a kind of faded resignation. He had assured her that he was not afraid of dying, but Rosamund had suspected that he was afraid of Norah.

"It's making her bitter, you know. I have failed just when the children wanted me. It's hard on Norah."

She had assured him that she could help, and his eyes had looked at her like the eyes of a grateful dog.

Norah was living in rooms in Marchmont Street, and Marchmont Street was not a mile from Marietta Terrace. She did not tell Clive this. She was very determined that his blind world should not be invaded by Norah.

But why should she fear Norah? Was it the aftermath of those childish years when she had suffered from the superabundance of her sister's rank and turbulent ego?

Clive was stirring up a little pond of dead leaves with his stick.

"It's going to be great fun, Munda."

"What, dear?"

"Marietta Terrace. I have a feeling that it is going to open up new things."

"What things, dear?"

"Oh, things outside oneself. I may be shut up in a sort of dark box, but I'm getting outside it. Would you mind, Munda, if I took on one or two things on my own?"

"Mind? My dear! Tell me."

"You know, I might be able to help other blind people. Then there is the Westminster Library. They have voluntary workers who transcribe books into Braille. It seems to me that the one thing one shouldn't do in life is to get shut up inside oneself."

Her mouth and eyes were poignant. Well had Margaret said that he was a child blessed with sweet sanity.

"I should love you to do it, Clive."

"It won't interfere with our work together."

"No, dear."

A leaf fluttered down and settled more strangely like a little tongue of fire upon his head.

"Clive, tell me, are you ever afraid?"

"Afraid? I used to be. No, I don't think I am now. Yes, just one thing of course."

"And that?"

He turned his head and smiled at her.

"Losing you. That ought to be pretty obvious."

London is not supposed to be interested in its neighbors, and the new tenants of No. 43 Marietta Terrace were just people who had arrived from somewhere, but the old lady who lived in No. 41, and who,

because her legs had failed her, sat at her window and used her eyes the more, did observe this somewhat singular couple set out on their first walk. A witty person who inhabited No. 47 had christened the old lady of No. 41 "The Chelsea Buddha," for she sat in her little shrine full-faced and full-figured, bland and benign, with a smile like melted butter. Sometimes she used a pair of opera glasses upon passers-by, and she used them upon Rosamund Strange and her husband.

Miss Stukeley was interested. Here were two unusual and intriguing figures for her gallery, a young man who was blind, and a woman who looked ten years older than her companion, and whose left cheek bore that most unhappy blemish. Who were they and what were they? The young man was a study in grey and blue, the woman in black, but very exquisitely so. Miss Stukeley, bending forward benignly in her chair, watched the couple turn into Phryne Street.

Ten minutes later, when her faithful Kenward came in to see whether her mistress needed attention, Miss Stukeley let it be known that she was human.

"Yes, Kenward, I do."

"Is it a hot-water bottle, madam?"

"No, Kenward, nothing so obvious. I want you to find out who the new people are at forty-three."

"Very good, madam. I'll inquire from the baker, I believe he is calling there."

Rosamund had paused where Marietta Terrace ended. "You cross here, Clive. Let's count the steps. About six. Then there are railings."

She put him next the railings and he tapped the iron bars with his white stick.

A few paces farther on a pedestrians' gate opened into a path leading to the park.

"There is a slight slope down."

"Yes."

"And now from railings on each side. Follow those on your left."

She made him count his steps, and again she paused.

"One hundred and twenty-three."

"Now, you are close to a tree. We are just coming into the park, and there is a broad space here with the river on your left. Touch this tree. That's right. There are four trees along the embankment here, with about twenty-three paces between each of them. After that it is plain sailing."

He was smiling.

"Four trees, three spaces of twenty-three paces, roughly seventy yards. You are thorough, Munda. I know where we are now. A great promenade, the river, plane trees, seats. It feels good."

She led him on.

"Now, we are by the last tree. Just on your right, and a little beyond the tree there is a seat."

"Yes, I have sat on that seat. It used to be a rather popular perch."

"It happens to be empty."

"Let's sit."

It was one of those spacious, autumn days of gold and blue. The pale leaves of the planes were falling. A tug drawing a string of barges up the river, disappeared under the leaping bridge. Over yonder were more trees, and the pleasant and faded stateliness of old houses. Splashes of sunlight, splashes of shadow; masses of white cloud moving across a sky that was very blue. A light wind in the tree, and the river crumpled silver. Children's voices. In the distance the rolling, muffled drums of the traffic.

He could remember a season not very long ago when he had sat on this very

seat with a pretty, vapid young thing whose eyes had been as luscious and no more intelligent than a pair of purple grapes. For a week or so he had imagined himself in love with her sensuous surface, until her extreme stupidity and her refined brightness had bored him. To nearly everything he had said she had replied, "Really, how marvellous!" and on the eighth evening he had said good-bye to her empty and lovely little face. Some women were like the vanity-bags they carried, all brocade or colored beads, with three pennies and a flapjack inside.

He did not speak of this incident to Munda. The confession would have had no significance and the seat no history. Its significance had begun upon this autumn day when his inward eyes could see the river and the sky and the houses, and when he could feel this other woman beside him, this woman whom he would never see in the flesh. How strange it all was, and that she should be so vivid and actual to him, and so much more precious in her veiled self than any woman whom his eyes had seen. But had not his dark world steeped itself in other mysteries, strange spiritual glimpses and illuminations, sounds, scents, the imminence of invisible presences? His blindness was making him a mystic. Having lost one sense he seemed to be developing some super-sensuous and intuitive intelligence. His inward life was realising a richness that would have seemed impossible six months ago.

"The blind can see, Munda."

She understood, both his words and the serenity of his face.

"Just as I see in my books. Yes, I suppose it must be much the same. Illumination. Can you feel things, Clive, almost as though you saw them?"

"Yes. I utter the words to myself, and the inward sounds seem to take shape. Sky, water, trees, you."

"So it's good to be here?"

"Very good."

"That makes me happy."

No more unexpected a person than Norah Shade discovered them on this seat. Norah was out for exercise, a woman who was responsible for no house, and whose husband was in hospital and her children at school. Norah was finding it difficult to spend her energy. Rosamund had been careful not to give Norah her London address. Hence, when Norah, passing under the plane trees and diverging towards the path leading to the side gate, recognised the couple sitting on the seat, she was conscious of having scored off Rosamund.

Their backs were towards her, and they were sitting shoulder to shoulder like a couple of lovers. The absurdity of the thing!

Norah was feeling ironical and bitter. Yes, she would shadow this ridiculous and amorous pair, with the shabby red brick gentility of Marchmont Street, hanging round her like a cloak. Rosamund had not yet troubled to make contact with her sister's house, Rosamund sublimated her duties into the writing of cheques.

Follow them she did, back to Marietta Terrace. Clive walked with a hand linked to his wife's arm. They had the air of being happily absorbed in each other. Norah loitered to watch them enter the gate of No. 43. She was sufficiently near to see Rosamund take a latch-key from her bag and open the door.

"So she keeps the key."

And yet another unpleasant simile sug-

gested itself to Mrs. Shade. A blind man and his dog, but the dog was a lady!

MARGARET HAYLE, who dined with them once a week, might have described her friend's case in the terms of psychology. Rosamund was in the midst of a renaissance of a sensitive self-confidence. She was becoming what she had never been, save in her prose, a woman who was daring to be friends with herself.

She took her bleached face and her reassured soul out into the world, and without any visible falterings or self-conscious flickering of the eyes, she could enter a shop, or a restaurant or a dance room like a woman who was so sure of her person and her clothes that she could forget them. Sometimes her serenity might be wilful, and her awareness of all those human lenses almost photographic, but nearness, actual or divined, of her blind husband, made her capable of walking without trembling through her old gallery of ghosts.

For she and Clive attracted attention. They appeared in public as a rather remarkable pair, unusual and challenging; he, tall and very fair, and she, almost as tall and brilliantly dark. Infinitely careful of her clothes, she had become capable of carrying them, and Clive was the kind of man to whom some inspired tailor might have knelt, but not to a divine dummy in a window.

People asked questions. "Who are the couple over there?" "You mean the blind man and the woman in black?"

"Yes. Notice her face?" The woman might say, "What bad luck!" and then realise the significance of those sightless eyes, and smile.

"There may be advantages in having a blind husband."

"Think so?" "He can't see you crumbling, and he can't see other women."

A cartoonist was to sketch them for one of the magazines under the title of "Douglas Gerard and Rosamund," showing them linked together in a characteristic pose, the female figure dominant and protective. They entered a restaurant or the foyer of a theatre in just such a way, but though this particular artist was not kind to Rosamund, he failed either to gauge or to express the significance of the male. He drew Clive as a species of slim accessory attached to his celebrated wife, whereas in the secret nature of things Clive was the supporter of the shield. Guided he might be through a world of tables, but to his wife this linkage was a talisman that gave her courage.

On the evening of the Minerva Club dinner she sat in front of her mirror and confronted both her face and the occasion. She was feeling wretchedly nervous and frightened. She had given three days to the preparing of her speech, and in private she was word perfect. But those other faces, those critical and expectant people! What if she had stage-fright and "dried up"?

And her wretched face! She considered the reflection in the mirror. Should she try to blot out that bleached? Or mitigate it? Idiot! No, she would brave it out, suffer those other women to infer why Douglas Gerard had chosen to live like a recluse. And did it matter? Those who were worth while would understand. And Clive was so innocently keen for her to go. She heard him crossing the landing. He knocked at her door.

"Can I come in, Munda?" "Come in." She had a buttonhole on her dressing-table.

"I've got you a white carpation." "The symbol of complete innocence. Will you fix it for me?"

She rose and slipped the silver-papered stalk into his buttonhole.

"That's lovely."

"You sound like that, Munda."

"Do I?"

"Not feeling nervous?"

"Terribly."

"Oh, you'll have them at your feet."

Clive was conscious of the pressure of her fingers.

"I'm all right now."

"Of course you will be. Do you know what Margaret said about you?"

"Margaret is merciful."

"That you have never postured. That's rather rare."

He had spoken words of wisdom, and if in the world of accomplishment women are more magnanimous than men, the Minerva Club was less formidable than its name.

The helmeted goddess was no mistress of the literary owl. The cheap and trite things that generations of men have said about women were in this case invalid, nor was Douglas Gerard to be the guest of a mere coterie of scribblers. They might represent all the ologies, and yet they had nothing to forgive her, save perhaps her choice of a male pseudonym.

A club servant conducted Mr. and Mrs. Strange up the stairs to where two members of the committee were waiting on the landing outside the door of the reception room.

Neither of them knew their principal guest by sight, but rumor had gone thus far in allowing the world to know that Miss Gerard had married a blind man, and when these two ladies saw Clive's blind face, the inference was obvious.

"Mr. and Mrs. Strange, madam."

They were friendly and comfortable women, those two, nor was it necessary to stress the subtle implications of a disfigured face.

"We are so very glad you could come."

"May I introduce my husband?"

"Shall we introduce ourselves?"

Through the anteroom doorway Rosamund Strange could see the people with whom she had come to dine. She was conscious of a spasm of absurd terror. She wanted to escape. Her mouth felt dry, her legs like brittle sticks. Why had she consented to come, to expose her silly hypersensitive self to all these strangers? She had lost contact with Clive. He was standing there with a little vague and uneasy smile on his face as though divining her panic mood.

"Oughtn't we to go in, Munda?"

"Yes, dear."

The two committee women exchanged glances. Said one of them: "May I be responsible for your husband?" and with a smile at Miss Gerard's stricken face she slipped a hand under Clive's arm. It was so gently and delicately done that Miss Gerard was moved to sudden, secret emotion. Her moment of palsy passed. She found herself inside the anteroom shaking hands with the hostess of the evening, a little, grey-haired, freckled woman with peculiarly bright blue eyes, Miss Rhoda Gordon, whose work in Palestine on primitive man had set the experts arguing. Miss Gordon was a most informal person, and so frankly and intelligently kind that the occasion somehow lost its publicity.

"I have always wanted to meet you."

Miss Gerard blushed.

"Thank you so much."

Other people were interested in the guest of the evening. If Miss Gerard had been an enigma, that expressive face of hers explained so much to a room that was not

a mere museum of anatomy. There were women present who understood instantly the half-veiled fear upon this other woman's face, and were immediately her friends. Comprehension and compassion. Miss Gerard wore upon her face a little badge of courage. She was smiling now into Miss Gordon's very kind eyes.

"May I introduce my husband, Clive?"

Miss Gordon's hand went out to the tentative hand of Clive. His grip was warm and firm.

"So glad to see you here."

Clive's smile had lost its vagueness.

Another voice was announcing another guest: "Lady Banstead," and Mrs. Strange moved forward into the crowded room. It was a pattern of faces, but they were friendly faces. Other women moved to meet her.

Very few of them knew that this was Miss Gerard's first public dinner. She had asked to be allowed to have her husband next her at the table, for, as she had explained gently to Miss Gordon, he sometimes needed help with his food, though she did not confess that on this particular evening it was she who needed sustaining. Miss Gordon had spoken to the club secretary, and two cards were transposed at the high table. Clive went in on his wife's arm.

"No need to feel on a platform, Munda. We are not just up for show."

She pressed his arm.

"What are the voices like to you?"

"Good music, Munda."

She found herself looking at all those other tables arranged at right angles to the one at which she sat.

Mrs. Strange appealed to Miss Gordon.

"Please tell me, who is next my husband?"

"Don't you know?"

"I'm very innocent."

"Lady Banstead."

When Lady Banstead's name was mentioned the world of affairs was apt to exclaim: "Oh, that woman!" Miss Gordon did not attempt to explain why the committee of the Minerva Club had invited Lady Banstead. Such things, for various social and financial reasons, had to happen, and Lady Banstead possessed the power of the deplorably rich.

She turned upon Clive.

"And what do you do in the world?"

Almost she had said, "Young man," and Clive reacted.

"Oh, I'm just a husband. I propose to type my wife's books."

"Is that so. You don't spill ink yourself?"

"Only as a secretary."

Lady Banstead surveyed the room and its suggestions of studied hostility.

"I am afraid I have not read any of your wife's books."

Clive smiled at her, but she was not looking at him.

"What a pity. They are rather good, you know."

Playfulness! Or was it irony? Lady Banstead snubbed him.

"I have so many serious things to think of. The world allows me so little leisure."

Meanwhile, the business of dining was over, and Miss Gordon was standing to make her speech and to introduce the guest of the evening. Munda had whispered to him, "My notes, Clive." He divined in her acute anguish. So sensitive was the nexus that joined him to her that he was distressed by her nervousness. He wanted to help her. He put out a tentative hand and touched her arm.

She turned quickly, almost irritably, and he withdrew his hand, somehow conscious

of having touched her at the wrong moment. She did not need that kind of stimulus. Had it distracted and broken her concentration? Oh, silly ass! And then the thing happened. In a moment of tremor and confusion he put out his hand for his glass and jolted it. The glass was two-thirds full. It toppled over and, as though sharing the mischievous propensities of the professor, shot its contents nicely into Lady Banstead's lap.

Clive heard a sound of sharp and sibilant protest, a sucking in of the breath.

"I'm most awfully sorry. Has it touched your dress?"

His smothered apologies went unanswered. Lady Banstead was busy with a napkin, and the absurd suspicion that all this was part of a conspiracy. Had she observed the room's secret and delighted smile? But Rosamund had seen Clive's face, and her protective compassion was in arms, causing her to forget her own self-consciousness.

Miss Gordon was making an abrupt end. She had been unreasonably affected by the spilling of Clive's champagne. She had wanted to laugh, and such crude behavior would have been unpardonable. How incredibly small and silly even the great could be! Miss Gordon proposed the health of the club's guests, coupling with it the name of Miss Douglas Gerard.

Clive, still hot and distressed, and not appreciating Lady Banstead's eminence, was profoundly concerned about her frock. He had made an ass of himself at the very moment when Munda was facing her crisis. Could he offer the lady with the turgid voice a new frock, or suggest that he should pay for the clearing? Did champagne leave a serious stain. But that preposterous suggestion was never made to one of the world's most wealthy women. He heard a voice calling upon the guest of the evening.

"Miss Douglas Gerard."

Clive sat blind and still. Had that piece of clumsiness spoiled the evening for them both? He heard much clapping of hands, and felt his wife rise to her feet. His own knees were trembling. The short pause seemed to lengthen until he began to wonder whether she would be paralysed and mute. He wanted to touch her. Quite suddenly her voice came out of the darkness with an easy, cool clarity that caused him a strange thrill. Miss Gerard began her speech and in a little while Lady Banstead and the spilt champagne subsided into his subconscious. He was listening to a woman of the world speaking with wit and grace to her fellow-women.

Miss Gerard spoke for some twenty minutes amid laughter and applause. This was indeed the Douglas Gerard of her books, a poignant, mysterious and scintillant creature, a denizen of the deep woods, but no Minerva's owl. People forgot the blemish upon her face, or accepted it as a singular and expressive characteristic. And not a few divined her courage and saluted it and the rare temper of her self-control.

She sat down. Clive heard the faint crepusculations of her dress, and a deep sigh. Her ordeal was over, and then the applause came. Clive was clapping with the rest of the room. His back turned towards Lady Banstead.

"Splendid, Munda. It was as good as a bit of your books."

She sat faintly smiling, a little confused by the applause.

"Oh, my dear, give me a cigarette."

PUNCTUALLY at half-past nine a.m. No. 43 Marietta Terrace would become pointless.

"Work, Munda. On with the book!"

She understood that for both of them, and especially for him, work was a form of self-discipline, like the care of his chin and finger-nails, but sometimes she would laugh and protest that he was becoming a literary tyrant.

"The day may come when you will drive me upstairs, Clive! Inspiration cannot be whipped."

There were moments when she regretted bringing him to London. Sitting at her desk she would hear the front door close, and she would get up and go to the window and watch him disappear into Phryne Street. She knew that he was on his way to Battersea Park, and always she feared the crossing by the Albert Bridge.

The suspense she suffered distracted her until she hit upon the obvious expedient of shadowing him past the danger-point and into safety. She kept a hat and coat by her, and would follow him out and down Oakley Street to the Embankment. Almost always he would find someone to shepherd him across, or to assure him that the traffic lights were in his favor. Then, when she had watched him safely on the bridge she would return to recover her inspiration.

Of course there were other and obvious solutions. She could send one of the maids with him as far as the bridge, or even hire an intelligent small boy to guide him. She made the suggestion.

"Let Eliza see you as far as the bridge."

But he would have none of it.

"I'm not a reckless idiot, Munda."

"Let me go. It would not take five minutes."

"I'm not going to cut in on your work."

She did not confess that she would find the work more easy were she spared this anxiety, and in the end she did the only thing that would give her peace of mind. She followed him, and remained near him like some protective presence until she was assured of his safety. There were mornings when she went as far as the park and shadowed him until he reached the great open space beside the river. She knew he was safe there, and returning, she would find her mood relaxed and reassured, and ready for its inspiration.

It was her custom to meet him there when her morning's work was done. The winter was mild, and when he had walked up and down beside the river for an hour he would feel his way to their particular seat and wait for her. His white stick had become sensitive, like one of an insect's antennae. He would recognise her footsteps, and instantly he would know by her voice whether the day's work had been happy.

"You can read me some more to-night."

That was yet another urge and a poignant challenge. Not only had she to satisfy herself, but also this listener who was so strangely jealous for her work, and not of it.

Cynical people, observing this shadow-play, might have inferred that the woman with the disfigured face shadowed the blind man for other reasons.

Norah Snade was of that persuasion. A restless and bitter woman, walking the restless and bitter streets while waiting for her little husband to pass over, she happened to witness one winter morning her sister's shadowing of her blind husband. The lure was too strong for Norah. Rosamund had not seen her sister, and Norah, following those two figures, observed this interplay and misread its meaning.

So, Rosamund was jealous! Silly fool! But Norah could assume that a woman like Rosamund would be fatuously silly about a man.

She watched this shadow-show for some mornings before arranging to confront Mrs. Strange in the path leading from the park to the bridgehead. Norah was not subtle in her methods. She blurted things out. Rosamund was turning back after shepherding her unsuspecting husband into the park when she was confronted by Norah, a Norah who was to function as the candid friend.

"Don't you think it is rather unwise, Rose?"

Rather unwise! What did Norah mean? So innocent was Rosamund of any thought of spying upon Clive that she could only suppose that Norah was suggesting that it was unsafe for a blind man to wander as he pleased.

"It's quite safe for him here, Norah."

"I wasn't meaning that."

"I don't think I understand."

She shrank from discussing Clive in any way with Norah. She was determined not to be inveigled into one of those verbal dog-fights from which a woman like Norah would always emerge with the éclat of a lady who has flung a dishcloth.

"I don't think I understand you. Let us leave it at that."

But Norah was not leaving any such interesting exhibit unlabelled.

"One shouldn't follow a man about."

"Follow?"

"What would the inference be, if he were to find out? Most unwise of you."

Still, Mrs. Strange's innocence held.

"I don't understand you."

"My dear, you ought to know that a man doesn't like being shadowed."

They were half-way across the bridge, and Mrs. Strange came to a sudden pause as though some unpleasant object lay on the footpath. She gave one glance at her sister.

"You are suggesting that I am jealous?"

"Well, Rose, under the circumstances—"

What a disgusting mind the woman had! Mrs. Strange stood there above the water, feeling the breeze on a face that had flushed in sympathy with her inward anger. How utterly nauseating!

"Norah."

"Yes, my dear. But do please understand—"

"Understand!"

She was trembling. How often had Norah reduced her to inarticulate tremors and a feeling of shameful inadequacy! And then, suddenly, she laughed.

"Norah, you really are too funny! That explanation had not occurred to me. But then you see Clive and I do not live on that particular plane."

She withdrew her hands from the rail, and looked at Norah with an air of whimsical compassion.

"Shall we go on? I have my work to do. You need not worry, Norah, about my innocence."

They parted at the bridge-end, and Mrs. Strange took with her to No. 43 Marietta Terrace a recollection of her sister's face looking thwarted and sullen. Poor Norah, how in her bitterness she did long to hurt people. She had no conception of life as an art, and part of the artistry of life lay in the transcending of people like Norah.

But she could say to herself "Don't clutch," which is the rarest wisdom in a woman, and in realising its ripeness she knew herself to be mature. Yet, how strangely slow could be this process of growing up, and of growing out in those finer serenities and compassions with which one should make contact with humanity. So many people never grow up. Poor Norah.

had never grown up, but had remained in the crude pettiness and emotional petulance of the half-fledged stage.

Was she jealous of Clive, Clive who was teaching her so much? Was she not grateful to him for his serene sanity, a sensitive wisdom that was sightless, and yet had inward eyes? It was Clive who, when poor little Herbert died, suggested that they should be partly responsible for the educating of Norah's children.

He was making friends of his own, unexpected friends, odd people whom he picked up in the park. Apparently they were attracted by his blind face, and came and sat by him and talked. There was a supreme naturalness about Clive, a happy simplicity that put simple people at their ease.

"I seem to have more time to listen to people, and to think about things. I used to wonder what one was going to do with one's life, but now I can foresee all sorts of possibilities. You won't mind, Munda, if part of my life is my own?"

She pressed his arm.
"Teach me, Clive."
"Teach you?"

"Yes. I have been so shut up inside myself. Let's explore together."

"Of course. Isn't it strange how little we know about how other people live? Shut up in one's own little glass cabinet?"

"Even Jack Bowker, whom I met in the park, has shown me things that made me ashamed. The essential kindness of the human animal."

She was to be astonished to find into what queer places Clive's new curiosity would penetrate. She was afraid of crowds and of strange people, and prone to think them sinister, but that was ignorance, and a kind of cowardice. Clive could say to her, "Jack can show me things, the things that a toff is not supposed to know. I've been with him into pubs and slums and doss-houses and queer clubs, and along the Embankment at night. And one can learn a lot outside a Labor Exchange."

She knew that someone had called for him and that he had been going out at night, but she had asked no questions.

"Do these people talk to you?"

"They wouldn't at first, but now they will. I put on an old suit, you know, and somehow my blindness seems to break down barriers. Yes, what they think and try to say, especially the fellows who are out of work. You know, Munda, there is nothing more damnable than having nothing useful to do, and to feel that you are on the scrap-heap through no fault of your own. It does move one to want to help."

She was conscious of feeling profoundly touched.

"I understand, dear. And how—?"

"Oh, one seems to help a bit just by listening. It seems to help people to talk. Why don't you come with me, sometimes, Munda?"

"Wouldn't they be shy of me?"

"Of you? Nonsense."

"They might."

"Well, try."

And so, it came about that she and Clive explored some of life's queer places together, and a new compassion penetrated into the dark corners of her secret self.

She could meet Jack Bowker and say to him, "I'm trusting Clive to you," and see his lean hard face light up.

"That's all right, lady. He might go anywhere, like 'Teddy,' and not a soul would lay a finger on his blessed head."

THE Strangers were dining and dancing at The Mortimer. They did not subscribe to the modern superstition for late dining, for it was pleasanter for Clive

when the dance floor was not too crowded. Rosamund had phoned for a table to be reserved, nor was this their first evening at The Mortimer, and the maitre d'hotel knew them. He happened to have a brother who was blind, an Italian soldier, and Luigi kept for them what he would have described as an easy table.

It happened while they were having cocktails in the lounge. The little Italian waiter who had served them, a delicate pale creature, returned, and with a little deprecating bow, presented two autograph books on a salver. Would madame sign them? One book was his, the other a friend's. He had a pen at her service, and Miss Gerard autographed the books, on a pink page and a green one.

"Thank you, madame. I hope you excuse?"

She smiled up at his small, gentle face.

"Thank you for asking me."

Said Clive, "Well, I call that fame! Pretty good for an Italian."

It was a happy evening, and for an hour the dance floor was almost wholly theirs. Then, people began to arrive, and to a particular table crowded a loudly smart party, which included a fat man with a peculiarly pink and complacent face. He had porcine eyes set very close together, eyes that observed the room with a kind of shimmering insolence.

"Hello, people, copy!"

His business in life was to make other humans look cleverly grotesque on paper. He signed his cartoons with a flourish, and chuckled over them with his tow-headed little wife.

"How's that, Pip? Got 'em?"

On such a public occasion he was out for prey, and in ten seconds he had discovered Douglas Gerard and Husband. A menu card and a pencil served for the sketch. It portrayed a tall, lean, pre-dacious woman dancing with a little male figure attached to her like a homunculus.

"Douglas Gerard and Husband."

He passed it round the table, and sat with a smirk on his face.

"How's that?"

The cartoon was clever, cruelly clever, and it produced little splurges of appreciation, but that was not the end of the story. "Frivolity" was issuing a series of such contemporary impertinences. The cartoon of Douglas Gerard and Husband appeared in a subsequent number of this fashionable journal, and the world could observe a popular lady novelist dancing with a little pet monkey of a husband.

And Norah Snade had joined a women's club in Blenheim Crescent. Incidentally, her entrance-fee and the first year's subscription had been paid for her by Rosamund.

Norah as a widow now, and with her children at school, was seeking some outlet for her energy, and an income that would enable her to rent a small flat to which the children could come during the holidays. Norah was using her club considerably, and attempting to exploit any possible member who might be able to provide her with useful introductions.

Norah was one of the first people to see that cartoon in a club copy of "Frivolity" and Norah assumed indignation, though her indignation was not completely selfless. How disgraceful! Really, some people were the limit! The thing was an insult! And how would poor Rosamund feel about this venomous piece of ridicule? Douglas Gerard and Husband!

Norah's psychology was peculiarly primitive. She could delude herself with indignation, and allow the emotion to spill over into by-products that were more pleasant and personal. Had not Rosamund snubbed

her severely, and laughed, and accused her of not understanding the subtler shades of life? Norah was perpetually offended. Her sister's cheque offended her. Chariot! Patronage! And Norah, as a woman, was convinced that her fat fingers could pluck the strings of life with complete cunning. She knew all about men, all about children, wives and mothers and husbands. She liked to begin a conversation with "My dear, let me tell you—"

Norah made a nice little parcel of her skilful indignation and carried it into Battersea Park. No doubt she would be able to find Clive there. She did find him there. Her voice surprised Rosamund's husband as he was walking back to the seat near the Albert Bridge. The sound of it seemed to strike his face like something thrown against a window.

"Good morning, Clive."

Norah! And addressing him as Clive! He was one of those exceptional men who had been born wise as to women, and though Norah was invisible in the flesh, he knew her type.

"Hallo, that you, Mrs. Snade?"

His friendliness was other than it seemed, and Norah turned and walked with him. His sweet innocence asked questions. How were the children, particularly Walter?

"Walter is so interested in you."

"Good taste on Walter's part, what? But perhaps the interest is mutual. I get my exercise in this way, you know, Munda is working."

"Another book?"

"Yes, and I think it's her best. I am betting her that it will tell a hundred thousand copies, and make all the bright young men gnash their teeth."

"I'm so glad. Of course we are all frightfully proud of her."

Norah could suppose that she was playing the cat-and-mouse game very carefully, and that Clive would not suspect her of being false. Besides, was it not her duty to warn Clive?

She said, "Clive, there is something on my mind. I don't know whether you have found out how sensitive poor Rosamund is?"

Yes, he did understand her sensitiveness. But why, poor? The ears of Clive's intuition were pricked.

"Something confidential, Norah?"

"Well, yes."

They were nearing Clive's particular seat.

"I think we are rather dear my perch. What is the trouble?"

"O, that disgusting thing in that magazine, 'Frivolity'."

"What sort of thing?"

"A cartoon."

"Oh, a cartoon! Celebrities have to suffer such things. If you can't write books like Munda, you sneer at her."

Norah looked at him with momentary suspicion.

"Do you know if she has seen it?"

"I don't think she has."

"I'm so glad. But I thought I ought to warn you, Clive."

"Most thoughtful of you, Norah. But, tell me—"

She caught hold of his arm rather like a bossy nurse, and pushed him in the proper direction.

"Just here. That's right. No one else here. As I said, Clive, Rosamund is so terribly sensitive."

"Yes."

"She wasn't quite like other children. She was a problem to us all. I am so afraid that beastly caricature may upset her. Of course, it was frightfully clever, but so cruel. And they might have left out that birth-mark."

Clive's face was a mask of serenity. In

listening to that suborning voice exuding false sympathy he was somehow wise as to the ambuscade. Norah was laying for him. The east wind was more kind and clean.

"Did they do that? Rather unnecessary."

"Yes, quite caddish."

"The competitive world seems to be rather full of cads, Norah."

"And you, too, Clive, were in it."

"Was I included?"

"Yes, such an insult."

He made himself laugh.

"Shouldn't have thought I was sufficiently important. That's what happens to a man who marries a celebrity. But I don't think you need worry. You see, Norah, Munda and I have a life of our own which nothing can touch. Tell me more about young Walter. What does he want to do in the world?"

Norah was looking concealed.

"He wants to write books."

"Like his aunt! Good for Walter. We can give him all the introductions he'll want, if—"

"I don't think I want my son to be a scribbler. So effeminate. But, really, do you think it is safe to sit long in this east wind?"

Clive apologised for not having thought of the east wind. No, he did not feel the cold, and if Norah would excuse him, he would wait here for Munda. Yes, this seat was a focal point of a perpetual assignation! A woman like Rosamund could help a blind man to find life rather wonderful.

Norah stood up on her thick legs. She was conscious of having been frustrated, but she did find consolation in accusing Clive of being a poor, pusillanimous thing who could not be provoked into male furies when his woman was insulted.

"I think I must be going, Clive. I'm trying to find a little flat, something not too expensive—"

"Good hunting. Please don't worry about Munda, Norah. Yes, good-bye."

She went, leaving Clive to that stimulating east wind and his reflections upon family affection. But he was less concerned with Norah than he was about the cartoon in "Privility." Had Munda seen it, and shut her lips and not suffered him to suspect that she had been hurt? And why? That he might not be hurt? Or had the thing been so venomous? He must find out more about this cartoon.

In a taxi he went to see Margaret, and she sat him down by her fire.

"Munda doesn't know I have come. I don't want her to know."

There was buttered toast for tea, and she had arranged a little table close to him so that he would not have to juggle with cup and saucer.

"Thanks, Margaret. I want to ask you something. Have you seen anything about Munda in a rag called 'Privility'?"

"Yes, I have."

"Tell me about it."

"Is it necessary? And, by the way, how—"

She was watching his blind face.

"Yes, our dear friend Mrs. Snade splurged to me about it in the park."

"Norah."

"She was so afraid that Munda would be hurt—"

"And hoping that she would be! I am sorry, Clive, but I cannot be impartial about Norah."

"Oh, just raw meat. But I want you to tell me."

"Need I? After all, it was only a smart cad's idea of being clever at someone else's expense."

"I want to know, Margaret. Was it very beastly?"

"Yes, my dear, it was."

"Tell me."

"Has Munda seen it?"

"I don't think so. Rags like 'Privility' don't enter much into her world."

"Well, why bother?"

"Dear Norah might tell her. I won't have her hurt, Margaret. She's too fine for that sort of thing."

Margaret was sitting on a cushion by the fire, and she was silent for a moment.

She said, "So-called friends, who help to rub in poison are rather pestilent people. Also, these petty vulgarities are for the cheaply clever, and they reach the dustbin in five minutes, and are forgotten. I shouldn't worry, Clive. Have some more toast."

"What a healing person you are."

"It's my profession."

DURING the first few weeks after knowing she was to have a child, Rosamund had never felt in better health or more serene in spirit. She was the victim of no moods, save that she sometimes questioned her own happiness and challenged it with the gentle scepticism of a woman who had suffered. The conventional world might hail her as a woman who was supremely blessed. She had fame, wealth, a devoted husband, and she was about to become a mother.

If her skepticism had become silk, did circumstance hold some malicious jest in reserve, to be sprung upon her like "Privility's" cartoon? She couldn't say to Margaret, "Assuredly some dreadful overdraft is piling up against me in the books of fate," and Margaret had scolded her. "That's rank rhetoric, my dear; utter superstition."

Yet it was to happen.

She had not seen Norah for some weeks, a Norah who was still pursuing a hypothetical job and failing to find it. Absurd, but she was feeling a little responsible for Norah, and she wrote to her sister and asked her to tea. Clive would be at the Westminster Library working as a voluntary transcriber, for he was giving three afternoons a week to his fellow blind.

Norah came, and Norah's eyes were instantly wise.

"Well, really, fancy you, Rose!"

She felt something in herself grow chilled.

"I happen to be a woman, Norah."

Norah sat with folded hands, and in her eyes gleamed an inspired malevolence.

"I do hope it will be all right, Rose. Isn't it rather rash?"

"Why?"

"Well, I do hope the child won't inherit—those wretched marks are hereditary, aren't they?"

The poison had been instilled.

The fear became an obsession. She could not escape from the fear of transmitting to Clive's child the miserable blindness which had caused her so much suffering. And since the state we describe as sanity is like a path skirting the edge of a wood, and wavering between light and shadow, her moods seemed to vacillate between fear and scorn of that fear. Was she going to give way to this absurd phobia which had been cast like a curse upon her by an ignorant and malicious woman?

She could say, "I suppose I am not quite normal. Why not confess to somebody, Margaret, and be reassured?" But could Margaret reassure her? And somehow she shrank from exposing this obsession. It

would be like admitting some mental taint which her rational self loathed and feared, and so she tried to shut the fear away, and so made it appear more sinister and poignant.

Moreover, her old sense of inferiority, her feeling of being different from other people, returned to her. She was struggling to overcome these moods of depression, and to conceal them from Clive, but there was a brittle brightness in her voice that troubled him. Was Munda worrying about anything? He was on the alert, but he refrained from fuss or interference.

"Munda—" Clive cried one day when entering her room.

She turned swiftly on her knees by the fire.

In that moment of inattention a little flame caught a newspaper, and running up it touched one of her hands. Illogical impulse made her try to crumple the burning sheet down upon the hearth. Some metallic object fell upon the tiles. His face seemed to grow quick with comprehension. She was at the fire. Why?

"What are you doing?"

She rose from her knees and stood looking down at the crumpled blaze on the hearth, and at the manuscript about which the flames were beginning to curl. How could she explain her morbid hopelessness?

"Just burning rubbish."

He was never able to explain to her afterwards how he divined what she was doing. He went deliberately to the hearth, bent down, groped, touched something. She stood there quite still, staring like one paralyzed. His hands seemed in among the flames. He was rescuing her manuscript from the fire. It lay on the hearth-rug, emitting smoulders of smoke. She saw him slip aside, turn up the rug and smother out the little charring flames.

She seemed to come alive. She was down on her knees beside him.

"Clive, your hands!"

But he was not concerned with his hands.

"The book—?"

"Yes."

"Why did you do it?"

"Oh, my dear, never mind about the book. Let me see your hands."

"My hands are all right. Munda, why did you do it?"

Something gave way in her.

"Oh, my dear, I'm such a failure. Don't ask me. I just—"

He had his arms round her.

"Munda, don't be absurd. Tell me."

And suddenly she clung to him. Her whole body seemed to shake.

"I can't."

"Oh, my dear, what is it? Has anyone been hurting you?"

"Just, cowardice, I suppose," and her words and breath seemed to come in little gasps: "I have had a feeling that there must be something fatal about me. A kind of obsession."

"But, why?"

"I felt I couldn't tell you."

"You must tell me, Munda. Don't you know that—"

"I'll tell you, dear. It began with something my sister said."

"Norah!"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"She hinted that the child might— But I can't tell you any more, dear. Don't ask me. I haven't been quite sane."

He held her head against his shoulder.

"Leave Norah to me in the future. But why—?"

"It affected me—even my work seemed futile."

He let her go, and turning back the rug, she examined the mass of paper. Cover and edges were charred, and some of the pages discolored, but the script itself had not suffered.

She was suddenly ashamed of her craziness, but the fear persisted, and Clive telephoned Margaret, but when she came, she first examined Clive's hands, without asking how Munda's manuscript had reached the fire. The burns were limited and superficial, painful, but the damage would be transitory.

Rosamund suddenly went downstairs, and Margaret said to Clive as she applied dressings to his hand, "Will you tell me, or shall I leave it?"

Clive considered that question.

"I think it is her privilege, if she chooses. But I want you to talk to her, Margaret. She's been wounded."

"And who—?"

"Norah."

"What a hag that woman is. Do you know quite how?"

"She was too sensitive to tell me everything." He explained all he knew.

"Nice person."

She finished off a bandage, gave Clive's hand a pat, and turning, bent down to pick up her friend's manuscript. She replaced it gently on the desk.

"Do go and talk to her, Margaret."

"I will."

Salves for both skin and souls! Margaret found her friend sitting by the drawing-room fire. Her face had a kind of haggard serenity, but her eyes looked up defensively at Margaret.

Margaret sat down by the fire.

"Well—"

"Can a disfigurement such as mine be transmitted to a child?"

So, that was the poison.

"You mean, is such a thing hereditary?"

"Yes."

"Absolutely no, dear. But, who—?"

"Oh, Norah."

"You mean, she suggested—?"

"Yes."

"The disreputable hag!"

"My dear—!"

"I mean it. Language is sometimes inadequate. And you got this thing on your mind?"

"A sort of obsession. I haven't been quite sane. It may sound ridiculous to you—"

"It doesn't."

"It sounds ridiculous to me now. And yet, I shall go on feeling secretly afraid."

"Put it out of your head, Munda."

"I'll try to. I have always been rather a coward. I had a feeling that I had to destroy something. That must sound absurd to you from the lips of a woman who should be civilised."

"That is just what we are not, my dear, or only in bits of our grey matter. The old, submerged, secret self. I understand. But I do assure you that your fear is an illusion."

"Can an illusion, dwelt upon too morbidly, affect that strange growth, inside me?"

"No. Just superstition. But what you must do, Munda, is to laugh and let yourself be loved. That's about the most eugenic state for a prospective mother."

"You are a healing person, Margaret."

"So is Clive. Leave it to him."

CLIVE issued his orders. There was to be an exodus into Sussex where Munda would be reasonably secure from assaults by cynical careerists and ugly sisters. Clive took both Jane and Eliza into his confidence, and though his candor was contrary to the precepts of the punctilious, it did not miscarry. Mrs. Strange was to be protected from all provocation, and Jane and Eliza were the women to do it. He told them so, and in assuring them of his faith in their loyalty, made them his.

"Jane, do you happen to know the handwriting of Mrs. Snade and Mrs. Progers?"

"I should do, sir."

"Well, we are going to censor particular letters. I want you to be in charge of the postbag, and put aside for me anything from the family. I think you understand why this is necessary."

"We'll do our best, sir, to see she isn't worried."

Knoll Farm in May, and a May that was being kind.

She had discovered a beautiful strangeness in this familiar place. Its colors, accents and sounds were the same, and yet different. They had driven down into Sussex on this perfect day, to find old Will mowing grass, and humanly awaiting praise. With the smell of the mown grass in her nostrils she could salute the good conscience of the worker and say, "Will, I have never seen the garden looking more lovely. You do stay put." His very blue eyes had agreed with her.

Clive was unpacking his belongings in the room below, for a nice independence and a deliberate orderliness were part of his philosophy. She went downstairs, feeling this old house full of a pleasant friendliness.

"Clive. Let's go up to the hill before tea."

"Yes, let's. I have just finished parading my shaving tackle."

They passed out through the Italian gate, and climbed the hill to the sailing fir, but on this still day the tree-tops lay becalmed. Sea and sky met in a dim blueness. Leaning lightly against him, she stood at gaze.

"Yes, life's an art, Clive, though a different temperament may use its colors and brushes differently. One thing astonishes me."

"And that?"

"What a mess some of the very clever people make of life. Superficialness is their fatal sin. They would label old Will as a clod, and I am beginning to be sure that old Will is wiser than they."

Clive agreed.

She woke next morning to a familiar sound that renewed in her memories of a year ago. The siren of the lightship, wailing like some stricken beast, was filling the air with melancholy unrest. Fog at sea, and fear in the air, and these lamentations somehow reviving in her old dreads and discords.

On just such a morning as this, youth had crashed into her life, and she felt that she could not be in bed with that melancholy voice throbbing through the house. She got out of bed, and going to the window, raised the blind upon a world that was all white mist. The air struck cold. The mist was like a sheet upon which the shadows of her troubled self were projected.

Fear! But fear of what? She found herself saying, "Don't be neurotic. Must you always be creating ghosts?" and even as the words shaped in her she heard movements in the room below. A door opened. She divined someone coming up the stairs.

"Munda."

"You, Clive? Come in."

She saw her door open and her husband standing there in his blue-and-gold dressing-gown. She thought how young he looked, such a boy; but his preoccupations were not those of a boy. He closed the door, and came to join her at the window. There was nothing between them to threaten his deliberate, blind progress.

"Fog."

How did he know that the morning was all white mist? He seemed to divine the unasked question, and he answered it.

"I can feel it on my face. It's cold. Munda. Back to bed."

She humored him, and he turned the clothes back over her, and sitting on her bed, smiled.

"I heard you get up. Something made you afraid?"

She put out her hands.

"Just lie there a moment, dear. One's silly, irrational self will out."

"That old lightship screaming?"

"Yes, in a way. And the mist, and a surging up of the things—"

"I know. But they don't worry me at all. I must be growing fat and fatherly."

He felt her arms contract.

"Oh, there is just one thing, Clive."

"What?"

"Promise me you won't go beyond our hill, not without me."

"Afraid of my going blundering over the cliff edge? I'm too pleased with life for that."

"Well, I won't ask you to promise."

"You needn't, because I won't."

"Not to go near—?"

"Was I ambiguous? Well, I promise."

And, in peace and comradeship for them, spring shaded into summer, and though she felt herself surrounded with a protective peace, that irrational dread remained with her. She spoke of it to no one, not even to Heberden who came every week to see her.

She remembered saying to Clive, "I have heard nothing from Norah." Why worry about Norah? She was not told that Clive and Jane had intercepted two of Mrs. Snade's letters, and that Clive had replied to both of those letters. Norah! She had written, "My dear, I do hope that what I hinted at won't come true." A rather incredible person, Norah! How would Miss Gerard have made her seem adequate and convincing in a book? Clive had answered Norah in neat type.

"Dear Mrs. Snade,

"I am glad to say that Munda is well. As you will see I am very much her secretary, and answering all her letters. She gets so many, you know. The garden is looking lovely. Roses very good this year. My love to Walter—"

It was Clive who ordered old Will to keep the main gates locked as in the Douglas Gerard days, and Munda, discovering these defences up, questioned both the fact and Will. He looked her straight in the face with his very blue eyes. "Lot of pikies about, Miss, this time o' the year. I guess we don't want they in among the bugh-trails."

She had not seen any gipsies, but Will could assure her that two vans had been parked for the night on the piece of waste down by the old hammer pond. She accepted the explanation and Will's cynicism with the smooth resignation of a woman who, somehow, was finding a protective forethought good.

About ten days before the child was expected, Margaret Hayle came down to spend the week-end at Knoll Farm. She found her friend outwardly serene, and suffering less than most women have to endure at such a time. Clive was the one who appeared to be tense and on edge, and to be worrying about Munda's ordeal.

This, at Mrs. Prodder's house, was a concern to her and her sister, also both were annoyed by Rosamund's retirement.

Mrs. Snade was spending the week-end with Mrs. Prodder, and it was Norah who suggested that Rosamund's young husband was behaving in a way that was both offensive and sinister. "She doesn't answer my letters. I believe he keeps them from her." But if Clive was blind, how did he contrive to act as a censor? "That makes it worse, my dear. It may mean he gets one of the women to read them." How disgraceful! Showing sisterly letters to servants! Phoebe had a way of referring to her maids as menials. She too had written letters to Rosamund, and been replied to by Clive. Rather suggestive, all this secrecy. Rosamund was a wealthy woman, and if anything unfortunate should happen, this young filibuster of a husband might be planning.

"I think we ought to go down, Phoebe, and insist upon seeing Rose."

"Excellent idea. Why shouldn't we drive down to-morrow. My licence is good again. You can get Jack Holby to drive him to golf."

So, these two very vigorous women set out upon their crusade.

It was shortly before twelve when the Prodders' car climbed the steep lane to Knoll Farm. The blue gates were shut, and Norah, getting out to test them, finding that they were locked. So that was Clive's game! Norah knew of the back gate by Will's cottage, and taking the path to it she found herself hanked a second time.

Norah gave tongue.

"Hi, hallo, anybody at home?"

Will Spray was giving an hour to his own private flower-border, and hearing the voice of Norah he went to the gate. "Who be there?"

"Mrs. Snade. I have come to see my sister. The front gates are locked."

Will rubbed the back of his neck.

"I'll go and tell 'em."

"Open the gate, man. I can come in this way."

But Will was wilfully deaf.

The first person he met was Clive, Clive whose quick ears had heard the sound of the Prodders' car.

"Who is it, Will?"

"Mrs. Snade, Mr. Clive."

"Oh, I see."

"She came round to back gate. I left she there, and on t'wrong side of it."

"Thanks, Will. That's splendid."

Rosamund was resting in a long chair in the loggia, with Margaret camped beside her, reading the Sunday paper. Clive had met Will at the head of the drive. He made his way back round the house, and knowing that Munda had her back

to him he made a signal which Margaret picked up.

"Just a moment, dear."

Clive had drawn back round the angle of the house, and Margaret found him in a little recessed place among the flowering shrubs.

"Margaret."

"Yes, my dear."

"It's Norah. Didn't you hear the car?"

"No."

"She tried the back gate, but Will was wise. I'm not going to let her in."

"Quite right."

"I suppose I have authority of a sort, Margaret, but if a more impartial person were to rebuff her, professionally."

"Good idea! I think I am included in that category. I'll try the front gates first."

Norah, meanwhile, had returned to the main gate, and found Phoebe still sitting in the car, and expecting to drive in and be retained for lunch.

"All locked up. Pretty fishy, my dear. I got hold of the gardener."

"Looks as though he kept her locked up."

"We shall see, my dear, we shall see."

Margaret heard these two voices as she walked down towards the blue gates, and Margaret was a woman who liked to weave a pattern out of life, and to so plan and order its happenings that it was not all ravelled ends and shabby futility like some highbrow play. If a dramatic moment came to you, why not seize it, and treat it as high comedy, and not be afraid of controlling a coincidence? Norah was not exactly a Cinderella age, and providing the sentimental story with experiments in realism.

Margaret came to the gates.

"Hallo, is anybody there?"

There were rare occasions when Margaret assumed a professional voice, and she used it now. She was answered by Norah.

"It's Mrs. Snade and Mrs. Prodder. We have driven down to see Rosamund. Who's that?"

"I'm sorry, but Mrs. Strange is not receiving visitors."

Visitors indeed! And who was the formal person on the other side of the gate? A nurse? Norah had not recognised Margaret's professional voice.

"We are not visitors."

"Oh!"

"We're her sisters. I must insist—"

Margaret was smiling.

"I'm sorry; I am afraid you cannot see Mrs. Strange."

"But—that's ridiculous! We have driven all the way from—"

"I'm afraid it is not ridiculous, but her doctor's orders."

"Indeed! In that case I shall go and call on her doctor and make it plain to him who we are. It's the man at the next village. I believe."

"I am afraid you will be wasting your time."

"I beg to differ. And may I ask who you are—the nurse?"

"No, I happen to be Mrs. Strange's medical attendant. I'm sorry to have to turn you away, but the responsibility is mine, you know. Good morning."

Margaret lingered there, listening to the indignant voices of the two sisters, and to

the restarting of the car's engine. She had gathered scraps of conversation and exclamatory comments upon the situation, and she was wise as to the next move upon the stage. She waited until she heard the car being backed down the lane, and then she returned to Clive.

"A repulse, my dear. But I want to ring up Dr. Heberden at once and make a confession. Come with me."

"Why Heberden?"

"Oh, I purloined his shoes for the occasion, and I want him to be a partner in the conspiracy. And then, peace, perfect peace."

ONE September night Clive waited for Heberden at the foot of the stairs. For, to Clive's sensitive ears the house seemed ominously silent, while feeling that he as a man was helpless and superfluous in a world that belonged to Heberden and the women. How severed from him, he seemed, a mere creature of inarticulate suspense, a blind suppliant waiting in a darkened doorway!

Presently, Heberden came down to him.

"Everything is as it should be. Better go to bed, Clive."

"And you?"

"I am going to have a nap on the sofa. Nurse will call me."

But Clive did not go to bed. The September night was serene and still, and taking his raincoat from a peg in the passage he made his way up to the knoll and its crown of firs. A heavy dew had fallen, but under the trees the grass was dry and, sitting down with his back against a tree trunk, he listened to the sea making a rhythmic and gentle surge over the rocky ledges below the cliff.

Shortly before dawn Munda's child was born, a girl.

"Doctor."

"Yes, my dear?"

Her small, tired voice mingled itself with the vigorous and protesting outcries of her small daughter.

"Is she all right?"

Heberden patted her hand.

"Well, Helen."

"Yes, but what I mean is, she isn't like I am?"

For the moment Heberden looked shocked, not only by her words, but by a certain blindness in himself that he could not excuse.

"Nurse, just a moment."

He took the child from the nurse, and holding her in the hollow of his arm, displayed her to her mother. The blind was up, the curtains drawn back, and the daylight shining in. Rosamund looked steadfastly at the funny little face and at the head with its shading of pale brown hair.

Then, she sighed, put out a hand, touched the child, and cleared her eyes again, peace on her face. The baby was as other infants of that age.

"She's perfect," whispered the mother, and then the doctor smiled.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press, Limited, 108-114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.